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1832

MEMOIRS

OF THE

FAMILY



EPWORTH CHURCH.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

WESLEY FAMILY;

COLLECTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

BY ADAM CLARKE, LL. D., F. A. S.

NEW-YORK,

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INTRODUCTION.

During the time in which men, eminent for their literary, diplomatic, or military talents flourish, the public is rarely led to examine by what slow gradations their powers became matured; or what evidence their infancy and youth afforded of that high celebrity which they afterward attained.

The great utility of their literary labours, or the splendour of their public services, occupies and dazzles the mind, so that all minor considerations become absorbed; and it is only when the public is deprived by death of such illustrious characters, that posterity feel disposed to trace them up to their earliest period; and inquire by what means these luminaries, so small at their rising, attained to such a meridian of usefulness and glory, and appeared so broad and resplendent at their setting.

This is equally the case both with *states* and *men:* hence the *historian* as well as the *biographer*, influenced by the maxim, *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, endeavours to investigate those philosophic and intellectual principles which gave birth and being to such physical, political, and mental energies.

That *Divine providence*, which arranges and conducts the whole, and under whose especial guidance and control the course of the present state is ordered, so that all operations in the natural, civil, and moral world issue in manifesting the glory, justice, and mercy, of the Supreme Being, lies farther out of the view of men, and by most is little regarded: hence a multitude of events appear to have either no intelligent cause, or none adequate to their production; and because the operations of the Divine hand are not regarded, histo-

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rians and biographers often disquiet themselves in vain to find out the causes and reasons of the circumstances and transactions which they record.

In the dispensations of mercy to the world, and the effects produced by them, the principles from which all originated, the agencies employed, and the mode of working, are still more difficult of apprehension, particularly to those minds which regard earthly things, and see nothing in the natural and moral world but *general laws*, of which they do not appear to have any very distinct view; and which never can account for the endlessly varied occurrences in a single human life, —much less in a *state*, and still less in the *government* of the *Church*. By the government of the Church, I mean the continuation of that energetic and supernatural principle by which pure and undefiled religion, consisting in piety to God and benevolence to man, is maintained in the earth. There has been an unhappy propensity in all times to deny the existence of this principle, and its operations on the minds and hearts of men; and this has been the fruitful source both of irreligion and false doctrine: and hence the Church of God often feels the necessity of contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. This has a greater extension of meaning than is generally allowed: it does not merely apply to the denial of the *existence* of one Supreme Being, but also to his *influences* and *operations*, even where his being is allowed. When moral effects, the purest, the most distinguished, and the most beneficial to society, are attributed to *natural causes*, *human passions*, and the *inquietudes of vanity*, and not to the *Author of all good*, the *Father of lights*, then we may safely assert, that the person who so views them is one of those *unwise* men of whom the

psalmist speaks. He excludes God from his own peculiar work; gives to *nature* what belongs to *grace;* to human *passions*, what belongs to the Divine *Spirit;* and to *secondary* causes what must necessarily spring from the *First Cause* of all things.

Were not the subject too grave, it would be sufficient to excite something more than a *smile* to see men both of abilities and learning, in their discussion of spiritual subjects which they have never thoroughly examined, because they have never experimentally felt them, labour to account for all the phenomena of repentance, faith, and holiness, by excluding the Spirit of God from his own proper work; and, to the discredit of their understanding and the dishonour of religion and sound philosophy, search for the principle that produces love to God and all mankind, with all the fruits of a holy life, in some of the worst passions of the human heart.

In reference to a great and manifest revival of religion in the land we have heard the following concessions:—

"It is granted, (say such men,) that multitudes of the most profligate of the people have been morally changed; and, from being a curse to their respective neighbourhoods, have become a blessing to the whole circle of their acquaintance; the best of servants, sons, and husbands; obedient subjects to the state, and a credit to humanity." But how was this change effected? "Why," say they, "by the persuasive arguments of a powerful orator; who, to the love of power and the lust of ambition, added extraordinary address and general benevolence. With a strong tincture of enthusiasm in himself, which found a tractable disposition in the fanaticism of the age, and the credulity of the common people; he succeeded in raising, organizing, and rendering permanent, a society of increasing influence and importance; the principles of which deserve the

investigation of the statesman and the philosopher, and their economy and progress the pen of the historian."

Thus the good done is reluctantly acknowledged; while the *cause* of it is either entirely unnoticed, or unknown. A fountain is pointed out which produces sweet waters and bitter; brambles which produce figs, and thorns which produce grapes; or in other words, that work which neither might nor power, but the Spirit of the Lord of hosts alone can effect, is attributed to a certain mechanical operation on the minds of the multitude by the agency of worldly ambition, lust of power, self-interest, and hypocrisy!

Thus has the world been often abused in reference to the work of God by ignorant, irreligious, and prejudiced men, from the foundation of Christianity to the present time: but never more, and never more grossly, than in relation to the Rev. John Wesley and that great revival of Scriptural Christianity which it has pleased the world to call *Methodism*, and the subjects of which it terms *Methodists*,—appellatives which the members of that religious society bear, not because they have either *chosen* or *approved* of them, but because the *public* will have it so.

The fame of Mr. Wesley's labours, writings, and success in the ministry, has reached most parts of the habitable globe; and wherever his name has been heard, a desire has very naturally been excited to know something of his origin and personal history, and of the rise and progress of that work of which he was, under God, the author, and for more than half a century the great superintendent and conductor. To meet this desire, various lives and memoirs, possessing different degrees of merit and accuracy, have been published: but in most cases by authors either ill-informed or prejudiced. To some of those writers Mr. Wesley was

never personally known: and they were obliged to collect their information from such quarters as were but ill-calculated to give what was correct: by others the whole system of Methodism was misunderstood; and no wonder if by them it were misrepresented. Most of the narratives referred to were published shortly after Mr. Wesley's death, before the great principles, both religious and economical, of Methodism could have been put to that full and extensive test to which they have since been subjected; and hence the Methodists' conference have been led to determine that the present matured state of this great work, and the beneficent operation of those principles, should be brought before the public, exhibited in their own light; and that a new history of the founder of Methodism should be compiled from original documents, many of which had not been seen by his previous biographers; the whole being intended to give a correct view of his character and labours in connection with the present matured state of that work of which the Most High God had made him the chief instrument. The compiler of the present work was requested by the conference in 1821 to undertake this task. With oppressive feelings, from a deep sense of his own unfitness, he reluctantly acceded, and began to collect and arrange his materials. While thus employed, a number of documents relative to the Wesley Family presented themselves to view; and as some hinderances were unexpectedly found to exist, which prevented the writer from proceeding with the Life of Mr. John Wesley, and that of his brother Charles, the companion of his early labours, he was induced to turn his attention to the few remaining memorials of the *Wesley Family*, principally in his own possession, which time was every moment rendering less and less perfect and legible; many

of which had been badly kept while passing through hands that had little interest in their preservation. To render these as complete as the circumstances of the case would admit, great pains were taken to collect from the few remaining *contemporaries* of the Wesley Family, and their *immediate descendants*, every authentic anecdote that had been preserved of the original *stock* and collateral *branches* of this wondrous *tree*, whose shade has been extended over various parts of the four quarters of the globe, and under which fowl of every wing have been collected, and found shelter. Had this work been undertaken even thirty years ago, the result would have been much more satisfactory; as at that time many were alive who *had seen the cloud arise*, and could have supplied the most useful information. But regrets relative to this are vain—these are all dead: *fourscore and eight years* were sufficient to have swept off all those who had entered into life, when God began to pour out his Spirit to produce that reformation in the land which has been since termed *Methodism;* and more than sufficient to gather into eternal habitations those who had been the original subjects and witnesses of this blessed work.

As to the *original family*, it is most probable that all memorials are lost, except those preserved in the following sheets. These cannot be unacceptable to the Methodists, nor uninteresting to the religious public; and both will possibly join in thankfulness for what has been done, and in candidly passing over any inadvertencies or mistakes which they may discover in the work.

If it bear the marks of *haste* and *carelessness*, the reader may rest assured that none of these either prevailed or existed in the course of this undertaking; long continued *labour* precluded *haste*, and deep *anxiety* to

be accurate and useful precluded *carelessness*. But whoever considers the difficulty of not only collecting, but of arranging, *bits* and *scraps*, verbal communications and items, from a thousand different quarters, will not wonder should they find a few mistakes; and in various parts an inadequacy of composition, should that approach even to a flatness of diction and poverty of language.

To those for whose use these Memoirs were chiefly intended, it will be no matter of surprise that the writer should appear the constant advocate of Methodism, the admirer of its doctrines and discipline, and also of the means employed in its propagation.

But while he adores the grace of God which has produced those wondrous and beneficent results which have fallen under his own notice for nearly fifty years, he hopes that it will not be supposed that he is hostile to any *person* who thinks differently from himself on this subject; and much less to any *body* of Christians whose *creed* may be in any respect different from his own. He sincerely wishes them all *God's speed;* and is thankful to God when he sees the interests of genuine Christianity promoted, though by persons who follow not with him.

To all those who have contributed original documents and other information for the use of these *Memoirs*, he returns his best thanks: but here he should acknowledge that he stands chiefly indebted to his excellent friend, Miss Sarah Wesley, for her continual assistance; to the venerable and reverend Thomas Steadman, rector of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury; to Thomas Marriott, Esq., London; and to the *honourable person* from whom he received those important letters, that have thrown so much light on the early history of the rector of Epworth.

FAC-SIMILES OF THE WESLEY FAMILY, ETC.

At the desire of several particular friends, I have added a plate of Fac-similes of the Wesley Family, and of some of Mr. J. Wesley's early friends among the Moravians and others. The following explanatory list refers to the *numbers* and *signatures* on the plate. A. C.

* The Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL. D.

No. 1. Mr. Samuel Annesley, eldest son of Dr. Samuel Annesley.

2. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., rector of Epworth.

3. Mrs. Susanna Wesley, mother of the Rev. J. Wesley.

4. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, jun., master of the Free School, Tiverton.

5. The Rev. John Wesley, founder of the Methodists' Societies.

6. The Rev. Charles Wesley, brother to the above.

7. Mehetabel, alias Hetty Wesley, afterward Mrs. Wright.

8. Martha, alias Patty Wesley, afterward Mrs. Hall.

9. Kezia Wesley.

10. Emelia Wesley, afterward Mrs. Harper.

11. The Rev. John Wesley's last entry in his private Journal.

As the writing is not easy to be read, I give it here :—

"*N. B. For upwards of eighty-six years* (qu. sixty-eight?) *I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have. John Wesley. July* 16, 1790.

12. The Rev. John Wesley's last Signature in the Journal of the Conference.

13. The Rev. George Whitefield.

14. The Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley.

15. Mr. John Cennick, afterward one of the *Unitas Fratrum*.

16. The Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D.

17. Mr. Benjamin Ingham.

18. P. H. Molther, one of the *Unitas Fratrum*.

19. The Rev. Wm. Delamotte.

20. General James Oglethorpe, with whom Messrs. J. and C. Wesley sailed to Savannah, in Georgia.

21. The Rev. John Gillies, D. D.

22. The Rev. Walter Shirley.

Dr. *Earles*, dean of *Westminster; Peter Heylin*, D. D.; *John Hackett*, D. D.; *John Berwick*, D. D.; *Peter Gunning*, D. D.; *John Pearson*, D. D.; *Thomas Pierce; Anthony Sparrow; Herbert Thorndyke*, D. D.

Thomas Horton, D. D.; *Thomas Jacomb*, D. D.; *William Bate, John Rawlinson*, clerks; *William Cooper*, clerk; Dr. *John Lightfoot*; Dr. *John Collings*; Dr. *Benjamin Woodbridg*; *and William Drake*, clerk.

The *first* list, containing *eleven* BISHOPS, with the ARCHBISHOP of *York*; and the *second* list containing *eleven* DISSENTERS, are properly *the commissioners* to try this cause. The *third* list, beginning with Dr. *Earles* and ending with Dr. *Thorndyke*, was a list of reserve, to supply the place of any of the *bishops*, absent or ill. And the *fourth* list, beginning with Dr. *Thomas Horton*, and ending with *William Drake*, was a similar list to supply the place of any absent *Dissenters*. Thus we find the commissioners were fairly *divided*, ELEVEN bishops, and ELEVEN *dissenting ministers;* each party having NINE *substitutes*, in case of necessity: the *archbishop of York* was the *president*. Among these commissioners on both sides were some of the most learned and eminent men in the kingdom.

As this arrangement was made by the king and his privy council, and the parties on each side were made *equal in number*, with an equal number of *proxies* for each, it is most evident that the king expected the matters in dispute to be settled by a majority of votes, in consequence of each article being fully and fairly discussed. But this was the farthest thing from the minds of the bishops; they were determined to yield nothing, but carry every thing their own way: and the easy king, intent on nothing but his sinful pleasures, made no remonstrance, but permitted them to act as they pleased. The consequence was, the true pastors of the flock were expelled from the fold; and hirelings, who cared more for the fleece and the fat, than for the sheep, climbed over the wall, and seized on flocks to which they had no right, either divine or human; and the people of God were either starved or scattered. The Act of Uniformity soon followed, and became the act of disorganization of the spiritual interests of the kingdom.

To the above-named commissioners a paper was presented, August 30, intituled, The exceptions of the Presbyterian brethren against some passages in the Liturgy: accompanied by a very humble address, to the most Rev. *Archbishop and Bishops, and the Reverend their Assistants, commissioned by his Majesty to treat about the alteration of the Common Prayer.*

These *exceptions* at various sessions were taken into consideration: but scarcely any concessions of moment were made by the episcopal party. And the Presbyterians, in the answers given to their *exceptions*, were often treated with great disrespect, and generally in a manner little calculated to conciliate or bring about unanimity.

These several proceedings were delivered to the king by the bishops, and form one hundred and twenty-eight closely printed quarto pages.

It need scarcely be added that *no agreement* took place between the parties; and the Presbyterians judging themselves not fairly represent-

ed, delivered a very moving petition to the king; modestly stating their *grievances*, and imploring his protection, reminding him of his promise, *that none should be punished or troubled for not using the Common Prayer, till it should be effectually reformed.* And foreseeing that a rigorous *Act of Uniformity* was about to be made, they conclude thus:—*We crave your majesty's pardon for the tediousness of this address, and shall wait in hope that so great a calamity of your people, as will follow the loss of so many able faithful ministers, as the rigorous imposition would cast out, shall never be recorded in the history of your reign: but that these impediments of concord being forborne, your kingdom may flourish in piety and peace. That this may be the signal honour of your happy reign, and your joy in the day of your account, is the prayer of your majesty's faithful and obedient subjects.*

Whether the king were disposed to favour them, or had forgotten his promises, is, at this time, a matter of little importance. Every thing was carried with a high and inconsiderate hand; and the ACT OF UNIFORMITY was constructed on the grounds proposed by the bishops, and passed into a LAW.

To save the reader the trouble of going elsewhere to consult this act, as tedious and monotonous as it was oppressive, I shall here present him with the sum and substance of it, as far as it affected the consciences and privileges of the opposite party.

"Be it enacted, That all and singular ministers in any cathedral, collegiate, or parish church or chapel, or other place of public worship, within this realm of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, shall be bound to say and use the morning prayer, evening prayer, celebration and administration of both the sacraments; and all other the public and common prayer, in *such order and form*, as it is mentioned in the said book annexed and joined to this present act and intituled

"The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Church of England: together with the Psalter or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be sung or said in churches: and the form or manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons.

"And the morning and evening prayers therein contained shall upon every Lord's day, and upon all other days and occasions, and at the time therein appointed, be openly and solemnly read, by all and every minister or curate, in every church or chapel, *or other place of public worship*, within this realm of England and places aforesaid.

"Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that every parson, vicar, or *other minister whatsoever*, who now hath and enjoyeth any ecclesiastical benefice or promotion within this realm of England, or places aforesaid, shall in the church, chapel, or place of public worship, belonging to the said benefice or promotion, upon some day before the *Feast of Saint Bartholomew*, (August 24,) which shall be in the year of our Lord God 1662, *openly, publicly*, and *solemnly* read the morning and evening prayer appointed to be read by, and according to the said Book of Common Prayer, at the times thereby appointed: and after

such reading thereof shall *openly*, and publicly, before the congregation there assembled, declare his *unfeigned assent* and *consent* to the *use*, and all things *in the said book contained and prescribed*, in these *words* and *no other;*

> "I, A. B., do hereby declare my *unfeigned assent to all and every thing contained and prescribed in and by the book*, intituled, The Book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church of England; together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be sung or said in churches: and the form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons.

"And that all and every such person who shall *neglect* or *refuse to do the same* within the time aforesaid, shall *ipso facto*, be *deprived of all his spiritual promotions:* and that from thenceforth it shall be lawful to and for all *patrons* and *donors* of *all* and *singular* the said spiritual promotions, or of *any of them*, according to their respective rights and titles, to *present* or *collate* to the same, as though the person or persons so offending or neglecting were *dead.*

"That no person shall be capable of being admitted to any parsonage, &c, or to consecrate and administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper before such time as *he shall be ordained* priest *by episcopal ordination*, upon pain to forfeit for every offence the sum of one hundred pounds.

"That if any person who is by this act disabled to *preach* any *lecture* or *sermon* shall, during *the time* that he shall continue and remain so disabled, *preach any sermon or lecture*, that then for *every such offence* the person and persons so offending shall suffer *three months' imprisonment* in the common jail, without *bail* or *mainprise.*"

The same act required "*every schoolmaster* and *private tutor* to *be licensed* by the *archbishop* or *ordinary of the diocess*, on the penalty, *for the first offence* of *three months' imprisonment;* and for every *repetition* of the offence, *three months' imprisonment* and *five pounds to the king.*"

I shall here beg leave to make a few remarks upon this act in reference to the case of the persons shortly to be introduced to the reader's notice.

1. The act, whether considered good or bad *politically*, was an absolute breach of the king's solemn declaration and engagement to the Dissenters, and indeed to the nation, while he was at *Breda*, as we have already seen; and argues that either *he* was a man of no moral principle, had no regard to his honour nor to his *promise*, or that his *ministers* were cruel and malicious men, who well knew the religious scruples of many of his best friends, and how they must be in every way injured by the passing of such an act.

2. The breach of promise made to the Dissenters was a most dangerous measure, as it put to too severe a *test* the loyalty of a great part of the nation, and served to widen the breach between them and the Established Church; the rulers of which, they had too much reason to believe, were the principal promoters of this measure.

3. The act required from *every minister* a solemn declaration, while ministering in the presence of Almighty God, (more solemn, if possible,

than any oath,) of his *unfeigned assent* to ALL and EVERY *thing* contained in, and prescribed by, the Book of Common Prayer,—the Psalter, as there printed and *pointed*, and to all the *rites* and *ceremonies* therein enjoined. Now this is more than any man can with a pure conscience say of any *human* composition of devotion. The *Bible* alone, *as it came from God*, can be thus safely acknowledged; and not even a translation of that most sacred book, nor any of the *ancient Versions* in which it has been handed down to posterity. Though I regard the Liturgy of the Church of England as the purest form of devotion ever composed by man, and next in excellence to the inspired volume, yet there are words and phrases in it to which I could not declare my assent; and as to the *Psalter* contained in that book, it is in many places a *false* and *inefficient translation*, foreign from the *Hebrew verity*, with the insertion of a *multitude* of *words* which have nothing corresponding to them in the *original;* while printed *as if they were the words of the Holy Spirit!* And as to the *pointing*, it is generally barbarous, and often destructive of the sense. What divine, who ever read a Psalm of David in the original, could give his solemn assent to this composition as it now stands?

4. This act was intended as a snare to catch many upright men. Many of the clergy of those times doubted greatly whether the hierachy were *exactly* conformable to *Scripture.* Lord King's position that *bishops and presbyters were the same order* was a very general opinion among those afterward called *Nonconformists;* and was the opinion of the late Mr. John Wesley. These were fully convinced that *ordination by presbyters* was a *valid* and *Scriptural ordination;* and many of the clergy at that time had none other. But the act, without *Scripture* or *reason*, annuls and sweeps this away at a stroke; and none is permitted to minister in holy things unless *episcopally ordained;* an ordination which not one of them could procure, unless he had been in every sense a *thorough conformist.*

5. The act took upon it to *restrain* and *destroy*, as far as it could, the *spirit of prophecy*, or the gift of Christian preaching. Many of those excellent men believed themselves *fully called of God* to the work of the ministry. But this act forbade them to preach unless they had episcopal ordination; and although *a dispensation of the Gospel was committed unto them*, and God pronounced a *wo on such* as *preached it not;* yet one sermon or lecture of the person who did not, because he could not, conform as above, was punished by *three months' imprisonment in the common jail;* and those who had the word of the Lord, and *could not be silent*, were thus treated; and with circumstances of relentless rigour.

6. The act was not only persecuting, but *unjust*, as it deprived of the *means of subsistence* men who were educated for this function; who had been regularly, according to the custom of the times, inducted and employed in it, and had the subsistence of themselves and their families from it. But in one day upward of *two thousand* of them were left without a morsel of bread, because they would not defile their consciences by solemnly affirming what they did not believe.

7. The act was *cruel;* as it endeavoured to prevent them from getting

their bread by public or private *teaching*, as *schoolmasters* and *tutors*, unless *licensed* by the *archbishop* or *ordinary of the diocess*, under the penalty of *three months' imprisonment;* and for every *repetition* of this offence, so called, *three months' imprisonment* and *five pounds to the king*. And the reader may rest assured that the minister who could not conscientiously assent to EVERY *thing* in the Prayer Book was not likely to be licensed by a bishop as a teacher of youth.

8. The act had as much respect to *rites* and *ceremonies* as to *prayers* and *preaching;* hence it required every minister "*openly* and *publicly* before the *congregation* to *declare his unfeigned assent and consent* to the USE of *all things* in the said book contained and prescribed." But notwithstanding the general excellence of this book, it would puzzle the first casuist in the Church to show the *moral* or *spiritual use* of several things therein contained and prescribed.

I have made these remarks to show the nature and operations of this, at that time the most illiberal and malicious act, in order to vindicate the persons who were its victims; who because of their conscientious steadiness, have been represented as *foolish*, *fanatical*, and *obstinate* men; because they would not *solemnly affirm what they did not believe*. And for my own part, far from being surprised that so great a number as *two thousand and twenty-five* according to Mr. Palmer's reckoning, were cast out of the Church in one day, I am rather surprised that one *learned or conscientious minister* was found, on the requisitions of the act, to retain his living.

High churchmen may "extol the authors and framers of this act as deserving the everlasting praises and blessings of the Church." But while *honesty*, or rendering to every man his due, can be considered a blessing in society, and the steady attendant upon justice—while *humanity* and *mercy* are esteemed the choicest characteristics of man, and while *sound learning* is valued as the ornament and handmaid of religion,—this act, in its operation on *St. Bartholomew's day*, (August 24, 1662) must be regarded as a *scandal to the State*, and a *reproach to the Church*.

No doubt the reader has already considered me as a rigid Dissenter, because of the above review of the Act of Uniformity, in its predisposing causes, and subsequent effects: but he is highly mistaken. Bred up in the bosom of the Church, I am strongly attached to it from principle and conscience; and notwithstanding the *blots*, the existence of which in the Liturgy I cannot deny, I would not change that form of sound words for any thing that *dissent* could offer me as a substitute. But I abominate the Act of Uniformity, for its *oppression*, *injustice*, and *cruelty;* and because it gave a blow to the piety of the National Church, from which it is still but slowly recovering. It deprived her of multitudes of her brightest ornaments, whose works have been a credit and a bulwark to the Reformation, and still praise them in the gates. Neither interest nor disaffection prompts this eulogium! *Fiat justitia; ruat cœlum!*

OF MR. WESLEY'S ANCESTORS.

The Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, Mr. J. Wesley's Great Grandfather.

From whatever part of the world the family of the *Wesleys* may have originally come, whether from *Asiatic*, *Spanish*, or *Saxon* progenitors; or whether indigenous in *Britain*, through a long train of ancestry; posterity can mount no higher in tracing it than to about the middle of the seventeenth century: but so far as we can trace it back, to use the words of one of Mr. J. Wesley's biographers, "his ancestors appear respectable for learning, conspicuous for piety, and firmly attached to those views of Christianity which they had formed from the sacred Scriptures."

The Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, great grandfather to the founder of the Methodists, is mentioned by *Hitchins* among the *rectors* of *Catherston*, in Dorsetshire, in the year 1650. And in the year 1662 we find him among those who suffered by the aforesaid *Act of Uniformity;* being ejected from his living of Charmouth, a village in the same place, remarkable for its singular situation at the foot of a hill which is one thousand and five feet high, and opposite to another which is nine hundred and seventy feet. His own name was to him ominous, as he was deprived of every earthly good, and suspended from his ministerial functions on the festival of the *saint* after whom he was called. He was succeeded in his living of *Charmouth* by a person of the name of *Burd*, or *Bird*, October 14, 1662. See the Nonconformist's Memorial, by Palmer, vol. ii, p. 125.

I cannot find of what *university* or *college* he was: but most probably of Oxford. Dr. Calamy states, that when he was at the university he applied himself to the study of physic as well as divinity. In the former practice he appears to have acquired some celebrity; for while he was in his living of Charmouth, he was often consulted as a physician; and after his ejectment he applied himself chiefly to this profession, and gained a livelihood by it; though he continued as the times would permit, to preach occasionally.

It appears from the history of the Nonconformists, that many of the ministers when ejected had recourse to the *practice of physic* for a subsistence; as there were no other means left in their power by which they might gain their bread. They were proscribed and incapacitated as preachers, both in public and private, by the Act of Uniformity; and though their learned education had qualified them to be instructers of youth as public *schoolmasters*, or to give private *tuition* in the families of the nobility and gentry; yet, this also was on grievous penalties proscribed by the *act:* hence they had no alternative but to study and practise medicine. For this, some had received previous qualifications at the university, as was the case of Mr. Bartholomew Wesley. But others had no advantage of this kind; and, therefore, practised at great hazard. This caused one of them to say to the persons by whom the ejectment was put in force against him, "I perceive that this is like to occasion the death of many." The commissioners, supposing these words to savour of contumacy and rebellion, questioned him severely

on the subject. To whom he replied, "that being deprived by the *act* of every means of getting his bread in those ways for which he was qualified, he must have recourse to the practice of medicine, which he did not properly understand; and thereby the lives of many of his patients would most probably be endangered."

This was no doubt the case in very many instances. They acted according to the best they knew, in order to help their neighbours and gain an honest livelihood: but like many, even to the present day, though useful where disease bore no uncommon type, were often deceived by fallacious appearances, and took the more prominent symptoms, which were only indications of complication, or of spurious morbid action, as the immediate cause of the disorder; prescribed accordingly; and thereby formed a new disease, which not unfrequently terminated the life of the unhappy patient.

If regular and well educated practitioners be liable to make such mistakes, and nothing is more certain; what must it be with the unskilful, and the immense colluvies of quack doctors, who now vend medicines for the infallible cure of every disorder, under authority of *indisputable patents!*

Dr. Garth nervously describes the ruin spread through society by licensed and unlicensed empirics: *Non tamen* telis *vulnerat ista agyrtarum colluvies, sed* theriaca *quadam magii perniciosa: non* pyris *sed* pulvere *necio quo exotico certat; non* globulis plumbeis, *sed pilulisque lethalibus interficit.*

"This herd of vermin inflict no wound by *daggers;* but by a certain *mithridate* much more pernicious. They arm not themselves with *cataplasms;* but with a species of unknown *exotic powder.* They kill not with *leaden bullets;* but with pills equally *lethal.*"

From Dr. Calamy's account, it appears that Mr. Wesley's preaching was not very popular; owing, he says, to a *peculiar plainness of speech.* In what this consisted we are not told: but this we well know, that *plainness of speech*, while the sense is good, and the doctrine sound would not prevent the *popularity* of any preacher in the present day. His great grandson studied the utmost plainness of speech in all his ministrations,—yet who more popular! who more successful!

Mr. Bartholomew Wesley does not appear to have lived long after his ejectment: but *when* he died is uncertain. All that we know is this, that he was so affected by the premature death of his excellent son John, who was also a minister, that his health rapidly declined, and he did not long survive him. This must have been some time after 1670. See the succeeding account of his son John.

There is a story told of Mr. B. Wesley by *Anthony à Wood*, in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. ii, col. 963, which requires examination.

Speaking of the Rev. *Samuel Wesley*, sen. rector of Epworth, he says, "The said Samuel Wesley is grandson to ——— Wesley, the fanatical minister, sometime of Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, at what time [1651] the Lord Wilmot and King Charles II. had like to have been by him betrayed, when they continued *incognito* in that country."

Though a good sire may have a bad son, and a good son a bad sire; and the delinquency of ancestors should not be imputed to their poste-

rity; yet I own I should feel grieved could a charge of treachery be fairly proved against the *Wesley family*; or that it could be made to appear that it had ever produced a person disaffected to the state.

I have taken some pains to inquire into the authenticity of this story so confidently related by *Wood*.

In the wonderful adventures of Charles II., in his attempts to recover his paternal kingdom, the story of his narrow escape at Charmouth is told by most of our historians and annalists.

It appears that *Lord Wilmot* and *Colonel Wyndham*, who had accompanied the king in disguise, after his unfortunate defeat at Worcester, September 3d, 1651, wishing to escape to the continent, came to *Lyme* in Dorsetshire; and agreed with one *Limbry*, master of a small sloop of thirty tons, then bound to St. Malo, to take over two gentlemen, and land them on any part of the French coast. The vessel then lay at the *Cable* in Lyme; and the owner having agreed to bring it out to a little creek near Charmouth, his majesty and his party, deeply disguised, waited for its arrival.

Lord *Clarendon* states, that while they were waiting, the day having been appointed by the parliament for a solemn fast, a *fanatical* weaver, who had been a *soldier in the parliament army*, was preaching against the king, in a little chapel fronting the obscure inn where his majesty had stopped. Charles, to avoid suspicion, was among the audience. It happened that a *smith* of the same principles with the *weaver*, who had been called to fasten on a shoe belonging to the king's horse, came to inform the preacher, that he knew from the fashion of the shoes that the horse had come from the north. The preacher immediately affirmed that this horse could belong to no other than Charles Stuart; and instantly went with a constable to search the inn. But the king being disappointed of the vessel that was to come out for him in the night, and take him to the French coast, had left the inn, and was gone with Colonel Wyndham to Bridport, and thus escaped.

This is the substance of the relation given by Lord Clarendon, who does not mention the *name* of the preacher; but merely tells us that he was a fanatical weaver, and had been a *soldier in the parliament army*.

Here we might rest, and safely affirm that the story of *Anthony à Wood* is confuted, as far as it relates to *Bartholomew Wesley*; as none of these characters belong to *him*. There is no evidence that while he enjoyed the living of Charmouth, (which he did at this time, 1651, and continued to do till ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662,) he had been a *weaver*, or had ever *served in the parliament army*. He appears to have been regularly bred at the university for a *minister*, and never to any *handicraft* business. He is reckoned among the *rectors of Catherston*, and had the *living of Charmouth*, and consequently would not be reputed a *fanatical preacher*.

The story therefore to which *Anthony à Wood* alludes, as told by Lord Clarendon, is wholly inapplicable to Bartholomew Wesley.

But it may be asked, *where* did *Wood* get the name of *Wesley*, that he so circumstantially appropriates to the rector of Epworth's grandfather? I answer,—He got it partly by *mistaking* a name, and partly from *his own invention*. I shall produce the proof.

We have a very circumstantial *relation of the king's escape from Worcester, taken from his own mouth by Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, in several days attendance for that purpose.* In that authentic relation, the story as inserted by Mr. Carte, (in his General History of England,) no friend to Nonconformists, is as follows:—

"The king with his company sat up all night, expecting the ship to come out, (*i. e.* out of the Cable, to come to the creek near Charmouth, according to agreement, see before,) and upon her failure, *Wilmot* was sent with *Peters*, a servant of Colonel Wyndham's, to *Lyme* the next morning, to know the reason. Being troubled how to spend the day, the horses were ordered to be got ready, and the king's which carried double, (for he rode before Mrs. *Judith Conisby*, as a servant, by the name of *William Jackson*,) having a shoe loose, a smith was sent for, who looking over the shoes of the other horses, he said he knew that some of them had been shod near Worcester. When he had fastened the shoes, he went presently to consult *Westby*, a rigid foolish Presbyterian minister of Charmouth, who was then in a *long-winded prayer*; and *before he had done*, the king was gone on with Mrs. Conisby and Mr. *Wyndham* to Bridport."

Now, it may be allowed that *Westby* may be a mistake for *Westley*, or *Westley* for *Westby*; and therefore there is no evidence here that *Bartholomew Wesley* is intended: but were there even no doubt concerning the *name*, yet the pretended fact, so positively affirmed by the author of the *Athenæ*, *that Lord Wilmot and King Charles II. had like to have been by him betrayed, when they continued incognito in that country*, is wholly unsubstantiated; for there is not a word said by Mr. *Pepys*, who took the relation from the king's own mouth, of *any attempt*, secret or outward, on the part of this *Westby* to *betray the king*: for the account only states that the smith went to consult this *Westby*, who was then in a *long-winded prayer; and before he had done the king had departed for Bridport.* Nor is there any hint that this so called *rigid, foolish, Presbyterian minister* took any steps to *discover* the king. *Betray* him he could not, because he was not in his confidence,—nor is it hinted that the smith communicated his supposed discovery to the preacher, or that he even waited till he had finished *his long-winded prayer.*

Lord *Clarendon* does state that the *fanatical weaver*, who *had been a soldier*, did get a *constable*, and went to detect the king, but he gives no *name*; and by the preacher having been a *soldier*, and then a *weaver*, it must be evident for the reasons above assigned that *Bartholomew Wesley* could not be intended.

There might have been a preacher at Charmouth of the name of *Westby*, who had been a *soldier in the parliament army* and *then a weaver*; and as *Anthony à Wood* must have known that Mr. *Bartholomew Wesley* had the living of Charmouth, for he was contemporary, he applied to the regular divine what was only true of him whom he calls the *fanatical minister.* But Wood's evidence is little worth, for he was a man of a bitter and intolerant spirit, much more inclined to the Church of Rome than to the Protestant Church of England. Bishop *Burnet*, who lived at the same time, and was well acquainted with the virulence

of his spirit, gives him the following character in a letter to the bishop of Litchfield and Coventry:—

"That poor writer has thrown together such a tumultuary mixture of stuff and tattle, and has been so visibly a tool of some of the Church of Rome to reproach all the greatest men of our Church, that no man who takes care of his own reputation will take any thing upon trust that is said by one who has no reputation to lose."

I contend, therefore, that the tale of *Anthony à Wood* is unlikely, inconsistent, and absurd, as it relates to Mr. *B. Wesley;* and we need not wonder that the man who was capable of styling the celebrated *John Locke a prating troublesome fellow*, should call Mr. B. Wesley *the fanatical minister of Charmouth.*

To conclude, as far as I have been able to search into the political principles of this family, especially from the days of the rector of Epworth, I have found their sentiments of *loyalty* among the strongest and purest I have ever known.

As this principle has descended to the *last branches* of the family, (for it is now nearly extinct,) each appears to have possessed it as a kind of *heirloom* that has been handed down from the remotest ancestry. John, Mr. Wesley's grandfather, appears to have been shaken for a time in his attachment to the house of *Stuart*, from the conviction that was very common in the country, that Charles I. was endeavouring to alter the constitution of the kingdom, establish an arbitrary government, and bring back Popery: but on the restoration of Charles II. he cheerfully took the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it to the end of his life.

Doubts also relative to the *legitimacy* of the *Orange succession*, in prejudice of *James* II. *and his heirs*, were entertained by some of the collateral branches of the family: but their principles of *loyalty* could never be successfully impeached; and these very scruples arose from their high sense of *duty* and *loyalty*, which this history will show was carried to as great lengths as moderation could at all justify. And it should not escape the notice of the historian, as it cannot the attention of the politician and philosopher, that the immense body of *Methodists*, who may be properly called the *spiritual progeny* of the last *great men* of this family, have imbibed the same spirit, and have been as remarkable for their loyalty, as they have been for the simplicity of their manners, the purity of their doctrine, and their zeal for the best interests of their fellow creatures.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

Vicar of Winterborn, Dorsetshire, Mr. Wesley's Grandfather.

This gentleman, who was the son of the Rev. *Bartholomew Wesley* mentioned above, was very religiously brought up, and dedicated by his pious father to the work of the ministry from his earliest youth; the consequence was what might have been expected, he remembered his Creator *in*, and indeed *from*, the days of his youth. He was deeply

convinced of sin, and had a serious concern for his salvation, when a lad at school; and soon after God began to work upon his soul he kept a *diary*, in which he recorded not only the most remarkable events of God's providence in his behalf, but more especially the operations of the Divine Spirit upon his heart, and how he felt himself affected by the various means which his heavenly Father used for his salvation, whether in the way of *afflictive providences* or *gracious visitations*.

This course he continued with little intermission to the end of his life; and it was probably his example, which he must have known, that led his grandson, the founder of the Methodists, to follow the same practice; and whose *journals* are an uncommon *treasury* of sound learning and just criticism, and of records concerning the gracious influence of God on ministerial labours, unprecedented and unparalleled.

At a proper age he was entered of *New Inn Hall*, Oxford; and in due course proceeded A. M. During his stay at the university he was noticed for his seriousness and diligence. He applied himself particularly to the study of the *Oriental* languages, in which he is said to have made great proficiency.

Dr. *John Owen*, who was then vice-chancellor of the university, showed him great kindness.

He began to preach occasionally at the age of twenty-two; and in May, 1658, he was sent to preach at *Whitchurch*, (Winterborn) a vicarage, the income of which was about thirty pounds per annum. He was promised an augmentation of one hundred pounds a year; but the many changes in public affairs which took place soon after, prevented him from ever receiving any part of it.

Mr. Wesley was respectable in his *matrimonial connections*. He married a niece of Dr. *Thomas Fuller*, prebend of Salisbury, rector of Broad Windsor, and chaplain extraordinary to Charles II. This divine was not only eminent for his learning and writings, but for his prodigious *memory*. He could repeat a sermon verbatim from once hearing it; and undertook in passing *to* and *from* Temple Bar to the Poultry to tell every sign as it stood in order, on both sides of the way, and to repeat them either backward or forward; and this task he actually performed!

Dr. Fuller in all his works affects a very *quaint* style, though it is always terse and nervous. He was fond of PUNNING on others, and was sometimes paid in his own coin. Being in company with a gentleman whose name was SPARROWHAWK, the doctor, who was very *corpulent*, facetiously said, "Pray, sir, what is the difference between an *owl* and a sparrowhawk?" The gentleman immediately answered,—"It is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

He was author of the *Church History of Britain*, folio;—A *Defence* of it against *Dr. Peter Heylin*, folio;—The *History of the Holy War*, folio;—*A Pisgah's Sight of Palestine*, folio;—*A History of the Worthies of England*, folio;—*Adronicus*, or the unfortunate Politician, octavo;—*Introductio ad Prudentiam*, or Directions, Counsels, and Cautions, tending to the prudent Management of Affairs in common life; composed for his only son, duodecimo, 1726: a very excellent and useful work.

By this lady Mr. Wesley had two sons, *Matthew* and *Samuel*, of whom hereafter. He is said by Dr. Calamy to have had a numerous family: but the names of none but the above are come down to posterity.

The same author informs us that because of this *growing family* he was obliged to set up a school in order to maintain it.

It appears that, like his father, he had serious scruples to using the *Common Prayer* as it then stood; and, soon after the Restoration some of his neighbours gave him a great deal of trouble on this account.

Dr. *Gilbert Ironside*, bishop of Bristol, was informed by some persons of distinction that Mr. Wesley would not use the Liturgy; and beside, they stated their opinion that his *title* to *Whitchurch* was not valid; and that for some other parts of his conduct he might be prosecuted in a court of justice. The bishop expressing a desire to see and converse with him, he took the first opportunity to wait upon his lordship; and had the following interesting conversation with him, which he entered into his journal; and from which it was transcribed by Dr. Calamy. Though this journal is unfortunately lost, we may be thankful for the extracts which the indefatigable Calamy has preserved:—

Bishop. What is your name?

Wesley. *John Wesley.*

Bishop. There are many great matters charged upon you.

Wesley. May it please your lordship, Mr. *Herlock* was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire that I should come to you; and on that account I am here to wait upon you.

Bishop. By whom were you ordained? Or, are you ordained?

Wesley. I am sent to preach the Gospel.

Bishop. By whom were you sent?

Wesley. By a Church of Jesus Christ.

Bishop. What Church is that?

Wesley. The Church of Christ at *Melcomb*.

Bishop. That factious and heretical Church!

Wesley. May it please you, sir, I know no faction or heresy that that Church is guilty of.

Bishop. No! Did not *you* preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

Wesley. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

Bishop. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honour of this county, viz. Sir *Gerrard Napper*, Mr. *Freak*, and Mr. *Tregonnel*, of your doings. What say you?

Wesley. Those honoured gentlemen I have been with, who, being by others misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

Bishop. There are the oaths of several honest men who have observed you,—and shall we take your word for it that all is but misinformation?

Wesley. There was no oath given or taken. Beside, if it be enough to *accuse*, who shall be innocent? I can appeal to the determination of the great day of judgment, that the large catalogue of matter laid against me are either things *invented* or *mistaken*.

Bishop. Did not you ride with your *sword* in the time of the *committee of safety*, and engage with them?

Wesley. Whatever imprudences in matters civil you may be informed I am guilty of, I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship that his majesty having pardoned them fully, and I having suffered on account of them since the pardon, I shall put in no other plea, and waive any other answer.

Bishop. In what manner did the Church you speak of send you to preach? At this rate every body might preach.

Wesley. Not every one. Every body has not *preaching gifts* and *preaching graces.* Beside, that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

Bishop. If you preach it must be according to order; the order of the Church of England upon an ordination.

Wesley. What does your lordship mean by an ordination?

Bishop. Do not you know what I mean?

Wesley. If you mean that *sending* spoken of Rom. x, I had it.

Bishop. I mean *that.* What *mission* had you?

Wesley. I had a mission from *God* and *man.*

Bishop. You must have it according to law, and the order of the Church of England.

Wesley. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

Bishop. Not satisfied in your *spirit!* You have more *new coined phrases* than ever were heard of! You mean your *conscience*, do you not?

Wesley. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being *sanctified in body, soul*, and *spirit:* but if your lordship like it not so, then I say *I am not satisfied in conscience*, touching the *ordination* you speak of.

Bishop. Conscience argues *science*, science supposes *judgment*, and judgment *reason.* What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

Wesley. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own inability would forbid me to do so.

Bishop. No, no: but give me your *reason.*

Wesley. I am not called to *office*, and therefore cannot be ordained.

Bishop. Why then have you preached all this while?

Wesley. I was called to the WORK of the *ministry*, though not to the *office.* There is, as we believe, *vocatio ad* OPUS, *et ad* MUNUS.

Bishop. Why may you not have the *office* of the ministry? You have so many *new distinctions!* O, how are you deluded!

Wesley. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people that are fit objects for me to exercise office-work among them.

Bishop. You mean a *gathered Church:* but we must have no *gathered Churches* in England; and you will see it so. For there must be *unity* without *divisions* among us; and there can be no *unity* without uniformity. Well, then, we must send you to your Church that they may dispose of you, if you were *ordained* by *them.*

Wesley. I have been informed by my cousin *Pitfield* and others concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition inclined against *morosity.* However, you may be prepossessed by some bitter enemies to my person, yet there are *others* who can and will give you another

character of me. Mr. *Glisson* hath done it; and Sir *Francis Fulford* desired me to present his service to you, and being my *hearer*, is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

Bishop. I asked Sir *Francis Fulford* whether the presentation to *Whitchurch* was his. *Whose* is it? He told me it was not his.

Wesley. There was none presented to it these *sixty years*; Mr. *Walton* lived there. At his departure the people desired me to preach to them; and when there was a *way of settlement appointed*, I was by the *trustees* appointed, and by the *triers* approved.

Bishop. They would approve any that would come to them, and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of English.

Wesley. All that they did I know not: but I was examined touching *gifts* and *graces*.

Bishop. I question not your gifts, Mr. *Wesley*. I will do you any good I can: but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you do it *according to order*.

Wesley. I shall submit to *any trial* you shall please to make. I shall present your lordship with a *confession of my faith*; or take *what other way* you please to insist on.

Bishop. No. We are not come to that yet.

Wesley. I shall desire several things may be laid together which I look on as justifying my preaching. 1. I was *devoted* to the service from my *infancy*. 2. I was educated thereto, at *school* and in the *university*.

Bishop. What *university* were you of?

Wesley. Oxon.

Bishop. What *house?*

Wesley. *New Inn Hall.*

Bishop. What *age* are you?

Wesley. *Twenty-five.*

Bishop. No sure, you are not!

Wesley. 3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious able Christians, ministers, and others. 4. It pleased God to seal my labour with success, in the apparent conversion of several souls.

Bishop. Yea, that is, it may be, *to your own way*.

Wesley. Yea, to the *power of godliness*, from *ignorance* and *profaneness*. If it please your lordship to lay down any *evidences of godliness* agreeing with the Scriptures, and if they be not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged from my ministry; I will stand or fall by the issue thereof.

Bishop. You talk of the *power of godliness* such as you fancy.

Wesley. Yea, the *reality of religion*. Let us appeal to any *common place book* for *evidences* of *grace*, and they are found in and upon these converts.

Bishop. How *many* are there of them?

Wesley. I number not the people.

Bishop. *Where* are they?

Wesley. *Wherever* I have been called to preach. At *Radpole*,

Melcomb, *Turnwood*, *Whitchurch*, and at *sea*. I shall add another ingredient of my mission. 5. When the Church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did by *fasting* and *prayer*, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

Bishop. A *particular* Church?

Wesley. Yes, my lord. I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

Bishop. Why, you mistake the apostle's intent. They went about to convert *Heathens*, and so did what they did. You have no warrant for your *particular* Churches.

Wesley. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for Gospel worship in the New Testament, recorded in the *Acts of the Apostles* and in the *epistles*.

Bishop. We have not.

Wesley. The *practice* of the apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not *extraordinary*.

Bishop. Not their *practice*, but their *precepts*.

Wesley. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in Scripture only by *precepts*; but by *precedents*, by *promises*, by *threatenings* mixed; not common-place wise. We are to follow them, as they followed Christ.

Bishop. But the apostle said, *This speak I, not the Lord*; that is, by *revelation*.

Wesley. Some interpret that place, *This speak I now, by revelation from the Lord*; not the Lord in that text before instanced, when he gave answer to the case concerning divorce. May it please your lordship, we believe that *cultus non institutus est indebitus*.

Bishop. It is false.

Wesley. The second commandment speaks the same, *Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image*.

Bishop. That is, *forms of your own invention*.

Wesley. Bishop *Andrews*, taking notice of *non facies tibi*, satisfied me that we may not worship God but as *commanded*.

Bishop. You take *discipline*, *church government*, and *circumstances*, for *worship*.

Wesley. You account *ceremonies* a part of *worship*.

Bishop. But what say you? Did you not wear a *sword* in the time of the *committee of safety*, with Demy and the rest of them?

Wesley. My lord, I have given you my answer therein: and I farther say, that I have conscientiously taken the *oath of allegiance*, and faithfully kept it hitherto. I appeal to all that are round about me.

Bishop. But nobody will trust you. You stood it out to the last gasp.

Wesley. I know not what you mean by the *last gasp*. When I saw the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, I did submit quietly thereunto.

Bishop. That was at *last*.

Wesley. Yet many such men are trusted, and now about the king.

Bishop. They are such as though on the parliament side during the war, yet disown these latter proceedings: but you abode even till *Haselrig's* coming to *Portsmouth*

Wesley. His majesty has pardoned whatever you may be informed of concerning me of that nature. I am not here on that account.

Bishop. I expected you not.

Wesley. Your lordship sent your desire by two or three messengers. Had I been refractory, I need not have come: but I would give no just cause of offence. I think the *old Nonconformists* were none of his majesty's enemies.

Bishop. They were traitors. *They* began the war. *Knox* and *Buchanan* in *Scotland*, and those like them in England.

Wesley. I have read the *protestation*, of *owning the king's supremacy.*

Bishop. *They* did it in *hypocrisy.*

Wesley. You used to tax the poor *Independents* for judging folks' hearts. Who doth it now?

Bishop. I did not; for they pretended one thing and acted another. Do not I know them better than *you?*

Wesley. I know them by their *works;* as they have therein delivered us their hearts.

Bishop. Well, then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without *ordination* according to the law?

Wesley. All these things laid together, are satisfactory to me for my procedure therein.

Bishop. They are not *enough.*

Wesley. There has been more written in proof of preaching of *gifted persons* with such approbation, than has been answered by any one yet.

Bishop. Have you any thing more to say to me, Mr. *Wesley?*

Wesley. Nothing. Your lordship sent for me.

Bishop. I am glad I heard this from your own mouth. You will stand to your principles, you say?

Wesley. I intend it, through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the king's majesty, however you deal with me.

Bishop. I will not meddle with you.

Wesley. Farewell to you, sir.

Bishop. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley.

Calamy's Nonconformists' Memorial, vol. ii, p. 165.

There is no evidence that the bishop forfeited his word by giving Mr. Wesley any disturbance. How he was treated by others we shall see shortly. But before I proceed further in his history, I think it necessary to make some remarks on the preceding dialogue; as there are some things in it which require explanation.

I. The conversation mentioned here must have taken place after the year 1660. For on Jan. 13 of that year, was Dr. *Gilbert Ironside* consecrated bishop of Bristol; the see having been vacant, through the calamities of the times, from the death of Dr. *Thomas Howell*, in the year 1646, to the year above mentioned, (vide *De Præsulibus Angliæ*, 566.)

There was another Dr. *Gilbert Ironside*, son of the preceding, who was bishop of Bristol in 1685. But this could not be the prelate in question. The preceding held the see from 1660 to 1671, so that the

conversation took place some time in that period; and certainly before the passing the *Act of Uniformity* in 1662, as that event is here alluded to as shortly to take place.

II. The *committee of safety*, mentioned by the bishop, was formed Oct. 26, 1659, by the *great officers of the army*. It consisted of twenty-three persons, who were ordered "to endeavour some settlement of the government;" for after the death of *Cromwell*, on Sept. 3, of the preceding year, the nation was greatly distracted; there was no efficient civil government, and the power fell wholly into the hands of the *army*.

This *committee* was invested with the full power of the council of state; and were to "prepare such a form of government as might best comport with a *free state* and commonwealth, without a single person, kingship, or house of lords."—See *Rapin*.

It was at this time, 1659, that Sir *Arthur Haselrig* was sent to Portsmouth by the parliament, the town and garrison of which declared for them, against the orders of *the committee of safety*.

The bishop accuses Mr. Wesley that *he continued till the last gasp*; *i. e.* that he held with the parliament against the restoration of the king till the time that *Haselrig* came to Portsmouth; soon after which he and all the army joined with MONK; and the king was invited over, proclaimed in London, May 8, 1660, and landed at Dover on the 25th.

The declaration of Portsmouth for the parliament was one of *the last public acts* against the restoration of the king; and might be fitly denominated, as here by the bishop, the *last gasp*, *i. e.* of the republican government in England.

III. What is implied in his *wearing a sword* at that time I cannot tell: whether it was for personal safety, or as a soldier, or as an ensign of some office. During the existence of the *committee of safety* the whole nation was under *military law*; for this committee was created, and the members appointed, by the *great officers of the army*.

The *parliament* and the *army* had now separate *interests*, and separate views. Every person saw that there must soon be a *stupendous issue*: but of what kind none could tell.

Mr. Wesley, it appears, was undecided: but he was a man of a reflecting mind, careful to mark the workings of Providence; and when *he saw that it was the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things*, *i. e.* to restore the monarchy in the family of the Stuarts, *he quietly submitted, read the protestation owning the king's supremacy*, and cheerfully *took the oath of allegiance*. His indecision was no blot on his character; and his subsequent conduct much to his credit.

IV. Had we more particulars of the family of Mr. *Bartholomew Wesley*, we should, no doubt, find something peculiarly interesting relative to his son *John*, of whom we are speaking.

That he had a *truly religious education* there can be no doubt; and from his own account to the bishop of Bristol it appears that *he was devoted to the sacred service from his infancy; and educated in order thereto, both at school and at the university*. And it was evident from the *manner* in which God wrought upon his mind, and the *gifts* and *graces* with which he had endued him, that he had accepted the gift

which his parents had offered, and given him those qualifications for the work of the ministry which neither *schools* nor *universities* can supply, and which the imposition of the hands of the holiest bishop cannot confer. His conversation with the bishop shows that he possessed *manly sense*, unaffected *piety*, and religious knowledge far beyond his years.

V. From this conversation we learn two important facts:—1. That he was a *lay-preacher*. 2. That he was an *itinerant* evangelist.

1. That he was *not ordained*, either by *bishop* or *presbyters*, by the *imposition of hands*, is fully evident. He had authority from GOD; this he conscientiously believed was sufficient, and he does not appear to have wished to have the *authority* of *man* superadded. However, he submitted all his own views and feelings to the examination and judgment of such persons as from their knowledge, piety, and experience, were capable of discerning the grace of God that was in him, and whether his talents were such as the people of God might profit by.

2. He went to proclaim Christ crucified *wherever* he had an *invitation*, and probably where he had *none*. It appears also that he had religious societies at several places; himself mentions *Radpole*, *Melcomb*, *Turnwood*, *Whitchurch*, and at *sea*. What he means by his *converts at sea* I cannot learn; whether he served aboard the *fleet*, or whether he only occasionally visited the ships at *Bridport*, *Weymouth*, *Lyme*, *Radpole*, &c, I know not. From his own account we find that he exercised his ministry both by *sea* and *land*, in what would be called an *irregular* way, without any kind of human ordination, as "*a son of the prophets*," to use his own words; nearly in the same way, from similar motives, and in reference to the same end, as those whom his *grandson* long afterward associated with himself in the Christian ministry. Indeed we find in this man's conduct a kind of *epitome of Methodism;* his mode of preaching, matter, manner, and success, being most strikingly similar.

VI. Mr. Wesley tells the bishop that he was *appointed* to preach at Whitchurch by *the trustees*, and approved by *the triers*.*

Of these persons we have a sufficient account in a little scarce duodecimo work, printed in 1658, intituled, *The examination of Tilenus before the Triers, in order to his intended settlement in the office of a public Preacher in the Commonwealth of Utopia.* The chairman opens the meeting thus:—"The great prudence and piety of the governors of this commonwealth, considering how apt the people are to be influenced by the principles and example of their constant teachers, have been pleased, out of an ardent zeal to God's glory, and a tender care of men's precious souls, to think upon a course how their dominions may be made happy in the settlement of an able and godly ministry among them; for which purpose they have appointed commissioners to examine the gifts of all such as shall be employed in the office of public preaching."

* The *Ordinance* for the *trying* of Ministers, Elders, or Presbyters, referred to in these pages, was passed August 29, 1648; and may be found in SCOBELL'S *Acts*, cap. xviii, p. 165. In that place the names of all the *triers*, and the *points* on which the candidates were examined, are specified in detail.

The committee of *triers* appears to have been appointed about 1652. It certainly existed in that year, if not before.

It is to such *commissioners* Mr. Wesley refers: and that they were generally *Calvinists* may be gathered from the fictitious names given to them in the above tract, *viz.*—Dr. ABSOLUTE, chairman; Mr. *Fatalitie;* Mr. *Præterition;* Mr. *Fri-babe;* Mr. *Dam-man;* Mr. *Narrow-grace*, alias *Stint-grace;* Mr. *Efficax;* Mr. *Indefectible;* Dr. *Confidence;* Mr. *Dubious;* Mr. *Meanwell;* Mr. *Simulans;* Mr. *Take-o-trust;* Mr. *Know-little;* and Mr. *Impertinent.* This *trial* was inserted by the late Mr. Wesley in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine.

At such times as these it was certainly necessary to examine those who were candidates for the sacred ministry; as from the best accounts we learn there were great numbers then in the Church who had neither *gifts* nor *grace* for the work; and who were beside *scandalous* in their lives. It is a trite saying, but it is true, that "we must not argue against the *use* of a thing from its *abuse.*"

VII. Mr. Wesley in defending *his call to the ministry*, makes a distinction between the *vocatio ad opus*, "a call to the work," and *vocatio ad munus*, "a call to the office," of the ministry; and tells the bishop that "he did not do *office work* among the people, because they *were not proper objects for office work.*"

By this distinction, which as I apprehend it is of some importance, he must mean, and *so* the bishop understood him, that the people who sat under his ministry were *gathered* from different parts, did not belong to any parish church, and were not as yet a consolidated society; that he had not instituted any *code of discipline* for their regulation; and probably did not administer the sacraments among them, especially the *sacrament of the Lord's Supper.* He was called to *preach to them*, but not to *preside over them;* they were not as yet *fit for such office work.*

It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that this was the plan followed by his grandson in respect to the *lay preachers* so called, whom he associated with himself in that great work to which God had especially appointed *him.* He believed they all had from God himself the *vocatio ad opus*,—an extraordinary call to the *work* of the ministry: but he did not believe that they all had the *vocatio ad munus*,—the call to the *office;* and therefore he did not trust them to govern the societies, nor permit them to administer the sacraments. He kept the *ecclesiastical* government of all the societies in his own hands; appointed *one preacher* in each circuit whom he called the assistant, i. e. one who *assisted him* in governing the societies; but he seldom suffered any of them to administer the sacraments unless they had been *ordained by himself.* I need scarcely state here that all the other preachers in the different circuits were called *helpers*, that is, they *helped* the *assistant* in his work in the circuit, as he *assisted* Mr. Wesley in his general government of the whole *connection.*

VIII. Taking the *vocatio ad munus* in the above sense, it may be safely said that there are multitudes who appear to have the *vocatio ad opus*, the *gift of preaching*, with every qualification necessary to make

that gift powerfully and extensively useful, who at the same time have *no gifts* for *Church government*, and consequently no *vocatio ad munus*, no call to *that part* of the work. Nor are any persons, to use the words of old Mr. Wesley, *fit objects of office work* till they are truly awakened to a sense of their sin and danger; till they are gathered *out of the world*, and solemnly determined to seek the salvation of their souls; abstaining from every appearance of evil, and using all the means of grace. This is the sum of the *conditions* on which, from the beginning until now, members have been admitted into the Methodist societies.

No people have ever made a wiser, more marked, and more salutary distinction between the *vocatio ad opus* and the *vocatio ad munus* than the Methodists have done. And to them GOD, in his great mercy, has NOW given *some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*, Eph. iv, 11–13.

It cannot escape the notice and reflection of the reader that *Methodism*, in its grand *principles* of economy, and the *means* by which they have been brought into action, has had its specific, healthy, though slowly vegetating, seeds in the original members of the Wesley family. We have an additional proof of this,—

IX. In what Mr. Wesley tells the bishop he considered a *sufficient evidence of his call to the ministry*. 1. *Grace*. 2. *Gifts*. 3. *Fruit*. To show that he had the two former, he offers to the bishop to submit to any kind of trial or examination; and that he had *fruit of his labours* in every place where he had preached,—in the *conversion of souls* from gross *ignorance* and *profaneness* to the *power of godliness*,—yea, *the reality of religion*,—he strongly asserts; and offers to prove to the bishop that those his converts had *in* and *upon them*, i. e. in their *religious experience* and *outward conduct*, all the *evidences of grace* which are enumerated in *common-place books*, or can be laid down from the Scriptures. And so confident was he of all these things, and consequently of his genuine call to the ministry, that he was willing *to stand or fall* by the proofs, and *to be discharged from the ministry* if these things were not so!

How exactly do all these things tally in reference to the *Methodist Discipline* on this great point. No man is admitted to be a preacher among them unless he be thus qualified and approved of God. *Grace*, *gifts*, and *fruit*, are the grand requisites. Where these unequivocally meet in any person who offers himself to take a part in the great work to which God has called them, they without hesitation take for granted that the man is *called of God*. And it is because the ranks of the Methodist preachers continue to be filled up by *such persons* and *such only*, that the great work is still carried on, and that their religious societies, constituted of such converts, are a blessing to the nations, and a praise in the earth.

Though Mr. Wesley were thus instrumental in converting the

ignorant and profligate, and consequently in bettering the state of society, yet he was not permitted to proceed *unmolested* in his work. *Luther* somewhere observes,—*Evangelium predicare est furorem mundi in se derivare*, "He who faithfully preaches the Gospel is sure to bring down the rage of the world upon himself." *The laws of Christ condemn a vicious world and gall it to revenge.* As religion gives no quarter to vice, so the vicious will give no quarter to religion.

Mr. Wesley was not permitted to preach quietly at *Whitchurch*, even till ejected by the *Act of Uniformity*. In the beginning of the year 1662 he was seized upon the Lord's day, as he was coming out of the church; and carried to *Blandford*, where he was committed to prison. After he had been sometime confined, Sir *Gerrard Napper*, who had been the most furious of all his enemies and the most forward in committing him, was so softened by a sad disaster he met with (the breaking of his collar-bone) that he applied to some persons to bail Mr. Wesley, and told them that if *they* would not he would do it *himself*. He was therefore set at liberty, but *bound* over to appear at the *assizes*, where he came off much better than he expected.

He has recorded in his diary the particular mercy of God to him in raising up several friends to *own him;* inclining a *solicitor* to plead for him; and restraining the wrath of man, so that even the judge, though a very choleric man, spoke not one angry word. The sum of the proceedings, as it stands in his diary, is as follows:—

Clerk. Call Mr. Wesley of Whitchurch.

Wesley. Here.

Clerk. You were indicted for not reading the Common Prayer. Will you traverse it?

A Solicitor. May it please your lordship, we desire this business may be deferred till next assizes.

Judge. Why till then?

Solicitor. Our witnesses are not ready at present.

Judge. Why not ready *now?* Why have you not prepared for a trial?

Solicitor. We thought our prosecutors would not appear.

Judge. Why so, young man? Why should you think so? Why did you not provide them?

Wesley. May it please your lordship, I understand not the question.

Judge. *Why* will you not read the Book of Common Prayer?

Wesley. The book was never tendered to me.

Judge. Must the book be tendered to you?

Wesley. So I conceive by the act.

Judge. Are you ordained?

Wesley. I am ordained to preach the Gospel.

Judge. From whom?

Wesley. I have given an account thereof already to the bishop.

Judge. What bishop?

Wesley. The bishop of Bristol.

Judge. I say by whom were you ordained? How long is it since?

Wesley. Four or five years since.

Judge. By whom then?

Wesley. By those who were then empowered.

Judge. I thought so. Have you a presentation to your place?

Wesley. I have.

Judge. From whom?

Wesley. May it please your lordship, it is a *legal presentation.*

Judge. By whom was it?

Wesley. By the trustees.

Judge. Have you brought it?

Wesley. I have not.

Judge. Why not?

Wesley. Because I did not think I should be asked any such questions here.

Judge. I would wish you to read the Common Prayer at your peril. You will not say, "From all sedition and privy conspiracy; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord, deliver us!"

Clerk. Call Mr. *Meech:* [he was called and appeared] Does Mr. Wesley read the Common Prayer yet?

Meech. May it please your lordship, he never did, nor he never will.

Judge. Friend, how do you know that? He may bethink himself.

Meech. He never did; he never will.

Solicitor. We will, when we see the *new book*, either read it, or leave our place at Bartholomew tide.

Judge. Are you not bound to read the old book till then? Let us see the act.

While the judge was reading to himself another cause was called; and Mr. Wesley was *bound over* to the next assizes. He came joyfully home; and preached constantly every Lord's day till August 17th, when he delivered his farewell sermon to a weeping audience, from Acts xx, 32: *And now, brethren, I commend you to God and the word of his grace.*

On the 26th of October the place was, by an apparitor, declared vacant; and orders were given to *sequester the profits;* but his people had already given him what was his due.

On the 22nd of February following he removed with his family to *Melcomb:* but the *corporation* made an order against his settlement there, imposing a fine of 20*l.* upon his landlady, and *five shillings per week* on himself, to be levied by distress! He waited upon the mayor and some others, pleading that he had lived in the town formerly, and had given notice of his design of coming thither again. He also offered to give *security*, which was all that their order required. But all was in vain; for on the 11th of the following month (March) another order was drawn up for putting the former in execution.

These violent proceedings forced him out of the town; and he went to *Ilminster*, *Bridgewater*, and *Taunton;* in all which places he met with great kindness and friendship from the three denominations of Dissenters, and was almost every day employed in preaching in those several places; where he also got some good *acquaintance* and *friends*, who were afterward very kind to him and his numerous family.

At length a gentleman, who had a very good house at *Preston*, two

or three miles from *Melcomb*, permitted him to live in it without paying any rent. Thither he removed his family in the beginning of May, 1663; and there he continued while he lived, excepting a temporary absence shortly to be noticed. He records his coming to *Preston*, and his comfortable accommodation there, with great admiration and thankfulness to God.

We must now follow him in his further projects and designs.

When the great Head of the Church calls a man to preach the Gospel, he in effect says, *Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.* He never *confines* his own gift and call absolutely to any particular place; but leaves them under the *direction* and *management* of his own providence. The call of God to preach is a *missionary call;* and they who have it know that they are not their own, and must do the *Master's work* in *the Master's own way*, *place*, and *time*. Hence all the ministers of his Gospel have a *missionary spirit;* let Providence direct, as it chooses, their way.

It is worthy of remark, that this excellent man, like his *grandson* long after him, felt a *strong desire* to *visit the continent of America. Surinam*, a settlement of South America, in *Guianna*, was the first object in the contemplation of his *missionary zeal.*

This settlement was visited in 1579 by Sir Walter Raleigh, but not colonized. In 1634 *David Piterse de Vries*, a Dutchman, found there a Captain Marshal, with about sixty English. In 1650 Francis Lord Willoughby, of Parham, by permission of Charles II. sent thither some vessels to take possession of the settlement in the name of his royal master; and in 1662 this settlement was granted by Charles to *Lord Willoughby* and *Lawrence Hyde*, second son of the earl of Clarendon, to them and their descendants for ever.

Mr. Wesley no doubt thought that the desolate state of this colony, in respect to spiritual things, might afford a fair and undisturbed field of usefulness. This purpose, however, was abandoned; as was also another of going to *Maryland.* The advice of friends prevailed; and probably the *difficulty* and *expense* of removing a numerous family so far were the chief impediments. Indeed, such a removal in his circumstances, must have been all but impossible. He therefore made up his mind to abide in the land of his nativity; to be at the disposal of Divine Providence, relying on the promise, *Verily, thou shalt be fed.*

Being often out of employ, and not willing to be without public worship, he would gladly have attended *the Church service:* but there were several things in the *Liturgy* to which he could not give a conscientious assent. However, by reading Mr. *Philip Nye's* "Arguments for the Lawfulness of Hearing Ministers of the Church of England," his scruples were so far removed that he found he could do it with a safe conscience; and doubtless to his edification.

At this same time Mr. Wesley was not a little troubled about his *own preaching;* whether it should be carried on *openly*, or in *private.* Some of the neighbouring ministers, particularly Messrs. *Bamfield*, *Ince*, *Hallet* of Shaston, and *John Sacheverel*, were for preaching *publicly*, with open doors. But Mr. Wesley thought it was his duty to

beware of men; and that he was bound in prudence to keep himself at *liberty* as long as he could. Accordingly, by preaching only in *private*, he was kept longer out of the hands of his enemies than the ministers above mentioned, all of whom were indicted at the next assizes "for a riotous and unlawful assembly held at *Shaston;* and were found guilty by a jury of gentlemen, fined forty marks each, and were bound to find security for their good behaviour." Or, in other words, that they would not speak any more in the blessed name of Jesus; but be unfaithful to their heavenly calling, and permit the devil unmolested to destroy the souls of the people.

The stopping of the mouths of these faithful men was a general curse to the nation. A torrent of iniquity, deep, rapid, and strong, deluged the whole land, and swept away godliness and vital religion from the kingdom. The *king* had no religion, either in *power* or in *form*. Though a Papist in his heart, he was the most worthless that ever sat on the British throne, and profligate beyond all measure; without a single good quality to redeem his numerous bad ones: and the *Church* and the *State* joined hand in hand in persecution and intolerance. Since those barbarous and iniquitous times *what hath God wrought?*

There was now no open vision, and the pure word of the Lord was scarce in those days. Most of the faithful of the land were either silenced as to public preaching, or shut up in prison; and the rest were hidden in corners. Mr. Wesley in a *private manner* preached frequently to a few good people at *Preston*, and occasionally at *Weymouth* and other places contiguous. After some time he had a call from a number of serious Christians at *Poole* to become their *pastor*. He consented; and continued with them while he lived, administering to them all the ordinances of God as opportunity offered.

In the parliament held at *Oxford*, (17 Car. ii, 1665) a severe *act* was passed against the *dissenting teachers*, prohibiting them from dwelling or coming (except in travelling on the road) within *five miles* of any corporation or borough town, or any other place where they had been ministers, or preached after the act of oblivion, on the penalty of *forty pounds* for each offence; unless they first took the following oath:—

> "I, A. B., do solemnly declare that it is not lawful on any pretence whatsoever to take up arms against the king; and that I do abhor the traitorous position of taking arms by his authority, against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him, in pursuance of such commission. And I do swear that I will not, at any time to come, *endeavour the alteration of the government, either in Church* or *State*. So help me God."

Archbishop *Sheldon*, and *Ward*, bishop of Salisbury, were the chief promoters of this act. When it came out, those ministers who had any property of their own, retired to *obscure villages* or to *market towns*, that were not *corporations*. And some, who had nothing, were obliged to leave their wives and children and hide themselves abroad, sometimes coming secretly to them after night.

Both *Preston* and *Poole* being corporation towns, in the first of

which Mr. Wesley *resided*, in the second *exercised his ministry*; he was obliged to leave his wife, his family, and his flock, and secrete himself in various places. He could not *conscientiously* take the above *oath*, because of the last clause, *I do swear that I will not at any time to come endeavour the alteration of the government either in Church or State.*

All the Dissenters had strenuously endeavoured to *alter* the *government* in the *Church*, or rather to *reform* it; as they considered several parts as savouring of *superstition*, and tending to Popery; and on this the *dissent* of many of them was founded. Every thing they might say against those points of *Popery* which seemed to be countenanced in any part of the *Liturgy* might be considered by their adversaries as an *endeavouring* to alter the *government of the Church*, and consequently expose them to prosecution, persecution, and the alleged infamy of perjury.

Under the date of 1666, Mr. Wesley entered in his Diary some of the reasons *why* he could not safely take this oath; particularly that to do it *in his own private sense*, would be juggling with God, with the king, and with conscience; especially as some magistrates had declared they had no right to admit of such a private sense. He was therefore obliged to leave home for a considerable time. He at length ventured to return to his family and flock: but notwithstanding all the prudent precaution with which he conducted his meetings, he was often disturbed; several times apprehended; and *four* times imprisoned; once at *Poole* for *six months*, and once at *Dorchester* for *three months*. The other confinements were shorter: but how long their duration was we are not told.

Dr. Calamy adds "that he was in many straits and difficulties; but was wonderfully supported and comforted; and was many times very seasonably and surprisingly relieved and delivered. Nevertheless, the removal of many eminent Christians into another world, who had been his intimate acquaintance and kind friends, the great decay of serious religion among many professors, and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly seized on and sunk his spirits. At length 'having filled up his part of what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church, and finished the work given him to do,' he was taken out of this vale of tears to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master was, whom he served with his whole heart, according to the best light he had." *N. M.* vol. ii, p. 164, &c.

It appears that application was made to have him buried in the church at Preston; but the vicar would not suffer it.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Calamy, who had the *Journal* of this excellent man, gives so few *dates*, and particularly in those places where they were especially needful. He neither mentions the year of his *birth*, nor that of his *death*. He tells us only, "that he began preaching when he was *twenty-two*, and in *May* 1658, was sent to preach at *Whitchurch*." Now, if this means *May* of the year 1658, in which he was *twenty-two* years of age, then he must have been born

about A. D. 1636. When he had the conversation with the bishop of Bristol, related above, he states that he was *twenty-five years of age*. From internal evidence, I think the Act of *Uniformity* had not passed previously to that conversation, which must have taken place in 1661, as Dr. *Gilbert Ironside*, the bishop, came to that see in 1660; and the Act of *Uniformity* passed in 1662. These dates thus collated will make him precisely *twenty-five*, the age which himself mentions, when he had the above conversation with the bishop.

The *Oxford Act*, called also the *Corporation Act*, and *Five Mile Act*, was passed in 1665. In 1666, he was obliged to retire from his family and flock, and hide himself for some time. The last date we have in Dr. Calamy's account is March 1666, when by the above collation of dates he must have been *thirty* years of age. Of the year of his *death* we are left to conjecture from the words, "He was taken out of the vale of tears when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master was."

Now as it is generally allowed that our Lord was crucified in the thirty-fourth year of his age, suppose we add another year to Mr. Wesley's life, for the "not much longer," used by Dr. Calamy above, this will bring down his death to about the year 1670, when he must have been in the *thirty-fifth* year of his age. And as his father *Bartholomew survived him some short time, he* must have lived after the year 1670 to have outlived his son.

Dr. Whitehead, who gives an abstract of Dr. Calamy's account of this good man, concludes it with the following reflections:—"1. Mr. Wesley appears to have made himself master of the controverted points in which he differed from the Established Church; and to have made up his opinions from a conviction of their truth. 2. He shows an ingenuous mind, free from low cunning, in the open avowal of his sentiments to the bishop. 3. He appears to have been remarkably conscientious in all his conduct, and a zealous promoter of genuine piety both in himself and others. 4. He discovered great firmness of mind, and an unshaken attachment to his principles in the midst of the most unchristian persecution, and a train of accumulated evils which he suffered on that account.

"These are prominent features in his character which we cannot but admire, however we may differ from him in opinion: they show a mind elevated far above the common level, even of those who have had the advantages of an academical education."

Mrs. Wesley long survived her husband; but how long we cannot exactly tell. In a letter of Mr. Samuel Wesley jun. in 1710 he speaks of having "visited his grandmother Wesley, then a widow of almost forty-eight years." But as Mr. John Wesley, her husband, must have died about 1670, she could not have been a widow more than forty years in 1710; and, therefore, I suppose forty-eight is a mistake in the copy of Mr. Samuel Wesley's letter for forty, an error which might very easily take place from the similarity of the latter figures.

It does not appear that this venerable widow had any help from her own family; and there is reason to believe that she was entirely dependent on and supported by her sons Matthew and Samuel. How far the

former may have contributed to her support it is not easy to say: but that she was deeply indebted to the latter I learn from one of his letters to Archbishop Sharpe, dated Epworth, December 30th, 1700.

"The next year my barn fell, which cost me forty pounds in rebuilding, (thanks to your grace for a part of it;) and having an aged mother, (who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her,) she cost me upward of forty pounds more. Ten pounds a year I allow my mother to keep her from starving."

How doleful was the lot of this poor woman! persecuted with her husband during the whole of her married life, and abandoned to poverty during a long and dreary widowhood.

MATTHEW WESLEY, SURGEON.

We have already seen that the Rev. John Wesley, ejected from the vicarage of Whitchurch, in Dorsetshire, of whom I have lately spoken, is said to have had a numerous family. But the names of *Matthew* and *Samuel* only are come down to us. Whether the others died young, or survived their father, we are not informed: but it is most likely that the rest died in infancy; as not even the name of any of them is ever mentioned.

Matthew, after the example of his grandfather *Bartholomew*, studied physic, and settled in London; after having travelled over the greatest part of Europe for his improvement. He is reported to have been eminent and singularly useful, and is said to have made a large fortune by his medical practice.

It is not likely that his father could have given him an academic education. But as he taught a school for the support of his family, for which he appears to have been well qualified, no doubt his sons, particularly *Matthew*, who was the eldest, had the *rudiments* of a classical education from himself, as he was at the death of his father about ten or twelve years of age. And it is very likely that he might have obtained additional instruction at the free school in Dorchester, and in some of the Dissenting academies, as we know his brother Samuel did.

Though *Matthew* be generally styled a *physician*, yet we do not know that he ever *graduated*, or studied in any university, unless it were in a foreign one; and this is not improbable, as, from a passage in the following letter from Mrs. Wesley, it appears that Mr. M. Wesley had tried all the spas in Europe, both in Germany and elsewhere. Former times were not so nice in distinctions as the present; *surgeons*, *apothecaries*, and *medical practitioners* of all sorts, were generally termed *physicians* or *doctors*: the latter was the most usual title; and this Matthew Wesley might have had by common *courtesy*, or he might have had it by *right*. But it is most likely that he had it by *courtesy*, as he is not styled *physician*, *M. D.*, nor even *doctor*, in the verses addressed to his memory by the person who signs himself *Sylvius*, in the very year in which he died. Beside, he is not termed *doctor* in any of the *family letters* which have come under my notice.

This at present is a matter of little consequence, and cannot now be determined. The whole family of the Wesleys were blest with a genius that surmounted all difficulties: opposition and unfavourable circumstances only served as a stimulus to industry and enterprise; and they ever rose the higher in proportion to the causes which tended to depress them. This is the grand characteristic of all the branches of this family with whom we are acquainted; and we may safely infer it was the case with the rest.

Mr. M. Wesley resided and practised chiefly in London. In the year 1731 he visited his brother's family at Epworth. This visit is described by Mrs. Wesley in a letter to her son John, who was then at Oxford; and as it contains some curious particulars, I shall lay it before the reader:—

"My brother Wesley had designed to have surprised us, and had travelled under a feigned name from London to Gainsborough: but there sending his man out for a guide into the Isle the next day, the man told one that keeps our market his master's name, and that *he was going to see his brother, which was minister of Epworth.* The man he informed met with *Molly* in the market about an hour before my brother got thither. She, full of the news, hastened home, and told us her uncle Wesley was coming to see us: but we could hardly believe her. 'Twas odd to observe how all the town took the alarm, and were upon the gaze, as if some great prince had been about to make his entry. He rode directly to John Dawson's; (the inn;) but we had soon notice of his arrival, and sent John Brown with an invitation to our house. He expressed some displeasure at his servant for letting us know of his coming, for he intended to have sent for Mr. Wesley to dine with him at Dawson's, and then come to visit us in the afternoon. However, he soon followed John home, where we were all ready to receive him with great satisfaction.

"His behaviour among us was perfectly civil and obliging. He spake little to the children the first day, being employed (as he afterward told them) in observing their carriage, and seeing how he liked them; afterward he was very free, and expressed great kindness to them all.

"He was strangely scandalized at the poverty of our furniture; and much more at the meanness of the children's habit. He always talked more freely with your sisters of our circumstances than to me; and told them he wondered *what his brother had done with his income, for 'twas visible he had not spent it in furnishing his house, or clothing his family.*

"We had a little talk together sometimes, but it was not often we could hold a private conference; and he was very shy of speaking any thing relating to the children before your father, or indeed of any other matter. I informed him, as far as I handsomely could, of our *losses*, &c, for I was afraid that he should think I was about to beg of him: but the girls (with whom he had many private discourses) I believe told him every thing they could think on.

"He was particularly pleased with *Patty;* and one morning before Mr. Wesley came down he asked me if I was willing to let *Patty* go

and stay a year or two with him at London! 'Sister,' says he, 'I have endeavoured already to make one of your children easy while she lives; and if you please to trust *Patty* with me, I will endeavour to make her so too.' Whatever others may think, I thought this a generous offer; and the more so, because he had done so much for *Sukey* and *Hetty*. I expressed my gratitude as well as I could; and would have had him speak to your father, but he would not himself, he left that to me; nor did he ever mention it to Mr. Wesley till the evening before he left us.

"He always behaved himself very decently at family prayers, and in your father's absence said grace for us before and after meat. Nor did he ever interrupt our *privacy:* but went into his own chamber when we went into ours.

"He stayed from Thursday to the Wednesday after; then he left us to go to Scarborough; from whence he returned the Saturday se'nnight after, intending to stay with us a few days; but finding your sisters gone the day before to *Lincoln*, he would leave us on Sunday morning, for he said he might see the girls before they set forward for *London*. He overtook them at *Lincoln;* and had *Mrs. Taylor*, *Emily*, *Kezzy*, with the rest, to supper with him at the Angel. On Monday they breakfasted with him; then they parted expecting to see him no more till they came to *London:* but on Wednesday he sent his man to invite them to supper at night. On Thursday he invited them to dinner, at night to supper, and on Friday morning to breakfast; when he took his leave of them and rode for *London*. They got into town on Saturday about noon; and that evening *Patty* writ me an account of her journey.

"Before Mr. Wesley went to Scarborough I informed him of what I knew of Mr. *Morgan's case*. When he came back he told me that 'he had tried the spa at Scarborough, and could assure me that it far excelled all the spas in Europe, for he had been at them all, both in Germany and elsewhere; that at Scarborough there were two springs, as he was informed, close together, which flowed into one basin; the one a *chalybeate*, the other a *purging water;* and he did not believe there was the like in any part of the world.' Says he, 'If that gentleman you told me of could by any means be gotten thither, though his age is the most dangerous time in life for *his* distemper, yet I am of opinion those waters would cure him.' I thought good to tell you this, that you might if you please inform Mr. *Morgan* of it, if it is proper.

"Dear Jackey, I can't stay now to talk about *Hetty* and *Patty;* but this—*I hope better of both than some others do.* I pray God to bless you. Adieu.

"*July* 12, 1731. S. W."

There does not appear to have been much intimacy between Matthew Wesley and his brother Samuel. Though Mr. Matthew Wesley was no zealot, yet the religious change of his brother did not, I am led to think, please him; and hence a *distance* was naturally occasioned between the two brothers. Mr. Matthew Wesley was also a *careful economist*, got his wealth with difficulty, and knowing little of the troubles of a family, could ill judge of domestic expenses upon a large scale.

It was most probably just after the visit mentioned above that he

wrote a *severe* and *caustic letter* to his brother, accusing him of bad economy, and of not making provision for his *large family*; and indirectly blaming him for having become a married man.

This severe letter Mr. S. Wesley answers in a sort of *serio-jocose* style, and amply vindicates the whole of his conduct against what he calls *the imputation of his ill husbandry*.

Of the letter of Mr. *Matthew* only an extract remains in the handwriting of his brother Samuel. I shall give it here, and refer the reader for Mr. S. Wesley's defence to the memoirs which I have collected of his life. The *letter*, which is without *date*, begins thus:—

"The same record which assures us an infidel cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, also asserts in the consequence that a worse than an infidel can never do it. It likewise describes the character of such a one,—*He provides not for his own, especially those of his own house.*

"You have a numerous offspring; you have had a long time, a plentiful estate; great and generous benefactions; and have made no provision for those of your own house, who can have nothing in view at your exit but distress. This I think a black account; let the cause be folly, or vanity, or ungovernable appetites. I hope Providence has restored you again to give you time to settle this balance, which shocks me to think of. To this end I must advise you to be frequent in your perusal of father *Beveridge* on repentance, and Dr. *Tillotson* on *Restitution:* for it is not saying, Lord, Lord! will bring us to the kingdom of heaven, but doing justice to all our fellow creatures; and not a poetical *imagination* that we do so. A serious consideration of these things, and suitable actions, I doubt not, will qualify you to meet me where sorrow shall be no more, which is the highest hope and expectation of yours, &c."

This language is too severe, even had the occasion generally justified the critique. Had Mr. S. Wesley imitated the conduct of his brother Matthew, John and Charles Wesley had probably never been born;—and who can say that the great light which they were the instruments in the hand of God of pouring out upon the land and spreading among the nations of the earth had ever been diffused by any other means? The straits and difficulties of the other branch of this family were circumstances which, in the order of God, helped to turn the minds of those eminent reformers to that *economy* and *discipline* which in process of time they introduced into the Methodist societies, for which those societies are remarkable, and by which they are distinguished to the present day.

Men should be aware how they arraign the dispensations and ordinances of Divine Providence. It is not good for man to be alone—therefore God instituted marriage. He who marries *does well:* and it is only in the case of a general persecution of the Church that he who does *not* marry *does better.*

Surgeon Wesley is *extinct!* Samuel, his brother, still lives in his natural and spiritual progeny. God has crowned *him* with honour; and it is with difficulty that the name of his brother has been rescued from oblivion.

Mr. M. Wesley was, however, a good and excellent man in his way:

but appears to have been little acquainted with the heart, the feelings, the joys, and sorrows, of a parent.

We know more of the character of Surgeon Wesley from some lines to his memory written by *Mrs. Wright*, than from any other source.

From these we learn that he was a man of a truly benevolent mind,—had much learning and information,—greatly excelled in his own profession, particularly in all feminine cases,—was a good judge and lover of poetry,—was useful to his brother Samuel's large family,—was the particular patron, friend, and support of his niece *Mehetabel*,—and that he was adorned with every *art* and *grace*, and saved from the *fear of death*. He breathed his last, leaning on her bosom, some time in the year 1737.

I shall insert the verses so honourable both to the *uncle* and his *niece*. They are written in the purest spirit of *poetry*, *friendship*, and *feeling*; and appeared first in the *Christian Magazine*, vol. iii, p. 284. *Clio* is her assumed poetic name; *Varro* that of her uncle.—

How can the muse attempt the string,
  Forsaken by her *guardian power?*
Ah me! that she survives to sing
  Her *friend* and *patron* now no more!
Yet private grief she might suppress,
  Since *Clio* bears no selfish mind;
But oh! she mourns to wild excess,
  The *friend* and *patron* of *mankind.*

Alas! the *sovereign healing* art,
  Which rescued thousands from the grave,
Unaided left the *gentlest heart*,
  Nor could its *skilful master* save.
Who shall the *helpless sex* sustain,
  Now *Varro's* lenient hand is gone?
Which knew so well to *soften pain*,
  And ward all dangers but its own.

His darling muse, his *Clio* dear,
  Whom first his *favour* raised to *fame;*
His gentle voice vouchsaf'd to cheer,
  His *art* upheld her *tender frame:*
Pale envy durst not show her teeth,
  Above contempt she gaily shone,
Chief favourite! till the hand of death
  Endanger'd *both*, by striking *one.*

Perceiving well, *devoid of fear*,
  His latest fatal conflict nigh;
Reclined on her he held most dear,
  Whose *breast* received his *parting sigh;*
With every *art* and *grace* adorn'd,
  By man admired, by Heaven approved—
Good *Varro* died,—*applauded, mourn'd*,
  And *honour'd* by the Muse he loved.

In the last line Mrs. *Wright* seems to refer to some verses on the death of her uncle, written by other hands.

I have met with one copy, which was published in June, 1737, in vol. vii, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. And as that work is very scarce, and the verses known to few persons, I shall insert them as a testimony

to the worth of a man who appears from all accounts to have been learned, skilful, humane, modest, and pious.

Verses on the Death of Mr. Matthew Wesley.

When vulgar funerals trail their pomp along,
We idly stand amidst the gazing throng.
Perhaps such trite reflections rise, "Alas!
How weak the human frame! all flesh is grass,
A bubble frail! a shade that swiftly flies;
A flower that opes at morn, at evening dies!"
No farther we the serious thought pursue,
Than the slight inf'rence, "We must follow too!"
But if the fatal final hour remove
To death's black shades a *relative* we love,
Or *chosen friend*, in pressures fully tried,
A faithful *guardian*, *counsellor*, and *guide*;
More awful thoughts are by the stroke imprest;
And the wise aims of Providence confest.
"Can righteous Heaven" (thus right we argue then,)
Regardless view such signal worth in men?
Their virtue and their piety disown?
And shall they be to dark oblivion thrown?
O, no! most truly Scripture strains attest,
For such *remains an everlasting rest.*"
Undoubted, in the sacred books appears
A future state assigned through endless years.
And still we find, to what these lights reveal
Our calm unbiass'd reason *sets her seal.*
As *here* the sun with his prolific rays,
The blooms and verdures of the globe displays;
So GOD, the *Sun*, that heavenly region gilds,
Spreads endless riches o'er its blissful fields.
And surely as that Sun shall ever shine,
Those endless treasures, *Wesley*, all are thine!
Whate'er with lavish fancy poets feign
Of bowery scenes and an *Elysian* plain,
Where everlasting *zephyrs* waft perfume,
Fruits ever ripen, flowers for ever bloom;
Those fruits and flowers which on the borders grow
Of living streams, where waves of *nectar* flow;
Where happy guests on rosy beds recline,
And press from heavenly grapes immortal wine;
Whate'er the surer Scripture page displays
Of *golden wreaths*, inchas'd with *starry rays*,
Which *crown* the blest; the shining *robes* they wear,
The *shouts* they utter, and the *palms* they bear,
The angel songs which swell the concert high,
And all the immortal music of the sky!
These strong, these bright ideas are too faint
The joys ineffable of heaven to paint.
Thus while thy drooping friends surround thy urn,
We meditate *thy* bliss, and cease to mourn;
Recite the virtues of thy life below,
Till we with zealous emulation glow:
Resolve like thine our future life to frame,
To make each *social*, *useful grace* our aim;
To *propagate true knowledge*, void of guile,
To *combat craft*, whose schemes the truth defile:
To *cheer the afflicted*, *the deprest to raise*,
And *modest worth* to *fortify with praise.*
'Twas thus, if small to match with great we dare,
A mortal's virtue with a GOD's compare;

'Twas thus the Saviour of the world exprest
The life Divine, in *human semblance* drest;
Spotless in act, unwearied ILL to chase,
And arduous for the weal of human race.

SYLVIUS.

We shall meet with this author again, when we come to the account of Mrs. Wright, the *Clio* of her uncle *Matthew*. I cannot find that Mr. Matthew Wesley left any papers behind him. He must have died when far advanced in life. It appears that his father was a married man, and had a *family* in 1662; and it is probable that *Matthew*, who was his eldest son, might have been born about the year 1660, and as the verses on his death were inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the month of June, 1737, in which year he certainly died, he must have been, at his death, about seventy-six or seventy-seven years of age.

I have before supposed that both *he* and his brother *Samuel* might have had the *rudiments* of a classical education from their father, though they were both young at the time of his death, the former probably *ten* or *twelve*, the latter *eight* or *nine* years of age. But there was such an aptitude to *learn*, and such a *power* of *comprehension* in all the *Wesley* family, that at *ten* or *twelve* years of age they had acquired as much as most others have done when they have arrived at *sixteen*. We shall meet proofs of this as we proceed in the history of this family.

It is most likely that Matthew continued with the Nonconformists till his death; as we find no intimation that he left their communion. But as he seems to have taken no part in the political and polemical disputes which divided and tortured the people of that day, he was thought by several to be *indifferent* to all forms of religion. "Had this been so," says Miss Wesley, in a letter now before me, "I should hardly have supposed that such good parents as my grandfather and grandmother would have entrusted him with their darling daughter, [*Martha.*] He had *Hetty* before. Martha often told me she never had reason to believe it, as he approved her habit of going regularly to morning prayers at Church, and was exemplarily moral in his words and actions, esteeming religion, but never talking of its mysteries. Silence on the subject in that age, where controversy was frequent, might give rise to the suspicion that he was skeptically inclined, especially in a family jealous for its spirituality."

Patty lived long with him, and was used by him with the greatest tenderness: but she complained that he was not decidedly religious, though he was strictly moral in his conduct, and highly esteemed piety in others. See a letter of hers to her brother John, in the Memoirs of her Life.

There is an excellent saying of his recorded by Mrs. S. Wesley in a letter to her son John in 1735, which should not be omitted:— "Never let any man know that you have heard what he has said against you. It may be he spake on misinformation, or was in a passion, or did it in a weak compliance with the company; perhaps he has changed his mind, and is sorry for having done it, and may continue friendly to you. But if he finds that you are acquainted with what he has said,

he will conclude you cannot forgive him, and upon that supposition will become your enemy."

I have heard that Mr. Surgeon Wesley had a son who was educated at Oxford, but shortened his life by intemperance: but of any other part of his family I have heard nothing; nor do I know whether the above information be correct, as he appears rather as a bachelor in the scanty memoirs I have been able to glean up of his life.

SAMUEL WESLEY, RECTOR OF EPWORTH,

Father of the Rev. John Wesley, Founder of the Methodists.

We have already seen that John Wesley, vicar of *Whitchurch, Dorsetshire*, left two sons, *Matthew* and *Samuel*. Of the former we have spoken according to the scanty documents which remain. Of the latter we have more copious materials, with some original information which has never yet been laid before the public.

Mr. Samuel Wesley appears to have been born at Whitchurch in the year 1662. He was educated at the free school at Dorchester, and afterward he became a pupil in Mr. Morton's academy, among the Dissenters; and in both places he appears to have profited much in classical learning; though there were many things in the private academies of the Dissenters with which he found fault, and which, from one of his publications on the subject, we learn were very reprehensible: but they appear to have been chiefly of a *political* nature. His objections to the manner in which the Dissenting academies were conducted he stated in a private letter to a friend; who, several years after, without Mr. Wesley's consent or knowledge, published the letter, which produced a controversy that shall be noticed in its proper place.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was designed for the ministry among the Nonconformists; and in their principles he had been carefully educated. How he came to change his views, and become a zealous Churchman, his son, the late Mr. John Wesley, stated as follows:—

"Some severe invectives being written against the Dissenters, Mr. S. Wesley being a young man of considerable talents, was pitched upon to answer it. This set him on a course of reading which soon produced an effect very different from what had been intended. Instead of writing the wished-for answer, he himself conceived he saw reason to change his opinions; and actually formed a resolution to renounce the Dissenters, and attach himself to the Established Church.

"He lived at that time with his *mother* and an *old aunt*, both of whom were too strongly attached to the Dissenting doctrines to have borne with any patience the disclosure of his design. He, therefore, got up one morning at a very early hour, and, without acquainting any one with his purpose, set out on foot to Oxford, and entered himself of Exeter College."

Mr. Wesley has been accused by Mr. *Palmer* and others, that "when he resolved to go to the Church of England, he took twenty pounds of the Dissenters' money, and then left them."—*Palmer's*

RECTORY HOUSE, EPWORTH.



Defence, p. 20. This charge is most disingenuously produced; as it seems to insinuate that he had *purloined* so much of their property, and then decamped. Whereas the truth is, he had *received twenty pounds of a legacy*, part of which he immediately paid Mr. *Morton*, at whose academy he was; with the rest he discharged some debts which he owed to the *Dissenters*, and took not one farthing of it to Oxford; the money necessary for his *footing it* thither being otherwise supplied.—*Answer*, p. 57.

Mr. S. Wesley was at this time about twenty-two years of age; for from the registers of Exeter College it appears that his *caution money* was paid to Mr. *Richard Hutchins*, *Bursar*, by Mr. *William Crabb*, then dean of that college, on September 26, 1684, which was returned December 22, 1686.

The whole entry as obtained from Exeter College, and given by Mr. Southey, is as follows:—

Deposit of Caution Money.	*Return of Caution Money.*
Sept. 26, 1684.	Dec. 22, 1686. [5?]
Mro. Hutchins pro Samuele Westley, paup. Schol. de Dorchester, 3*l.*	Samueli Westley, pro seipso, 3*l.*
Ric. Hutchins.	Ric. Hutchins.
Guil. Crabb.	Samuel Westley.
Feb. 9, 1686.	
Mro. Paynter, pro. Samuele Westley, p. schol. olim admisso. 3*l.*	Jan. 10, 1687.
	Mihi ipsi pro impensis Coll. debitis ad fest. Nat. 87. 3*l.*
Guil. Paynter.	
Ric. Hutchins.	Jo. Harris.

From this entry it would appear that Dean Crabb laid down the first caution money for Mr. S. Wesley. There is a note on these entries as given by Mr. Southey, which I shall copy.

"The *pauper scholaris* was the lowest of the four conditions of members not on the foundation, as the annexed table, copied from one prefixed to the Caution Book, shows:

Summæ tradendæ Bursario pro ratione diversarum conditionum scire.	1. Commensalium admissorum ad mensam	1. Sociorum	6*l.*
		2. Propriam	5*l.*
	2. Battallariorium		4*l.*
	3. Pauperum Scholarium		3*l.*

"There seems reason to suspect that December 22, 1686, in the first entry of return should be 1685; for otherwise Samuel Westley will appear to have two cautions *in* at once; and from the state of his finances, this is peculiarly improbable."

I do not see any difficulty here. The entry is most probably correct; for, in two years after his admission, so fertile a genius and so diligent a man might be well supposed to be capable of raising such requisite small sums: for in the preceding year, 1685, he had published his first work, intituled *Maggots*, for which his brother-in-law, *J. Dunton*, the

publisher, gave him as much as he could afford. He took his bachelor's degree in 1688.

Though Mr. Wesley's opinions might on this occasion have been much shaken, yet he was not wholly detached from the Dissenters either in affection or religious fellowship till after his return from the university. I shall give the relation in his own words, which must be considered as the only true account.

[Mr. Wesley states that he left the Dissenters in 1693; and in that same year it appears he entered into the Church, and got either a *curacy* or a *living*. I dare not vouch for the correctness of this statement. It is possible that both events took place in the same year.]

"When I came from the *university*, my acquaintance lay chiefly among the *Dissenters;* having scarce any *intimacy* before I went thither from *London* with any of the *Church* of *England*, unless with *two Rev.* and *worthy persons*, *my relations*, who lived at a *great distance;* one of whom coming to London, was so kind as to see me while I was at Mr. Morton's; and gave me such *arguments* against that *schism* which I was then embarked with, as added *weight* to my *resolutions* when I began to think of leaving it. But after my return to London I contracted an acquaintance with a gentleman of the Church of *England*, who, knowing my former way of life, did often importune me to give him an account in *writing* of the Dissenters' methods of *education* in their *private academies;* concerning which he had heard several passages from me in *conversation*, though for some time I did not satisfy him therein; and it was the following remarkable *occurrence* which altered my inclinations as to that affair. I happened to be with some of my *former acquaintance* at a house in *Leadenhall-street*, or thereabouts, *in the year* 1693. All of them I remember were then *Dissenters*, except *one*, and he has since left the *Church of England*. Their discourse was so fulsomely *lewd* and profane, that I could not endure it; but went to the other side of the room with a *doctor* of *physic;* who had been my *fellow pupil* at *Mr. Morton's;* and to whom I owe that justice to declare that he likewise *disliked* the *conversation*.

"A little after we went to supper: but then the scene was changed; and they all fell a railing at *monarchy*, and blaspheming the memory of King *Charles* the *martyr*, discoursing of their *calves-head club*, and producing or repeating some verses on that subject. I remember one of the company told us of a design that they had at their next *calves-head feast*, to have a cold pie served on the table, with either a live *cat* or *hare*, I have forgot whether, enclosed; and they contrived to put one of their company who loved *monarchy*, and knew nothing of the matter to cut it up; whereupon, and on the leaping out of the *cat* or *hare* they were all to set up a *shout*, and cry, *Halloo old puss! to the* honour of the *good old cause*, and to show their affection to a *commonwealth*. Since I wrote this, I got a sight of the *calves-head anthems;* and in that for the year 1694 I find these verses,—

> "Then to puss, boys; to puss, boys!
> Let us drink it off thus, boys!"

on which, if I mistake not, this story will be a good comment.

"By this as well as by several other *discourses* which I heard among them, I found that their *principles* were not at all *altered:* and these *conversations* so turned my stomach against them, and gave me such a just indignation against such *villainous principles* and *practices*, that I returned to my lodgings, and resolved to draw up what the gentleman desired, &c." *Defence of Letter*, &c, p. 4

This is *his own account* of his utterly separating himself from the communion of the Dissenters; though his mind appears to have had a predisposing bias to that separation for some time.

But, though neither a Dissenter, nor their apologist, I must observe that the conclusions which Mr. S. Wesley drew were not entirely supported by the premises. Perhaps a more barbarous, abominable, and sickening institution than the *calves-head club* never disgraced the convivial assemblies of a Christian country; and those who were capable of sitting down to such a repast, with its concomitant *representations* and *recollections*, could not, I imagine, hesitate, if among our *antipodes* in New Zealand, to sit down to have their share of a *roasted human victim.* But still the *calves-head club* was not the *body of the Dissenters;* nor was it ever approved by that body; therefore its proceedings are not fairly chargeable upon the *Dissenters;* some classes of whom were cordially averse from the death of the king, though they had a deep conviction that his aim was to establish an arbitrary power in the state, and Popery in the Church: and let me add, that they were among the foremost to restore the *monarchy.*

Mr. S. Wesley's ancestors were all *Dissenters.* They had many conscientious scruples against joining in the communion of the Church, and admitting its hierarchy; yet it does not appear that there was one *disloyal* man among them: and in the heat of his zeal for the Church, after his conversion from Dissenting principles, Mr. S. Wesley in his controversial writings often overstepped the bounds of Christian moderation. But in those unhappy times all parties ran into extremes.

When Mr. S. Wesley entered himself at Oxford, he had only *two pounds five shillings;* and no prospect of future supplies, except from his own exertions. However, he supported himself by publishing, and probably by assisting the younger students, till he took his bachelor's degree, without any preferment or assistance from his friends, but only *five shillings.* See his letter to his brother Matthew.

He now came to London, having increased his little stock to *ten pounds fifteen shillings.* He was ordained deacon, and obtained a curacy of *twenty-eight pounds per annum*, which he held one year; and was then appointed a chaplain aboard the fleet, where he had *seventy pounds per annum.* This appointment he held for only one year; and then came to London, and obtained another curacy of *thirty pounds per annum*, (see the above letter to his brother Matthew,) which he held two years; and which income by his industry and writings he raised to *sixty pounds per annum.*

He then married; had a son; (Samuel;) and he, his wife, and child, lived in lodgings; till some years after, in 1693, he had the living of South Ormsby in the county of Lincoln given to him, worth about fifty pounds per annum.

This I believe was the place of which Mr. John Wesley gave the following account:—

"My father's first preferment in the Church was a small parish (South Ormsby) given him by a nobleman, (marquis of Normanby.) This nobleman had a house in the parish, where a woman who lived with him usually resided. This lady *would* be intimate with my mother whether she would or not. To such an intercourse my father would not submit. Coming in one day, and finding this intrusive visitant sitting with my mother, he went up to her, took her by the hand, and very fairly handed her out. The nobleman resented the affront so outrageously as to make it necessary for my father to resign the living." While he possessed the living of South Ormsby he had five children.

I have already hinted that while at college Mr. Wesley supported himself *partly* by *publishing*. As this circumstance is but little known, I shall be more particular in my statement of it.

Mr. Wesley's intimacy in the family of Dr. Annesley was most likely brought about by his acquaintance with the famous eccentric bookseller, *John Dunton*, well known in the typographical history of England.

On the 3d August, 1682, this gentleman espoused *Elizabeth*, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annesley. Another of whom, *Susannah*, the youngest, Mr. Wesley afterward married.—See above. Mr. Dunton has been called Mr. Samuel Wesley's *near relative*. But there was no other relationship between them but what was consequent on marrying two sisters.

Mr. Dunton being an adventurous publisher, Mr. Wesley employed him to print and publish his first work,—the title of which is as follows,—"MAGGOTS, or Poems on several subjects never before handled." Octavo, London, 1685. John Dunton

To this work Mr. Wesley did not put his *name*. But there was prefixed a portrait, to the knees, of a man (the author) crowned with laurel, writing at a table; on his forehead a *maggot*, and underneath these verses,—

In his own defence the author writes,
Because when this foul maggot bites
He ne'er can rest in quiet:
Which makes him make so sad a face,
He'd beg your worship or your grace
Unsight, unseen, to buy it.

"It is to be regretted," says Mr. *Grainger*, who describes this portrait, vol. iv, p. 329, "that Mr. Samuel Wesley's vein of poetry was not exhausted when he puhlished his *Maggots*; as he incurred the censure of *Garth* in his '*Dispensary*,' who severely lashes him in these lines:"

"Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
He had not ranked with our *Ogilbys*.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
A *Codrus* should expect a *Juvenal!*"

This is as splenetic as it is unjust,—and Mr. Wesley in two lines most amply turned the scorpion's sting upon its own head,—

What wonder *he* should Wesley *Codrus* call,
Who dares surname *himself* a *Juvenal!*

The learned reader will at once recollect that *Garth* alludes to Juv. *Sat.* iii, ver. 203.—

Lectus erat Codro,—&c.
Nil habuit Codrus; quis enim negat? et tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, et frustra rogantem,
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

Codrus had but one bed,—&c.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost;
Begg'd naked thro' the streets of wealthy Rome,
And found not one to feed or take him home.

DRYDEN.

I see no *lashing* here: the fact of the poverty of *Codrus*, and the public neglect of him, is stated by *Juvenal*. If misfortune and public neglect of the merits of a poet be fit subjects for satire, not only *Codrus*, but *Milton*,—who got but five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, the best poem ever written,* and *Edmund Spencer*, (who is said to have died in a garret,) whose works are as far beyond every thing that *Garth* wrote as the Peak of Teneriffe is beyond a molehill,—may all come in for a very large share. Beside, *Juvenal* appears more to *lament* the misfortune of Codrus than to find fault with him.

The judgment of the author of a poem intituled, "The Reformation of Manners" was more candid to the man, while he justly lashed the profligacy of the times.

"*Wesley* with *pen* and *poverty* beset,
And *Blackmore* vers'd in *physic* as in *wit*,
Though this of JESUS, that of JOB may sing,
One bawdy play will twice *their* profits bring."

Mr. *Wesley's* poetic talents, of whatever order, were always employed in the cause of truth and moral purity. *Garth*, whose muse had a strong pinion, prostituted his talents in publishing versions of the most abominable parts of the vilest productions of *Ovid* But he is gone to another tribunal.

The worst that his brother-in-law, *Dunton*, could say of Mr. Wesley, when he quarrelled with him, was this:—

"He loves too much the Heliconian strand,
Whose stream's unfurnished with the *golden sand*."

By this first publication, *Maggots*, he probably gained little. But he wrote many poetical pieces for Dunton while he was at college, for which he was liberally rewarded. This he in effect acknowledges in a letter to Mr. Dunton, apologizing for a long silence.

* Mr. *John Milton* sold his copy of Paradise Lost, April 27, 1667, to Mr. *Samuel Simmons*, for an immediate payment of *five pounds*, with a stipulation to receive *five pounds* more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the *first* edition; and again *five pounds* after the sale of the same number of the *second* edition, and another *five pounds* after the same sale of the *third*. None of the three editions was to extend beyond thirteen hundred copies. The third edition was published in 1678; and *Milton's* widow, to whom the copyright then devolved, sold all her claims to Mr. Simmons for *eight pounds!* and Simmons transferred his whole right to *Brabazon Aylmer* for *twenty-five pounds*. Only three thousand copies of this incomparable work were sold in eleven years.

"*Epworth, July* 24, 1697.

"DEAR BROTHER,—It has been neither unkindness to you, *with whom I have traded, and been justly used for many years*, which has made me so long neglect answering your several letters; but the hurry of a removal, and my extraordinary business; being obliged to preach the visitation sermon at Gainsborough, at the bishop's coming thither, which is but just over. Beside I would fain have sent you an *elegy*, as well as an *epitaph*, but cannot get one to my mind; and therefore you must be content with half your desire. And if you please to accept this *epitaph*, it is at your service; and I hope it will come before you will need another epithalamium.

"I am your obliged friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. v, p. 213.

In a note on this letter Mr. Nichols observes, "that *elegies*, *epitaphs*, and *epithalamiums*, were articles in which Dunton traded; and regularly sold them *ready made*." This, therefore, was one *source* from which Mr. Wesley derived subsistence both while at college, and after he left it. But another source, less precarious and more regular, was the following:—

In the beginning of the year 1691 John Dunton projected a paper which was at first intituled, "The Athenian Gazette or Casuistical Mercury, resolving all the nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious:" but which in a little time, "*to oblige authority*," he altered to the *Athenian Mercury*. And the project was founded, as himself tells us, on Acts xvii, 21: "*For all the* ATHENIANS, *and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to* TELL *or to* HEAR *some new thing*." The object of the work was to *receive* and *answer* all *questions* in all *faculties* and *departments* of literature. Mr. Dunton's account of this undertaking, and the persons employed in it, which were denominated *The Athenian Society*, will not be unacceptable to the reader, as particularly connected with the subject of these pages.

"When I had thus formed the design," says he, "I found that some assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on; in regard the project took in *the whole compass of learning*, and the nature of it required despatch. I had then some acquaintance with the ingenious Mr. Richard Sault, who turned *Malebranche* into English for me, and was admirably well skilled in the Mathematics. To him I unbosomed myself, and he very freely offered to become concerned. So soon as the design was well advertised, Mr. Sault and myself, without any more assistance, settled to it with great diligence; and Nos. 1, and 2, were entirely of Mr. Sault's composure and mine. The project being surprising and unthought of, we were immediately overloaded with letters. *The Athenian Gazette* made now such a noise in the world, and was so universally received, that we were obliged to look out after more members. The ingenious *Dr. Norris* very generously offered his assistance *gratis;* but refused to become a stated member of Athens. He was wondrously useful in supplying hints.

"The undertaking growing every week upon our hands, the impatience of our querists, and the curiosity of their questions, which required a great deal of accuracy and care, did oblige us to adopt a *third* member of Athens; and the Rev. *Samuel Wesley* being just come to town, all new from the university, and my acquaintance with him being very intimate, I easily prevailed with him to embark himself *upon the same bottom*, and in the same cause. With this new addition, we found ourselves to be masters of the whole design; and thereupon we neither lessened nor increased our number."

In this work no names were given to the public. It was published every *Tuesday* and *Saturday;* consisted of a *single folio;* and the first number made its appearance *Tuesday, March* 17, 1691. Each number was *one penny.* Thirty numbers, that is, sixty pages, made what was called a *volume;* and stitched in marble paper was sold for *two shillings and sixpence;* and the work was continued to the *twentieth volume*, "when," says Mr. Dunton, "we took up, to give ourselves a little ease and refreshment; for the labours and travels of the mind are as expensive, and wear the spirits off as fast, as those of the body."

The society was never composed of more than *three members:*— Mr. *John Dunton*, the projector; Mr. *Richard Sault*, and the Rev. *Samuel Wesley.* Among the contributors to this undertaking were some of the first men of the nation, viz. *Dr. Norris, Daniel De Foe, Mr. Richardson, Nahum Tate*, poet laureate, *Dean Swift*, the *Marquis of Halifax, Sir William Temple, Sir Thomas Pope, Blount, Sir William Hedges, Sir Peter Pett, Mr. Motteaux*, &c. Occasionally they published *supplements* to the volumes relating to *foreign literature*, of which they were a sort of general review.

Though there were never more than three members in this society, yet in the advertisement to the thirteenth number it is stated, "We have now taken into our society a civilian, a doctor of physic, and a chirurgeon," [*quere*, Matthew Wesley?] and they therefore proposed answering all questions in those sciences. Those, whoever they were, could be only *assistants;* for Messrs. *Dunton, Sault, and Wesley*, were the *proprietors*, and no doubt divided the profits, which must have been considerable for the time. Their names were never disclosed till *Dunton* published his Memoirs; and their profound secrecy contributed much both to their credit and emolument.

In mentioning the name of Mr. *Richard Sault*, I am necessarily led to notice a work which then made a great deal of *noise* in the world, and since that time both *noise* and *mischief.* I mean a pamphlet intituled, "*The Second Spira*, or a Narrative of the Death of the Hon. Fr. N——t, son of the late ———," published by John Dunton; and republished by the late Mr. J. Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine* for 1783, p. 24, &c.

When I first saw this account, I believed it to be, what I ever thought and still think, the FIRST *Francis Spira* to be, a *forgery;* and a forgery of the most dangerous tendency, calculated only to drive weak persons, and those especially who are afflicted with morbid melancholy, into utter despair. I was ready however to grant, that if the stories were founded on *any fact*, the persons who were the subjects, must have

been in a state of *derangement*; as both accounts flatly contradict our Lord's assertion, "EVERY *one* that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, IT SHALL be opened," Matt. vii, 8.

That my judgment concerning the *Second Spira* was not wrong I learn from John Dunton himself; who, in the work he intitules *John Dunton's Life and Errors*, published by him in 1705, and since republished by *Mr. Nichols*, vol. i, p. 154, gives us the history of this work; for which it appears he had been frequently called to an account. He tells us that he received the account from the above Mr. *Richard Sault*, who told him that he "had received the memoirs out of which he had formed the copy, from a divine of the Church of England;" and he pretended to confirm the truth of it, by "a letter and a preface from the same gentleman." Several clergymen, who came to examine Mr. Dunton on the truth of the story, he introduced to Mr. Sault, who gave them the same relation; but took care not to commit himself by referring to *names* or *places*.

When this matter was sifted to the bottom, it was found that the story could be traced to no authentic source; and that it was wholly the contrivance of Mr. Sault; who being a man often afflicted with morbid melancholy, and its insupportable companion *despair of God's mercy*, wrote it as a picture of his own mind.

When the *original Memoirs* came to be examined, which Mr. Sault pretended to have received from a *divine of the Church of England*, they were found to be in Mr. *Sault's own handwriting*, but *disguised*. Mr. Dunton therefore declared his conviction that it was a forgery of Mr. Sault; and that he had not the slightest suspicion of the imposture till after the book was printed. And this he sets down as the *first* of the *seven articles* out of *six hundred*, which he heartily wished he had never committed to the press: and advises all who had purchased any of them, to commit them to the fire:—p. 159.

I wish this fact to be known to all religious people, and particularly to the Methodists.

Had Mr. Wesley been acquainted with John Dunton's account of the matter, most undoubtedly he never would have given the Narrative of the *Second Spira* a place in the Arminian Magazine.

In the supplement to the *fifth* volume there is a letter to the *Athenian Society* from *Dean Swift*, dated *Moor Park*, February 14, 1691, accompanied with an *ode*, of the amazing length of 307 lines. The high sense which he entertained of the *unknown* conductors of this undertaking will appear from the two last verses:—

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is e'en the *nobler man*, our *learning*, and our *wit!*
I sigh whene'er I think of it,
As at the closing and unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his *utmost breath*.
I grieve this *noble work*, so happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a *noon tide* in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,

Although we boast our *winter-sun looks bright*,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a *successor* or a *son;*
It lost some mighty pieces, through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an *empty title* in the *last.*
For when the animating mind is fled,
Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,
The body, *though gigantic*, lies all *cold and dead.*

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men shall dare,
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high establish'd throne.
Censure, and pedantry, and pride,
Numberless nations stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From ignorance's universal north,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government;
Yet shall these *traces of your wit* remain
Like a *just map*, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
And to all future mankind show
How strange a *paradox* is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I cannot exactly tell what part Mr. *Wesley* had in this work: but after carefully examining *five* of the original volumes, with their supplements, I have been led to conclude that all the questions in *divinity* and ancient *ecclesiastical history*, most of those in *poetry*, with many of those in *natural philosophy*, were answered by him. The *mathematical questions* were, I suppose, all answered by Mr. *Sault.*

These facts account for the way and means by which Mr. *Wesley* sustained himself both in the university, and for some time after he left it; probably to the time in which he got the small rectory of *South Ormsby*, already mentioned. By his pen and genius he profited himself and society; and had he not written *too fast*, and *too much*, it would not be difficult to prove that he would not only have *enriched*, but *adorned*, all the paths of literature in which he walked. Of this we shall have ample evidences when we come to examine other productions of his pen.

It may be just necessary to inform the curious reader that the old Athenian volumes being out of print, and becoming very scarce and dear, a selection of the most valuable *questions* and *answers* was printed in three volumes, octavo, under the title of the *Athenian Oracle:* to these was afterward added a *fourth* volume. The *abridgment*, as well as the *original*, must have had a considerable sale, as the copy before me, printed in 1727, is the *third* edition of this work.

No reader can peruse these volumes without profit. They contain many things of great importance and value. When I was little more than a child, an odd volume of the *Athenian Oracle*, lent me by a friend, was a source of improvement and delight; and I now consult it with

double interest, knowing the well-nerved hand by which at least *one-third* of it was composed.

Mr. Wesley's other works shall be all examined in their order. We have already seen that Mr. Wesley had embroiled himself with the Dissenters; partly by his separating from them, and partly by the publication of a letter relative to their mode of education in their private academies. Their opposition was a source of calamity to him and his family for several years, and shall be noticed in its chronological occurrence.

The life of a learned man may be found in the history of his *works*. Mr. Wesley's *pen* was seldom idle; and being a rapid writer, and seldom waiting to polish or refine, his works became numerous. His brother-in-law, J. Dunton, said "he used to write *two hundred* couplets a day; which were too many by two-thirds to be well furnished with all the beauties and graces of that art!" and to this opinion every judge of poetry must subscribe.

We have seen him at college in 1685, issuing his juvenile poems, under the title of *Maggots*; and in 1691, &c, engaged with his brother-in-law, Dunton, and others, in the *Athenian Mercury*.

In 1693 he published "*The Life of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; a heroic poem, in ten books: dedicated to her most sacred majesty*, (Queen Mary;) *attempted by* SAMUEL WESLEY, *rector of South Ormsby, in the county of Lincoln. Each book illustrated by necessary notes, explaining all the more difficult matters in the whole history. Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry. With sixty copper-plates.*" London, printed for Charles Harper, &c, 1693, fol.

This work went through a *second* edition in 1697, "*revised and improved, with the addition of a large map of the Holy Land, and a table of the principal matters.*" The plates, though anonymous, are said in the advertisement to be done "by the celebrated hand of *W. Faithhorn.*" The work is preceded by commendatory verses from *Nahum Tate*, poet laureate, *L. Milbourne*, *T. Taylor*, *W. Pittis*, *H. Cutts*, and *P. Motteaux*.

When a *poet*, no matter of what abilities, takes for the subject of his verse the *sayings* or *acts* of the Almighty, as recorded in Divine revelation, he must of necessity fail, speak untruths, and sink below himself. Who can *add* to the dignity, importance, or majesty, of the words of God by any poetical clothing? The attempt to do it is almost impious; and in the execution how many *words* are attributed to God which he never spoke, and *acts* which he never did! Even the prose writers of the Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ have all failed, misrepresented facts and sayings, and (undesignedly) spoke many falsities. The life of our Lord was never found, and never will be found, but in the *four evangelists;* and the utmost that can be done in this way is, merely to harmonize their accounts. That as a theological and poetical production Mr. Wesley's Life of Christ has considerable merit, the sale of two editions of *a large folio volume*, in *three* or *four* years, is ample proof. And if we can give credit to the judgment and sincerity of his poetical recommenders, the work has scarcely its fellow! The poet laureate *N. Tate*, praises the work and

the author to the utmost stretch of eulogium; and seems to lay his own ground work of the version of the Psalms at Mr. Wesley's feet, and views him as the completer of the task which *Milton* left *unfinished!*

I shall extract a few of his verses, as the book will rarely be found in the hands of those who are most concerned in what relates to this singular family:—

To Mr. Samuel Wesley, on his Divine Poem of the Life of Christ.

As when some *prophet*, who had long retir'd,
Returns from solitude with rapture fir'd,
With full *credentials* made securely bold,
To list'ning crowds does charmingly unfold
What angels hymn, in awful visions told;
With wond'rous truths surprising every breast,
His sacred mission is by all confest:
So you, great *bard*, who lay till now concealed,
Compiling what your heavenly muse reveal'd,
No sooner quit the shade, but strike our eyes
With *wonder*, and our minds with *ecstacies*.

E'en we, the tribe who thought ourselves inspir'd,
Like glimmering *stars* in night's dull reign admir'd;
Like *stars*, a *num'rous* but a *feeble* host,
Are gladly in your morning lustre lost.
When *we*, (and few have been so well inclin'd,)
In songs attempted to instruct mankind,
From nature's law we all our precepts drew,
And e'en her sanctions oft perverted too;
Your sacred muse does *revelation* trace,
And *nature* is by you improv'd to *grace*.

What just *encomiums*, sir, must *you* receive,
Who *wit* and *piety* together *weave*.
No *altar* your *oblation* can refuse,
Who to the temple bring a *spotless muse*:
You with fresh laurels from *Parnassus* borne,
Plant *Zion's* hill, and Salem's towers adorn;
You break the *charms*, and from profane *retreats*
Restore the muses to their *native seats*.
Our leading *Moses** did this task pursue,
And liv'd to have the *Holy Land* in view;
With vig'rous *youth* to finish the *success*,
Like *Joshua*, *you* succeed, and all *possess*.

Here *pious souls*, what they did long desire,
Possess their *dear Redeemer's Life* entire:
Here, with whole *Paradise Regain'd* they meet,
And Milton's noble work is NOW *complete*.

The rest of the poem is in the same style of eulogium; and I have quoted so much to show what was thought of the *Life of Christ* by no mean judges, when it first appeared. *Posterity* has not been so partial to the *bard of Epworth*.

It is said that Mr. Pope had such a despicable opinion of this poem and the other poetical works of Mr. Wesley, that in one of the earlier editions of the *Dunciad* he honoured him with a niche in the temple of the "Mighty Mother," (Dulness.) He was placed by the side of a respectable companion, Dr. Watts:—

* Mr. John Milton.

"Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library of Greece and Rome,
Well purg'd, and worthy *Wesley*, *Watts*, and *Brome*."

It is a fact that in no edition published by Mr. Pope did these names ever occur. In one *surreptitious* edition they were printed thus, W—l—y W—s in book i, l. 126. But in the *genuine* editions of that work the line stood thus, as it does at present:—

"Well purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, Quarles, and Blome."

And this, in the London edition of 1729, is said to be the *line as it stood in the original.*

That Mr. Pope had too high an opinion of Mr. Samuel Wesley to make such a dishonourable insertion of his name in the Dunciad there can be no doubt: he revered him for his piety, learning, and industry. There was even an *intimacy* between them; and Mr. Pope had such a high opinion of his learning and moral worth that he earnestly endeavoured to serve him. This will be particularly evident from a letter which he wrote to *Dean Swift*, entreating him to use his influence with the clergy of his acquaintance to get subscriptions for Mr. Wesley's *Dissertations on the Book of Job.* I shall give an extract of this epistle, which cannot fail to set the matter in the clearest point of view.

——"This is a letter extraordinary, to do and to say nothing, but to recommend to you (as a clergyman and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a *good* and honest man. Moreover he is about seventy, and *poor*, which you might think included in the word *honest.* I shall think it a *kindness done to myself* if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his *Commentary on Job*, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among such as are *believers* or *readers* of the Scriptures. Even the *curious* may find something to *please* them, if they *scorn* to be edified. It has been the labour of *eight years* of this *learned man's* life; I call him *what he is*, a *learned man;* and I engage you will approve his *prose* more than you formerly did his *poetry.* *Lord Bolingbroke* is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old *tory*, and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a *whig* as I am." April 12, 1730.

In the above words, "I engage you will approve his *prose* more than you formerly did his *poetry*," Mr. Pope refers to Dean Swift's *Battle of the Books*, in which are these words:—"Then Homer slew Sam. Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel." But this can be no discredit to Mr. Wesley; for many of our best English writers have been mentioned with disrespect in that work. Mr. Wesley spoke of his own performance with much modesty:—"The *cuts* are good, the *notes* pretty good, the *verses* so so." And of it his eldest son Samuel spoke with sober commendation:—

Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his *end*,
Faith to assert, and *virtue* to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deigned to expire,*
With Vida's piety, though not his fire;
Deduced his Maker's praise from page to page,
Through the long annals of the sacred page.†

* Life of Christ. † History of the Old and New Testaments.

What was of most consequence to him, it was highly approved of by *Queen Mary*, to whom it was dedicated; who in the same year conferred on him the living of *Epworth* in Lincolnshire, which he says was "proffered and given, as well as that of *Wroote* afterward, without his ever having *solicited* any person; without his ever *expecting*, or even once *thinking*, of such a favour."—Answer to Palmer, p. 3. And speaking again on the same subject, in defence of his poem, he adds, "I can assure him I agree so far with those *best judges* he mentions, that I know it is very *faulty:* but whether it be in itself *so absolutely contemptible* as he represents it, I desire may be left to more *impartial judges.* All I can say is, it was the best I had. I ran as the *peasant* did, with my hands full of water, and offered it to my *prince*, because I had no *better present;* and if it was not so *clear* as it should have been, I hope that the *haste* will in some measure excuse it. Though there may be some parts of that poem, of which I hope I might say without *vanity*, neither *myself* nor my *country* have reason to be *ashamed*, yet I am as ready to acknowledge, as he and his friends are to assert, that the *favours* which our late *blessed queen* was pleased to bestow on me after she had *read* my book were as far beyond my *expectation* as my *desert.* They will not however envy me the honour of having scattered a *few verses*, and more *tears*, over her grave."—Ib. p. 56.

In 1695 he published Elegies on Queen Mary, and on *Archbishop Tillotson*, folio, of which I can say nothing, as I have not seen them.

In 1698 he published *A Sermon preached before the Society for the Reformation of Manners*, octavo. This also I have not seen.

The next in point of time is, "*The Pious Communicant rightly prepared; or a Discourse concerning the Blessed Sacrament:* wherein the nature of it is described, our obligation to frequent communion enforced, and directions given for due preparation for it, behaviour *at* and *after* it, and profiting by it. With *prayers* and *hymns* suited to the several parts of that holy office. To which is added, *a short Discourse of Baptism.* By SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M. chaplain to the most honourable JOHN Lord Marquis of Normanby, and rector of Epworth, in the diocess of Lincoln." London, printed for Charles Harper, 1700, duodecimo, upward of two hundred pages.

The copy before me unfortunately wants the *double Appendix*, (nor does it appear ever to have had it;) of which in the preface he speaks thus:—"The *former* relating to our *religious societies*, whose *rules* and *orders* have been *published* and *defended* by *Dr. Woodward* in his late *book* upon the *subject*, and my lord bishop of *Bath* and *Wells* in the Life of *Dr. Horneck.* Their whole *design* appeared to me to be so highly serviceable to *Christianity*, that I could not but take this *opportunity* to *recommend* them; and the *latter* (appendix) which relates to *baptism*, will be granted not *unnecessary*, when several (I hope) well-meaning *persons*, especially in *those parts* where I live, are *unsatisfied* about it. Likewise, I have added the *great Hallel* or *paschal hymn*, which was usually sung by the *Jews* at their *passover*, and by our *Saviour* and *his apostles* at the institution of this sacrament."

In this work I find very little to praise beside *the pious intention.*

It has the general *character*, and indeed the *faults*, of those works generally termed *The Week's Preparation before the Sacrament*, which are all infinitely below what any one may find in the *communion service*, in the *Book of Common Prayer*. The arguments in this work are neither happily chosen, nor conclusive, and the *objections* not well answered. It is the most imperfect of all the literary works of the rector of Epworth which I have seen.

The great Hallel of which Mr. Wesley speaks had its name from the word הללויה *halleluyah*, praise ye Jehovah; and consisted of the following Psalms, cxiii, cxiv, cxv, cxvi, cxvii, and cxviii. These six psalms were always sung at every paschal solemnity; and this great Hallel they sung on account of the *five* great benefits referred to in it. 1. The exodus from Egypt, Psa. cxiv, 1. *When Israel went out of Egypt*, &c. 2. The miraculous division of the Red Sea, ver. 3. *The sea saw it and fled.* 3. The promulgation of the law, ver. 4. *The mountains skipped like rams.* 4. The resurrection of the dead, Psa. cxvi. *I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.* 5. The passion of the Messiah, Psa. cxv, 1. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us*, &c.

Why should not these psalms be said or sung at every sacramental occasion? Is not the *example* of our Lord and his apostles a sufficient warrant? And would not this circumstance bring us a little nearer to the *primitive form of celebration?* The psalms themselves are highly excellent; and many parts of them peculiarly appropriate.

In the year 1704 he published "*The History of the Old and New Testament, attempted in verse*, and adorned with three hundred and thirty sculptures, engraved by J. Sturt." 3 vols. duodecimo. 1704.

This is a useful work for young persons, as the *rhyme* may assist the memory, particularly in chronological details. Some years ago it was reprinted in Manchester, but without the plates.

Some time in 1693 his *Letter*, already mentioned, *concerning the Education of the Dissenters in their private Academies*, was printed; but without his consent or knowledge, nearly ten years after it had been written, to oblige a particular friend.

This Letter gave the Dissenters great offence; and it was soon answered anonymously in a pamphlet intituled *A Defence of the Dissenters' Education.* To answer this pamphlet, in which he was severely handled, and to defend his original Letter, Mr. Wesley published a pamphlet intituled "A Defence of a Letter concerning the Education of Dissenters in their private *Academies;* with a more full and satisfactory account of the same, and of their morals and behaviour toward the Church of England: being an answer to the *Defence of the Dissenters' Education.* By Samuel Wesley;" with this remarkable motto,—

Noli irritare crabrones!
"The Kirk's a vixen; don't anger her."

London, quarto, 1704, pp. 64.

This publication, which I have several times had occasion to quote, only served to widen the breach; for Mr. *Palmer*, who appears to have been the anonymous author of the *Defence of the Dissenters' Education*,

soon published what he termed "A Vindication of the learning, loyalty, morals, and most Christian behaviour, of the Dissenters toward the Church of England." A man of Mr. Wesley's disposition was not likely to sit quiet under the severe reflections cast on him by Mr. Palmer in the above pamphlet.

He immediately meditated an answer: but this was delayed for some time. The rage of party took advantage of his narrow circumstances, and he was suddenly thrown into Lincoln castle for a paltry debt. This was petty malice; and he amply retorted on his persecutors in a pamphlet intituled "*A Reply to Mr. Palmer's Vindication of the learning, loyalty, morals, and most Christian behaviour of the Dissenters toward the Church of England.* By SAMUEL WESLEY." London, 1707, quarto, about one hundred and sixty pages; with a motto taken from *John Fox*, and one from *De Foe;* the latter I shall transcribe:—

"*How long must we see* the reproaches of our Establishment, and the insults of the laws, and be bound to silence, and to say nothing for peace' sake? How long must their false prophets and dreamers of dreams abuse us, and we be obliged to hold our peace?" *De Foe's* Review, vol. iii, No. 43.

This work appears to have been partly written in Lincoln castle, as the following words in the *preface* seem to imply:—"I am to ask his (Mr. Palmer's) pardon for the *delay* of my answer, which I hope he will the more easily grant, because he is not *ignorant* of the *occasion.* I have often thought of his kind admonition in his *first* book, p. 20, *of what I was like to lose by the Dissenters' resentment of my Letter*, &c. Some people have an untoward faculty of keeping their words with the utmost exactness whenever they make a left-hand promise; and there are some sort of *debts* they'll never compound for, but be sure to pay them to the *uttermost* farthing.

"I shan't trouble him (the reader) with any melancholy stories of the *treatment* I've lately met with, but shall refer it to a *higher tribunal* than that of any earthly judicature." And in the beginning of the ninth chapter of the work, p. 144, he says, "I am now come *to Mr. Palmer's last chapter*, which I wish I had been at long before; for I must confess I don't admire this work which I am forced to in my own *just defence;* and think if I were at *liberty* I could employ myself something better." And in p. 68, "Welcome a *jayle* once more, rather than take their *dirty road* to *preferment.*"

As this matter of the imprisonment has been misunderstood, if not misrepresented, I shall soon lay the whole account before the reader.

Whether this controversy were carried on any farther I know not: as far as I have seen it I must own I have received no edification from it. Mr. Wesley most certainly uses great dexterity in fencing with and foiling his adversary. But on both sides *party spirit* has a superabundant prevalence. Mr. Wesley was ill-used by several of that party, and he appears too often to attribute the unchristian and cruel treatment he received from them as the work of the *whole body;* and that *dissenting principles* must necessarily produce such wicked effects. Beside, he was an unqualified admirer of *Charles the First*, considered him in the fullest sense a *martyr*, and was often intolerant to those who differed

from him in this opinion. He exposed the Dissenters; and did it the more effectually, because, being bred up among them, he knew their order, discipline, political opinions, &c. But he always gets too much into *generals* from *particulars*, and charges the *body* with the vices of the *few*.

Their mode of defence was not calculated to soften his asperity, or correct his misapprehension; and they disgracefully stooped to *personal injuries* that they might avenge themselves on one whom they considered a detracter of the brethren, and an apostate from the true faith.

The same subjects canvassed *then* would scarcely admit of discussion *now*. A spirit of liberality and tolerance now exists, and is happily cultivated, which in great part of the seventeenth century was little known. Through the mercy of God the nation has now more light and more religion; though there are still individuals to be found on both sides who, had they the power, would stir up old feuds, and banish sweet repose from the hearts and houses of the pious, the peaceable, and the loyal. Neither the name nor *peculiar* creed of *Churchman* nor *Dissenter* is essential to salvation. He alone deserves the title of *Christian* who wishes well to the human race, and labours to promote, according to his power and influence, the best interests of mankind. No man professing godliness should forget to imitate Him *who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust.*

To pursue the literary life of Mr. Wesley any farther at present would take us too far out of the direct line of his domestic relations.

While Mr. S. Wesley attended his curacy in London, about 1690 or 1691, for the date is not exactly known, he contracted an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage, with Miss Susanna Annesley, youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley, LL. D., an eminent Nonconformist divine, nobly related; for he and Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesy and Lord Privy Seal to Charles the Second, were brothers' children. The excellence of Miss Annesley's mind was equal to the eminence of her birth: but her history is too important to be included even in that of her husband, and requires a separate place. She was such a helpmate as Mr. Wesley required; and to her, under God, the great eminence of the subsequent Wesley family is to be attributed. They had *nineteen* children, of whom only their eldest son *Samuel* appears to have been born previously to their removal to South Ormsby, in Lincolnshire, which was about the year 1693.

Mr. Wesley began the world under many disadvantages: he had himself no property. And Dr. Annesley's family was probably much reduced, so that *he* could give little with any of his daughters. Elizabeth had married *John Dunton*, so often already mentioned. His eccentricities were such as to bring him into frequent embarrassments. What help his father-in-law's family could afford him I suppose he had; and beside this he had borrowed considerably from Mr. Wesley, so that when he was thrown into prison for debt by *others*, Mr. Wesley, he acknowledges, was his *chief creditor*; which debt he never repaid. And although *Dunton* was, at Mr. Wesley's first setting out in the

world, one of his principal friends, yet through his generosity in return he suffered much in his circumstances.

From the year 1693 to 1700 he met with various misfortunes and trials. He had, it is true, expectations of preferment; and had Queen Mary lived, he would certainly have risen in the Church, as it appears she had firmly purposed.

For a time he had the friendship of the marquis of Normanby, afterward duke of Buckingham, who made him his chaplain, and is said to have recommended him for an Irish bishopric. The duke of Marlborough was also his friend; and for his poem on *The Fate of Europe* gave him the chaplaincy of *Colonel Lepell's* regiment: but the Dissenters, his inflexible enemies, had interest enough at court, and with the leading men of the nation, to prevent his preferment, and deprive him of the chaplaincies which he had honestly obtained.

In the midst of all his troubles he had an invariable friend in the justly celebrated *Dr. John Sharp*, archbishop of *York*, and grandfather to the late *Granville Sharp*, Esq., the first man whose call awakened the drowsy and guilty British nation to the wrongs of Africa.

The archbishop acted to Mr. Wesley the part of a most tender father and beneficent patron. The latter frequently poured his complaints into his bosom; and they were received with tenderness and affectionate commiseration: and the bounty of the archbishop of York was frequently poured on the necessities of the distressed rector of Epworth. Of these benefits Mr. Wesley had a *due* and *deep* sense; and his manly gratitude kept pace with his obligations.

By the kindness of *Miss Sharp*, the only surviving branch of this ancient and very eminent family, I have been put in possession of letters written by Mr. Wesley to the archbishop from the year 1700 to 1707, which fill up a considerable gap in his history, and afford a number of curious particulars, which have never been before the public. These come properly in in this place; and from the *first* we shall see the difficulties with which this good man had to struggle, and the cause of his consequent embarrassments.

"For the most Rev. Father in God, the Lord Archbishop of York, at Bishop Thorp.

"My Lord,—I have lived on the thoughts of your grace's generous offer ever since I was at *Bishop Thorp;* and the hope I have of seeing some end, or at least mitigation, of my trouble makes me pass through them with much more ease than I should otherwise have done. I can now make a shift to be dunned with some patience; and to be affronted, because I want the virtue of riches, by those who scarce think there is any other virtue.

"I must own I was ashamed, when at *Bishop Thorp* to confess that I was *three hundred pounds* in debt, when I have a living of which I have made *two hundred pounds per annum*, though I could hardly let it now for *eightscore*.

"I doubt not but one reason of my being sunk so far is, my not understanding worldly affairs; and my aversion to law, which my people have always known but too well. But I think I can give a tolerable account of my affairs, and satisfy any equal judge that a

better husband than myself might have been in debt, though perhaps not so deeply, had he been in the same circumstances, and met with the same misfortunes.

"'Twill be no great wonder that when I had but *fifty pounds perannum* for six or seven years together, nothing to begin the world with, one child at least *per annum*, and my wife sick for half that time, that I should run *one hundred and fifty pounds* behind hand; especially when about a hundred of it had been expended in goods without doors and within.

"When I had the rectory of Epworth given me, my lord of Sarum was so generous as to pass his word to his goldsmith, for *one hundred pounds*, which I borrowed of him. It cost me very little less than *fifty pounds* of this in my journey to London, and getting into my living, for the broad seal, &c. And with the other *fifty pounds*, I stopped the mouths of my most importunate creditors.

"When I removed to Epworth I was forced to take up *fifty pounds* more for setting up a little husbandry when I took the tithes into my own hand, and buying some part of what was necessary toward furnishing my house, which was larger, as well as my family, than what I had on the other side the county.

"The next year my barn fell; which cost me *forty pounds* in rebuilding, (thanks to your grace for part of it;) and having an aged mother [this was the widow of the Rev. John Wesley of *New Hall*, of whom see before,] who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her, she cost me upward of *forty pounds* more, which obliged me to take up another *fifty pounds*. I have had but three children born since I came hither, about three years since: but another coming, and my wife incapable of any business in my family, as she has been for almost a quarter of a year; yet we have but one maid-servant, to retrench all possible expenses.

"My *first fruits* came to about *twenty-eight pounds*; my *tenths* near *three pounds per annum*. I pay a yearly pension of *three pounds* out of my rectory to *John of Jerusalem*. *My taxes* came to upward of *twenty pounds per annum*: but they are now retrenched to about half. My collection to the poor comes to *five pounds per annum*: beside which they have lately bestowed an *apprentice* upon me, whom I suppose I must teach to beat rime. *Ten pounds* a year I allow my *mother* to help to keep her from starving. I wish I could give as good an account for some charities, which I am now satisfied have been imprudent, considering my circumstances.

"*Fifty pounds* interest and principal I have paid my lord of Sarum's goldsmith. All which together keeps me necessitous, especially since interest money begins to pinch me; and I am always called on for money before I make it, and must buy every thing at the worst hand; whereas could I be so happy as to get on the right side of my income, I should not fear, by God's help, but to live honestly in the world, and to leave a little to my children after me. I think, as 'tis, I could perhaps work it out in time, in half-a-dozen or half-a-score years, if my heart should hold so long: but for that God's will be done! Humbly asking pardon for this tedious trouble, I am your grace's most obliged and most humble servant, S. WESLEY.

"*Epworth*, 10*r* (*Dec.*) 30, 1700."

There are a few things in this letter which require explanation, and some of them refer to certain curious facts in ecclesiastical history.

1. Among Mr. Wesley's expenses we find *getting the broad seal* was one. This was on his being presented to the rectory of Epworth; for as that living belongs to the *crown*, the gift to him required the *broad seal* affixed as his title: and the *fees*, &c, of office were even at that time considerable; but now more so, as in addition to them there is a heavy *stamp duty*.

2. He mentions *removing to Epworth from the other side of the county*. This was from *South Ormsby*, which is in the wapentake of Ladbrough, in the opposite side of the county from Epworth; and about eight or ten miles from the Humber. This living he appears to have received from the *marquis of Normanby*, afterward duke of Buckingham; and the manner in which he lost it we have already seen.

3. He speaks of his *aged mother*. This was the relict of his father, *John Wesley*, some time vicar of *Whitchurch*, in Dorsetshire; from which he was ejected by the cruel *Act of Uniformity*. Persecuted and driven about from place to place during his life, he could make no provision for his family; and his widow, who survived him at least forty years, was obliged to depend on fortuitous charity; and in her latter days especially, on the little help, 10*l*. *per annum*, which she received from her son Samuel; who according to the above account was in very straitened circumstances himself.

It must be owned that Mr. Wesley's attachment to the Church must have been strong indeed, and founded on conscientious principles, when he clave to it with all his heart, and at the risk of all he possessed; while he had continually before his eyes the horrible consequences of those *cruel laws*, and relentless *High Church bigotry*, that deprived his *parents* of a morsel of bread, brought his *father* to an untimely grave, and reduced his widowed aged mother to a state of the most abject poverty.

4. He tells the archbishop that his *first fruits* came to 28*l*., that is, he had to pay 28*l*. in lieu of the *first fruits*; which mean the profits of all spiritual promotions *for one whole year*. These were at first given to the *Pope;* but were taken from him by the *Statute of Coventry*, anno 6 *Hen. IV.* A. D. 1404, and annexed to the *crown* anno 25 *Hen. VIII.* A. D. 1533, under which act Mr. Wesley paid them. But they were given from the crown to the *poor clergy*, anno 2, 3, *Annæ*, A. D. 1703, about two or three years after the time of which Mr. Wesley here speaks; and still continue to be appropriated in the same way.

5. His *tenths*, he tells us, came to 3*l*. *per annum*. The *tenths* were a "yearly rent, or pension, amounting to the value of a *tenth part* of all the revenues, rents, farms, tithes, offerings, emoluments, and all other profits, as well spiritual as temporal, belonging to any archbishopric, bishopric, parsonage, vicarage, or other benefice, or promotion spiritual, to be yearly paid for ever, to the king." These also had been claimed by the Pope: but were annexed to the *crown* by the statute anno 26 *Henry VIII.* A. D. 1534. But they were with the *first fruits*, given by the crown to *augment* the livings of the poor clergy, by the statute anno 2, 3, *Annæ*, A. D. 1703.

6. He also mentions paying a pension of 3*l.* yearly out of his rectory to *John of Jerusalem*. This was the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, to which the lands formerly belonging to the Knights Templars had been given by the statute *De Juris Templariorum*, made anno 17 Edward II. A. D. 1323, when the above order was suppressed in England. The whole order had been suppressed by Pope *Clement V.* in a general council at *Vienne*, A. D. 1312. At the suppression of the *monasteries* all the possessions of St. *John of Jerusalem*, in England and Ireland, were given to the king, by the *statute* anno 32 *Henry VIII.* A. D. 1541. What therefore each Church, &c, paid to this *order* was after this paid to the *king:* and as the rectory of Epworth had paid to the value of 3*l.* to that *house*, this was the sum which the kings of England continued to receive from that rectory.

7. What he means by *beating rime*, unless it be the stalks of *dried flax*, I cannot tell. I believe *rime* is a provincial term for that article.

The preceding letter had made a strong impression on the mind of the archbishop in his favour; who, willing to serve him in every possible way, not only spoke to several of the more charitably disposed nobility in his behalf, but had actually endeavoured to get a *brief* for him, and had made an application to the house of lords to this effect. The *countess of Northampton*, to whom the archbishop had mentioned Mr. Wesley's case, had generously sent him 20*l.* For these, and other favours received *from* and *through* the archbishop, he expresses himself in a very feeling and energetic manner in the following letter; which, with that which immediately follows it, I cannot persuade myself to withhold from the reader:—

"*Epworth*, *May* 14, 1701.

"My Lord,—In the *first* place I do, as I am bound, heartily thank God for raising me so great and generous a benefactor as your grace, when I so little expected or deserved it.

"And then return my poor thanks to your lordship; though but a sorry acknowledgment, yet all I have, for the pains and trouble you have been at on my account. I most humbly thank your grace that you did not close with the motion which you mentioned in your grace's *first letter;* for I should rather choose to remain all my life in my present circumstances than so much as consent that your lordship should do any such thing: nor indeed should I be willing on my own account to trouble the house of lords in the method proposed; for I believe *mine* would be the first instance of a *brief for losses by childbearing*, that ever came before that honourable house.

"Had your grace been able to have effected nothing for me, the generosity and goodness had been the same; and I should have prayed for as great a heap of blessings on your grace and your family. But I can do no more now I have such considerable assistance by your grace's charitable endeavours. When I received your grace's first letter I thanked God upon my knees for't; and have done the same I believe twenty times since as often as I have read it; and more than once for the other which I received but yesterday.

"Certainly, never did an archbishop of England write in such a manner to an Isle poet: but it is peculiar to your grace to oblige so as

none beside can do it. I know your grace will be angry, but I can't help it: truth will out, though in a plain and rough dress; and I should sin against God, if I now neglected to make all the poor acknowledgments I am able."

After several other matters of a more private nature, he mentions the great kindness of the *countess of Northampton;* and says he must divide what she has given him, "half to my poor mother, with whom I am now above a year behind hand; the other *ten pounds* for my own family. My mother will wait on your grace for her *ten pounds:* she knows not the particulars of my circumstances, which I keep from her as much as I can that they may not trouble her."

The following letter written four days after the above is both singular and characteristic:—

"*Epworth, May* 18, 1701.

"My Lord,—This comes as a rider to the last, by the same post, to bring such news as I presume will not be unwelcome to a person who has so particular a concern for me. Last night my wife brought me a *few* children. There are but *two* yet, a boy and a girl, and I think they are all at present: we have had four in two years and a day, three of which are living.

"Never came any thing more like a gift from heaven than what the countess of Northampton sent by your lordship's charitable offices. Wednesday evening my wife and I clubbed and joined stocks, which came but to *six shillings*, to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the *ten pounds;* and at night my wife was delivered. Glory be to God for his unspeakable goodness!

"I am your grace's most obliged and most humble servant,

"S. Wesley."

About this time, 1701, a remarkable anecdote occurs in the life of the rector of Epworth. I shall give it in the words of his son, Mr. John Wesley, as I had it from himself.

"Were I," said he, "to write my own life, I should begin it *before I was born*, merely for the purpose of mentioning a disagreement between my father and mother. 'Sukey,' said my father to my mother, one day after family prayer, 'why did you not say *amen* this morning to the prayer for the king?' 'Because,' said she, 'I do not believe the *prince of Orange* to be king.' 'If that be the case,' said he, 'you and I must part; for if we have *two* kings, we must have *two beds*.' My mother was inflexible. My father went immediately to his study; and, after spending some time with himself, set out for London; where being *convocation man* for the diocess of Lincoln, he remained without visiting his own house for the remainder of the year. On March 8th, in the following year, 1702, King William died; and as both my father and mother were agreed as to the legitimacy of *Queen Anne's title*, the cause of their misunderstanding ceased; my father returned to Epworth, and conjugal harmony was restored."

Mr. Wesley observes, that his father was *convocation man* that year. To the generality of readers this word requires explanation.

Convocation, in our Church history, signifies *an assembly of the*

clergy for a consultation of matters *ecclesiastical*, in time of parliament. And as the parliament consists of *two distinct houses*, so does this: the one called the *upper house*, where the archbishops and bishops sit severally by themselves; the other the *lower house*, where all the rest of the clergy are represented by their deputies or proctors, consisting of all the *deans* and archdeacons; of one proctor for every *chapter*, and two for the *clergy of every diocess;* in all one hundred and forty-three divines, viz. twenty-two deans, fifty-three archdeacons, twenty-four prebendaries, and forty-four proctors of the diocesan clergy. The *convocation* is summoned by the king's writ directed to the archbishop of each province, requiring him to summon all bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c. In this *convocation* the clergy exercise jurisdiction for the Church, in making of *canons:* but these must have the king's assent. And they have the power of examining and censuring all heretical and schismatical books and persons. But an appeal lies to the king in chancery, or to his delegates; and the whole powers are limited by statute 25 Henry VIII. cap. 19.

The clergy in their attendance on the *convocation* have the same privileges as members of the house of commons, in freedom from arrest.

Mr. Wesley attended these convocations for three years, at the expense to himself of *fifty pounds* per annum. It appears that he might have avoided this expense, as he was censured for taking this office upon him, which ill accorded with the narrowness of his domestic circumstances.

I have already observed in the account given of Mr. John Wesley of Whitchurch, Mr. Samuel Wesley's *father*, that every genuine minister of the Gospel considers himself a *missionary;* and that when he receives his commission from the Head of the Church, he knows that it in effect says, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.* About this time Mr. Wesley appears to have had his mind seriously impressed with the miserable state of the *Heathen;* and with a strong desire to go to them, and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. He had mentioned his desire in a general way to *Archbishop Sharp;* and given him some hints concerning *proposals* which he had made, probably to the *society for the propagation of Christianity* in foreign parts, and to some members of the *administration.*

It appears that the archbishop had desired an account of the *whole scheme;* and he sent him the following paper, which is unfortunately without a date; but is in his own hand writing, and is subscribed by the archbishop:—

"The scheme I had laid, if I went to the East Indies, and which by God's grace I shall yet prosecute, if I go thither, and am enabled to do it, was not confined to one *place* or *nation*, but aimed at a more general service to Christianity.

"My design consisted of *three parts.* The first relating to our own *people*, the native English and their subjects; which I am told at one of our colonies are numerous; the *second* to other *Christian Churches*, whether out of the Roman communion, or members of it; the *third* to the Heathen.

"1. As to *our own*. I would make a particular inquiry into the state of Christianity in all our factories and settlements from St. *Helena* to the farther eastern countries; travelling where I could myself either by land or sea; and where that could not be done, fixing a correspondence; which I should have the convenience of doing from *Surat*, it being a mart for so many nations. I would inquire into the number of our people, their morals, and their ministers. It should be my faithful endeavour to *revive the spirit of Christianity* among them by spreading good *books*, bringing them to *catechising*, or any other means, as I should be directed from hence, or as God should enable me.

2. As to other *Christian Churches*. *First*, those who are of the Roman communion. I would endeavour to fix a correspondence with the Church of *Abyssinia*; or, if it was thought fit by my superiors, even to try if I could pierce into that country myself. However, in the *second* place, I could personally inquire into the state of the poor Christians of *St. Thomas*, who are scattered over the Indies; and settle a correspondence between them and the Church of England.

"As to the *Romanists*, I might probably light on some opportunity to convey some of our books among them, translated into the languages of the countries where they are; and even as far as *China*, (where we have a considerable factory,) whereby the *Jesuits' half converts* might be better instructed in the principles of our religion, or made more than *almost Christians*.

"3. For the Gentoos. I would see if I could learn the Hindostan language; and when I once got master of their notions, and way of reasoning, endeavour to bring over some of their *Bramines* or *Bannians*, and *common people*, to the Christian religion; the government, I suppose, being not very strict as to those matters.

"I know I am not sufficient for the *least* of these *designs*: much less for *all together*. But as 'twould be well worth *dying for* to make some progress in any of 'em, so I would expect *the same assistance* as to *kind*, though not to *degree*, which was granted of old to the *first planters of the Gospel*. Nor would I neglect, but humbly and thankfully receive, any instructions from my superiors or others, my acquaintance and correspondents both *here* and in the Indies, in order to accomplish the end of my mission.

"This seems to be a different design from settling all together at some one of our particular factories, all of which the *East India Company* are to provide for. But whether it deserves encouragement from the *corporation* must be left to their piety and wisdom. As likewise whether *her majesty* [Queen Anne] might not be prevailed upon to encourage by her royal favour a design of this nature; the *French king* sending so many missions into those parts.

"However, if one hundred pounds *per annum* might be allowed me, and *forty* I must pay my curate in my absence, either from the *East India Company* or *otherwhere*, I should be ready to venture my life on this occasion, provided any way might be found to secure a subsistence for my *family* in case of my decease in those countries."

The event proves that Mr. Wesley's plan was not adopted, at least as far as he himself was personally concerned in it: but perhaps some

of the subsequent operations of the *society for promoting Christian knowledge in the east* were not altogether unindebted to the hint thrown out in this paper.

The plan was such as the British Church and government might have easily put into execution: and for personal *courage*, *spirit*, and *missionary zeal*, probably a fitter instrument than Samuel Wesley could not then have been readily found. *One hundred pounds for himself*, and *forty* for a curate, was a very moderate request; and he no doubt supposed that the *income of the rectory* might be sufficient to support his family during his absence.

The *same spirit* that would have carried the *father* to *Abyssinia*, *India*, and *China*, afterward carried his *son* across the *Atlantic* to preach the Gospel to the different tribes of American Indians; and has urged his *sons* and *successors* in the *ministry* to carry the glad tidings of Christ crucified to *America*, the *West India Islands*, *West* and *South Africa*, the *Island of Ceylon*, and the *Peninsula of India*. In the *Wesley family* the seeds of *missionary zeal* were *early* sown. They vegetated *slowly:* but are now producing an abundant harvest to the glory of the God of missionaries, whose salvation shall be revealed to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Wesley *not having got on the right side of his income as yet*, was grievously troubled with his old creditors, some of whom appear to have been implacable and unmerciful; he was obliged in consequence to take a journey to London, to endeavour to raise some money among his friends. In a letter to the archbishop, dated August 7, 1702, he mentions several sums which he received from eminent persons:—the dean of Exeter, 10*l.*; Dr. Stanley, 10*l.*; archbishop of Canterbury, 10*l.* 10*s.*; "and even my lord marquis of Normanby, by my good lady's solicitations succeeding your grace's, did verily and indeed, with his own hand, give me twenty guineas, and my lady *five*. With these and other sums I made up about sixty pounds, and came home joyful enough, thanked God, paid as many debts as I could, quieted the rest of my creditors, took the management of my house into my own hands, and had ten guineas left to take my harvest."

The reader will recollect *why* Mr. Wesley mentions so *particularly*, and with *surprise* the gift of *twenty guineas* from the marquis of Normanby;—the insult offered to his *mistress*, whom Mr. Wesley handed out of his house; in consequence of which he was obliged to resign the living of *South Ormsby*, which had been given him by that nobleman.

That the *marchioness* should have used her endeavours with the marquis to get Mr. Wesley this donation is not to be wondered at, for the above reason; and the marquis himself, though highly incensed for the time, had good sense enough to see that the minister of God had done only his duty in the matter which had given his lordship so much displeasure.

In the same letter a very grievous and distressing occurrence is thus related. After mentioning the joy he felt on being enabled to discharge so many small debts, in consequence of which he was permitted to take his own harvest, he adds:—

"But he that is born to be a poet must, I am afraid, live and die

so, [that is, poor;] for, on the *last of July*, [1702,] a fire broke out in my house by some sparks which took hold of the thatch this dry time, and consumed about two thirds of it before it could be quenched. I was at the lower end of the town to visit a sick person, and thence to R. Cogan's. As I was returning, they brought me the news: I got one of his horses, rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books were saved; for which God be praised, as well as for what he has taken. They were all together in my study, and the fire under them. When it broke out she got two of the children in her arms, and ran through the smoke and fire; but one of them was left in the hurry till the other cried for her; and the neighbours ran in and got her out through the fire, as they did my books, and most of my goods;—*this very paper* among the rest, which I afterward found, as I was looking over what was saved.

"I find 'tis some happiness to have been miserable; for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes, that this scarce made any impression upon me. I shall go on by God's assistance to take my tithe, and when that's in to rebuild my house, having at last crowded my family into what's left, and not missing many of my goods.

"I humbly ask your grace's pardon for this long melancholy story, and leave to subscribe myself your grace's ever obliged and most humble servant, S. Wesley."

It is rather singular that on the quarto sheet of paper on which this letter is written he had begun a letter to the archbishop in the last month, having just written these words:—

"*Epworth*, *July* 25, 1702.

"My Lord,"

Not having time then to proceed, this sheet lay ready in his study for his farther entries; was saved out of the fire with the rest of his books and papers, the fire having consumed about four square inches of the lower corner of the fly leaf. On this burnt paper was the above letter written. It lies before me, a monument of God's mercy in preserving from so near a death his wife and children. The stains of the water that helped to quench the burning are still evident on the paper. It was in the following year that the *founder of the Methodists was born.*

Mr. Wesley speaks of the fire being occasioned "by some sparks which took hold of the *thatch*." The house was of such materials as rendered it exceedingly liable to damage by fire. It was a very humble dwelling; and I am enabled to lay before the reader a perfect description of the whole building, from the most authentic source; a survey taken June 19, Anno Regni Jacobi, D. Gr. 4 and 40, A. D. 1607, *i. e.* in the fourth year of King James' reign in England, and fortieth in Scotland.

Epworth Rectoria. A survey or terrier of all the possessions belonging to the rectorie of Epworth, made and taken by the viewe perambulation and estimate of the minister, church wardens and sidesmen and others, inhabitants, there being nominated and appointed by William Folkingham gent. general surveyor of church gleabs and possessions within the diocess of Lincoln, by virtue of a commission decreed by the Rev. Father in God, William L. Bishoppe, of Lincoln, in execution, of the canon on that behalf established.

Imprimis. The Horne stall, or scite of the parsonage, situate and lyenge betweene the field on the east, and Lancaster lane on the west; and abuttinge upon the Heigh-street on the south, and of John Maw (sonne of Thomas) his tennement, and a croft on the north: and contayns by estimation three acres.

Item. One hemp kiln that hath been usealeie occupied for the parsonage ground, adjoining upon the south.

Item. Within the said bounds are conteined the PARSONAGE HOUSE, consisting of five *baies*, built all of *timber* and *plaister*, and covered with *straw thache*, the whole building being contrived into three *stories*, and disposed in seven *cheife rooms* viz: A *kitchinge*, *a hall*, *a parlour*, a *butterie*, and *three large* upper rooms; besydes *som others* of *common use:* and also a little garden empailed, betweene the stone wall and the south, on the south.

Item. One *barn of six baies*, built all of *timber* and *clay walls*, and covered with *straw thache;* and out shotts about it, and one free house therebye.

Item. One dovecoate of *timber* and *plaister*, covered with *straw thache*, &c.

As the rest of this terrier refers to the *glebe lands* belonging to the rectory, it is unnecessary to transcribe it. Only one thing may be noticed, that about *twenty-seven acres* that originally belonged to this rectory are not now to be found, as the boundaries in the description are no longer capable of being ascertained.

Such was the parsonage house at Epworth, which by this fire was nearly consumed; and which in a few years afterward was totally burnt down, and rebuilt at Mr. Wesley's own expense; which house remains to the present day; in all respects greatly superior to the preceding.

The archbishop, to whom this account was sent, came forward both with his purse and his influence, as on former occasions; and this produced the following letter, drawn up in the true spirit of gratitude, and in language at once deeply pious, and highly dignified:—

"*Epworth*, Mart. 20, 1703.

"My LORD,—I have heard that all great men have the art of forgetfulness, but never found it in such perfection as in your lordship: only it is in a different way from others; for most forget their *promises*, but your grace those *benefits* you have conferred. I am pretty confident your grace neither reflects on nor imagines how much you have done for me; nor what sums I have received by your lordship's bounty and favour; without which I had been ere this mouldy in a jayl, and sunk a thousand fathom below nothing.

"Will your grace permit me to show you an account of some of them?

	L.	*s.*	*d.*
From the marchioness of Normanby	20	0	0
The lady Northampton (I think)	20	0	0
Duke of Buckingham and duchess, 2 years since	26	17	6
The queen	43	0	0
The bishop of Sarum	40	0	0
The archbishop of York, at least	10	0	0
Beside lent to (almost) a desperate debtor	25	0	0
	184	17	6

"A frightful sum, if one saw it all together: but it is beyond thanks, and I must never hope to perform that as I ought till another world; where, if I get first into the harbour, I hope none shall go before me in welcoming your lordship into everlasting habitations; where you will be no more tired with my follies, nor concerned at my misfortunes. However I may pray for your grace while I have breath, and that for something nobler than this world can give; it is for the increase of God's favour, of the light of his countenance, and of the foretastes of those joys, the firm belief whereof can only support us in this weary wilderness. And, if it be not too bold a request, I beg your grace would not forget me, though it be but in your prayer *for all sorts and conditions of men:* among whom, as none has been more obliged to your grace, so I am sure none ought to have a deeper sense of it than your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant, S. WESLEY."

In May 1705 there was a contested election for the county of Lincoln. Sir John *Thorold* and a person called *The Champion*, Dymoke, the late members, were opposed by Colonel *Whichcott* and Mr. *Alb. Bertie*. Mr. Wesley supposing there was a design to raise up Presbyterianism over the Church, and that *Whichcott* and *Bertie* were favourable to it, (in consequence of which the Dissenters were all in their interest,) espoused the other party; which happening to be unpopular and unsuccessful, he was exposed to great insult and danger; not only by the mobs, but by some leading men of the successful faction. There is before me a long account of these shameful transactions in two letters written to Archbishop Sharp, from which I shall extract only a few particulars:—

"I went to Lincoln on Tuesday night, May 29th; and the election began on Wednesday, 30th. A great part of the night our Isle people kept drumming, shouting, and firing of pistols and guns under the window where my wife lay; who had been brought to bed not three weeks. I had put the child to nurse over against my own house: the noise kept his nurse waking till one or two in the morning. Then they left off; and the nurse being heavy to sleep, *overlaid the child.* She waked; and finding it dead, ran over with it to my house, almost distracted; and calling my servants, threw it into their arms. They, as wise as she, ran up with it to my wife; and before she was well awake threw it cold and dead into hers. She composed herself as well as she could, and that day got it buried.

"A clergyman met me in the castle yard; and told me to withdraw, for the Isle men intended me a mischief. Another told me he had heard near twenty of them say, *if they got me in the castle yard, they would squeeze my guts out.* My servant had the same advice. I went by Gainsboro', and God preserved me.

"When they knew I was got home, they sent the drum and mob, with guns, &c, as usual, to compliment me till after midnight. One of them passing by on Friday evening, and seeing my children in the yard, cried out, 'O ye devils! we will come and turn ye all out of doors a begging shortly.' God convert them, and forgive them!

"All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my wife's spirits. For my *own* I feel them disturbed and disordered: but for all that, I

am going on with my reply to *Palmer;* which, whether I am in prison or out of it, I hope to get finished by the next sessions of parliament, for I have now no more regiments to lose.

"S. WESLEY.

"*Epworth, June 7th*, 1705."

As I totally disapprove a minister of the Gospel entering into party politics, and especially into electioneering affairs, I cannot but blame Mr. Wesley for the part he took in these transactions; for even according to his own showing, he acted imprudently, and laid himself open to those who waited for his halting, and who seemed to think they did God service by doing him a mischief; because they knew him to be a high Churchman, and consequently an enemy to their religious system. He was in their power,—under pecuniary obligations to some principal men among them; and he was often led to understand, by no obscure intimations, that he must either immediately discharge those obligations, which he required time to enable him to do, or else expect to be shortly lodged in Lincoln Castle. These were not vain threats: they had already contrived to strip him of his chaplaincy to Colonel Lepelle's regiment; and how much farther they proceeded the following letter to the archbishop of York will tell:—

"*Lincoln Castle, June* 25, 1705.

"MY LORD,—Now I am at rest, for I am come to the haven where I've long expected to be. On Friday last, [June 23,] when I had been in christening a child at Epworth, I was arrested in my churchyard by one who had been my servant, and gathered my tithe last year, at the suit of one of Mr. *Whichcott's* relations and zealous friends, [Mr. Pinder,] according to their promise, when they were in the Isle before the election. The sum was not *thirty* pounds: but it was as good as five hundred. Now they knew the burning of my flax, my London journey, and their throwing me out of my regiment, had both sunk my credit and exhausted my money. My adversary was sent to, when I was on the road, to meet me, that I might make some proposals to him. But all his answer, (which I have by me,) was, that 'I must immediately pay the whole sum, or go to prison.' Thither I went, with no great concern for myself; and find much more civility and satisfaction here than in *brevibus gyaris* of my own Epworth. I thank God, my wife was pretty well recovered, and churched some days before I was taken from her; and hope she'll be able to look to my family, if they don't turn them out of doors, as they have often threatened to do. One of my biggest concerns was my being forced to leave my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them, and to preserve them. My wife bears it with that courage which becomes her, and which I expected from her.

"I don't despair of doing some good here, (and so long I shan't quite lose the end of living,) and, it may be, do more in this new parish than in my old one: for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no sermon at the minster.

And I'm getting acquainted with my brother jayl-birds as fast as I can; and shall write to London next post, to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who I hope will send me some books to distribute among them.

"I should not write these things from a jayl if I thought your grace would believe me ever the less for my being here; where, if I should lay my bones, I'd bless God, and pray for your grace.

"Your grace's very obliged and most humble servant,

"S. WESLEY."

It was not likely that a tale so afflictive as the preceding should leave the pious heart of the good Archbishop Sharp unaffected. He wrote to Mr. Wesley on the 30th a kind letter, stating his sympathy, and what he had heard *against* him; especially as to his great obligation to Colonel Whichcott, &c. This letter he immediately answers,—gives a satisfactory exposé of all his affairs,—his debts,—and how they were contracted;—at the same time showing that the reports which had reached the ears of his grace were perfectly false, and adduces proof;—and concludes this part of his letter with pathetically entreating his grace "not to be in haste to credit what they report of me, for really lies are the manufacture of the party; and they have raised so many against me, and spread them so wide, that I am sometimes tempted to print my case in my own vindication."

I shall give another extract from this letter which satisfactorily accounts for the way in which his heavy debts were contracted, and how his consequent embarrassments arose:—

"*Lincoln Castle, July* 10, 1705.

"MY LORD, ——— Then I am not forgotten, neither by God nor your lordship.——My debts are about 300*l.*, which I have contracted by a series of misfortunes not unknown to your grace. The falling of my *parsonage barn*, before I had recovered the *taking my living;* the *burning great part of my dwelling house* about two years since, and *all my flax last winter;*—the *fall of my income nearly one half*, by the low price of grain;—the *almost entire failure of my flax* this year, which uses to be the better half of my revenue;—with my *numerous family*, and the *taking this regiment from me*, which I had obtained with so much expense and trouble, have at last *crushed* me, though I struggled as long as I was able. Yet I hope to rise again, as I have always done when at the lowest; and I think I cannot be much lower now."

Party spirit, especially in *political matters*, is the great disgrace and curse of England. This spirit knows no friend; feels no obligation; is unacquainted with all dictates of honesty, charity, and mercy; and leaves no stone unturned to ruin the object of its hate. We have elections by law no more than once in seven years; and the mischief that is then done to the moral character of the nation is scarcely repaired in the succeeding seven. All the charities of life are outraged and trampled under foot by it; common honesty is not heard, and lies and defamation go abroad by wholesale. The rascal *many* catch the evil

reports which the opposed candidates and their committees spread of each other, and the characters of the best men in the land are wounded and lie bleeding, till slow-paced oblivion cancels the remembrance of the transactions which gave them birth. Even *now*, when the nation is improved in its morals to an astonishing degree, these evils live in mighty vigour and gigantic form. What then must they have been more than *one hundred years ago*, when the nation was torn by civil and religious factions; and when a man knew not his own kindred but as they were arranged with him under his own *creed* and the banner of his party.

Mr. Wesley and his family had already suffered much through the rage, and I may add malice, of the *political party*, the interests of which his conscience would not permit him to espouse. And he had his reasons; he knew the party, their views, and their designs; and he had counted the cost, for he well knew the penalty annexed to his opposition. They were not content with loading him with obloquies, and casting him into prison: but proceeded farther to destroy his family, by drying up the sources whence they derived the necessaries of life! The following letter to the archbishop gives terrible proof of this implacable malevolence:—

"*Lincoln Castle, Sept.* 12, 1705.

"My Lord,—'Tis happy for me that your grace has entertained no ill opinion of me, and won't alter what you have entertained, without reason. But it is still happier that I serve a Master who cannot be deceived, and who I am sure will never forsake me. A jayl is a paradise in comparison of the life I led before I came hither. No man has worked truer for bread than I have done, and few have lived harder, or their families either. I am grown weary of vindicating myself; not, I thank God, that my spirits sink, or that I have not right of my side, but because I have almost a whole world against me, and therefore shall in the main leave my cause to the righteous Judge."

He goes on to mention two points in which he was cruelly misrepresented, as if certain evils done to him had come by accident, or were done by himself. What particularly concerns the present Memoir is the following:—

"The other matter is concerning the stabbing my cows in the night since I came hither, but a few weeks ago; and endeavouring thereby to starve my forlorn family in my absence; my cows being all dryed by it, which was their chief subsistence; though I hope they had not the power to kill any of them outright.

"They found out a good expedient after it was done to turn it off, and divert the cry of the world against them; and it was to spread a report that my own *brawn* did this mischief; though at first they said my cows ran against a scythe and wounded *themselves*.

"As for the *brawn*, I think any impartial jury would bring him in not guilty, on hearing the evidence. There were three cows all wounded at the same time, one of them in three places: the biggest was a flesh wound, not slanting, but directly in, toward the heart, which

it only missed by glancing outward on the rib. It was nine inches deep; whereas the *brawn's* tusks were hardly two inches long. All conclude that the work was done with a sword, by the breadth and shape of the orifice. The same night the iron latch of my door was twined off, and the wood hacked in order to shoot back the lock, which nobody will think was with an intention to *rob* my family. My house dog, who made a huge noise within doors, was sufficiently punished for his want of politics and MODERATION; for the next day but one his leg was almost chopped off by an unknown hand. 'Tis not every one could bear these things: but I bless God my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in the writing; or than I believe your grace will be in reading them. She is not what she is represented, any more than me. I believe it was this foul beast, of a-worse-than-Erymanthean-boar already mentioned, who fired my flax by rubbing his tusks against the wall; but that was no great matter, since it is now reported I had but *five pounds* loss.

"O my lord! I once more repeat it, that I shall some time have a more equal Judge than any in this world.

"Most of my friends advise me to leave Epworth if e'er I should get from hence. I confess I am not of that mind, because I may yet do good there; and 'tis like a coward, to desert my post because the enemy fire thick upon me. They have only wounded me yet, and I believe CAN'T kill me. I hope to be at home by Xmas. God help my poor family! For myself, I have but one life: but while that lasts, shall be,

"Your grace's ever obliged and most humble servant,

"S. WESLEY."

As it was evident his sufferings were occasioned by the malice of those who hated both his ecclesiastical and state politics; the clergy and several who were well affected to the government, lent him prompt and effectual assistance, so that in a short time more than half of his debts were paid, and all the rest in a train of being liquidated. These things he mentions with the highest gratitude in the following letter to the archbishop of York:—

Lincoln Castle, 7*r*. [*Sept.*] 17, 1705.

"MY LORD,—I am so full of God's mercies that neither my eyes nor heart can hold them. When I came hither, my stock was but little above *ten shillings*, and my wife's at home scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with: but I returned them, and God soon provided for me. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed. But they are all known to him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness; and I beg your grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for his blessing upon them.

"This day I have received a letter from Mr. Hoar, that he has paid ninety-five pounds, which he has received from me. He adds that 'a very great man has just sent him thirty pounds more;' he mentions not his name, though surely it must be my patron. I find I walk a deal lighter; and hope I shall sleep better now these sums are paid, which

will make almost half my debts. I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks: but I can pray heartily for my benefactors; and I hope I shall do it while I live, and so long beg to be esteemed

"Your grace's most obliged, and thankful humble servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

I find no account of Mr. Wesley's liberation from Lincoln Castle, where he had now been for about three months: but I suppose it took place shortly after this, and that he was with his family by Christmas. He appears to have got on in life much more pleasantly than before; and the evil which his enemies intended him was turned to his advantage; the wrath of man praised God, and the remainder of it he restrained. I meet with no more complaints in his correspondence, which with the archbishop of York appears to have been interrupted till the year 1707, when it was resumed on merely clerical business.

I have already had occasion several times to refer to the poem on the *Battle of Blenheim*, which was written in 1705, and procured him a chaplainship in the army. This poem I have never seen in *print*, nor do I know where it thus exists: (though I believe it was printed in a folio pamphlet, about this time:) but a fine copy, undoubtedly the *original*, written out in his best hand, by Mr. Wesley himself, and sent to the archbishop of York, now lies before me, and may be finally lost, if not inserted here. It contains *five hundred and ninety-four* lines, and is intituled,

MARLBOROUGH, OR THE FATE OF EUROPE.

FAR from the sun and regions bless'd and mild,
Almost to utmost *Thule* here exil'd,
Forgetting and forgotten long I lay,
Nor once wak'd up, nor had one thought of *day:*
As *Greenland* plants which neither breathe nor grow,
When press'd beneath eternal hills of snow;
As frozen insects to some crevice fly,
From winter's rage, and die or seem to die;
Yet when the sun returns they all revive,
And taste his genial rays, and wonder how they live.
Such was the change, when fame and conquest joined,
And garlands for the hero's temples twin'd.
On *Rhetian* Alps the vocal goddess stood,
And ruin saw beneath, and seas of blood.
She saw the English lion fast advance,
And tear the *lyses* from the arms of France.
Thrice did she Marlborough and conquest sound,
And spread the news through all her endless round;
To *Asian* fields by sanguine *Ister* borne,
And regions bordering on the rising morn.
For *Gallic* fields more slowly moved the Rhone,
And fill'd them with a universal groan.
The joyful Rhine, a captive now no more,
Urg'd on its waves to greet the Belgic shore.
Fair *Thames* and *Medway* hear, nor would they stay,
But to Agusta's walls, with shouts, the news convey.
Nor my lov'd *Trent* unmov'd; though calm before,
She with a double *eagre* sweeps the shore;
They only echo to the voice of fame,
Conquest and *Marlborough* they all proclaim.

Goddess, resume thy long neglected lyre,
Once more the vocal strings with soul inspire,
The hero sing, and of his fame partake,
While his immortal deeds thy song immortal make!
The Father who the fates of empires weighs,
And with impartial eye the world surveys,
Beheld the Gallic pow'r so haughty grown,
It dar'd rebel and struggle with his own,
Snatch at his thunder, and affect his throne.
They even transcend great nature's steadfast mound,
Reverse her laws, and good and ill confound.
Force is their *right;* their oaths their sacred word,
Short-lived convenience, and their god their sword.
Nor this the eternal Sun who shines above,
Whose essence's truth, whose beauteous rays are love;
Who will not force the mind, but gently draws,
And whose wise goodness to his pow'r gives laws;
He saw the monster swell to vast excess,
Her ancient bounds with scornful pride transgress:
One wing beyond the cloudy Alps was stretch'd,
O'er Pyrenean rocks her other reach'd:
The volumes of her vast enormous train,
To worlds unknown beyond the Atlantic main.
The *German Eagle* next, the wings t' invade,
While nations shake beneath her deadly shade;
The royal bird in vain his thunder bears,
And oft though struck to earth himself he rears;
Cuff'd and disabled oft, attempts to rise,
And re-assume his empire in the skies;
Wounded and faint, maintains a feeble fight,
With equal valour, but inferior might.
The *Dragon's* teeth, fierce new-born armies yield,
An iron harvest round the moisten'd field;
Intestine foes the sacred empire tear,
And in her bowels urge unnatural war.
A prosperous traitor, with invaders join'd,
To ruin what barbarians spar'd design'd:
Germany is no more; the *Gauls* advance,
O'er captive *Ister's* streams, and all is *France.*
Hardly their fam'd metropolis appear'd,
And something now beyond the *Turks* they fear'd.
Like some strong town whose walls the foe had gain'd,
The narrow citadel alone remain'd,
Ill guarded, half deserted, and distress'd,
A panic terror seizing every breast.

Liguria pass'd, again the furious *Gaul,*
Might *Rome* have sack'd, and press'd the capitol.
But Rome submits, nor boasts her mighty deeds,
Infallible,—while Gallic pow'r succeeds.
Yet still more base, perfidious aid she lends,
And with mean arts betrays her ancient friends;
Retreating slow with rage the floods they cross'd;
What they by valour gain'd, by treason lost.

The while, a joy to madness near allied,
Lutetia's temples rends, and swells her pride:
The Pagans' sanguine rites reproach no more,
Or Scythian altars stain'd with human gore,
When mis-nam'd Christians dare affront the skies,
And myriads after myriads sacrifice;
Rank in their squadrons every guiltless star,
And make them parties in their impious war.

Yet think no grateful incense can aspire,
Like smoke from towns that shine with hostile fire.
Couriers on breathless couriers daily sent,
Fresh laurels bring, and fame itself prevent.
Te Deums now are vulgar anthems grown,
From *matins* and from *vespers* hardly known.
Those decent thanks for *heaven* they spare, 'tis true,
But to their *monarch* think far more is due.
New blasphemies, new adorations paid,
They kiss his feet, and still implore his aid.
If *Lewis* shine, they laugh at those above;
As father Nile alone is Egypt's Jove.
Elated even beyond their nation's pride,
Themselves, as well as him, they deified.
While *Lewis* like the *Samian* tyrant reigns,
And fortune by his chariot leads in chains.
The bounds of human happiness surpass'd,
To the third heir, he sees his ill got conquest last.

Such was the face of things, such Europe's state,
When thus the sovereign arbiter of fate:—
"Thus far have we the oppressor's fall delay'd:
But here shall his insulting waves be stay'd.
Worthy our vengeful thunder now he grows;
And now 'tis worthy heaven to interpose:
This moment's fixed by our unchang'd decree
The utmost verge of prosp'rous tyranny."
Then of the powers which near His throne attend,
And by the wond'rous golden chain descend,
He singles these:—first *prudence*, heavenly fair,
Her looks unclouded, yet with thoughtful air.
The next was *fortitude;*—what sprightly grace
And promises of conquest in her face!
Celerity was in commission join'd,
Whose wings outfly the lightning and the wind.
Then *secrecy* with modest glories crown'd,
And rob'd with awful clouds, which Heaven's bright throne surround.

"Go to the man," He said, "by us design'd
To humble France, and Europe's chains unbind:
Go, and our seal'd commission with you bear,
His constant guards, and partners of the war."
By intuition they his name discern'd;
Yet unpronounc'd lest by some traitor learn'd,
Crowding disguis'd among the sons of day,
He should th' important truth to hell's allies convey.

They bow'd; and swerving down the deep descent,
Borne on a beauteous lunar rainbow went,
And *Marlborough!* alighted at thy tent;
As on *Mosella's* streams thy squadrons lay,
Waiting for thee, and the returning day.
For now the silent noon of night was o'er,
And Phœbe hastened to her eastern shore.
Thoughtful they found the chief, his head reclin'd,
The fate of Europe labouring in his mind.
His heavenly friends unseen assistance brought,
Mould the great scheme, and polish every thought;
Till ripened with new vigour in his eyes,
And waked from deep concern,—"It must be thus," he cries:
"This saves our friends, and breaks th' united powers
Of haughty France and hell, if Heaven be ours:"
Then calls to horse; his willing troops obey;
Speed marched before, and travell'd all the way;

While *secrecy* a cloud around them drew,
Too thick for subtle spies or traitor's view:
Such that which round God's favourite armies spread,
And safe thro' sandy worlds and trackless deserts led.
Dazzled at first the foes before him run,
Like birds obscene that cannot bear the sun;
O'er *Ister's* streams their leader speeds his flight,
Immers'd in earth, and shuns the conscious light;
There, meditating mischief, doom'd to wait
Till France awhile prolongs and shares his fate.
Once more from earth th' imperial eagle springs,
And prunes his bolts and shakes his moulted wings:
Tho' slow with wounds, his fate is pleas'd to try,
And bravely bid for death or victory;
Nor needs the heavenly courier, sent to guide
The British chief, unguarded leave his side:
The German heroes need not press to join
And share the glory of the brave design.
As when a matron by fierce ruffians found
Unguarded and alone is seiz'd and bound;
If Heaven to her unhop'd assistance send,
Some generous warrior or some powerful friend;
They need not long her valiant sons persuade,
('Tis nature's kindly task) to join their aid;
They on the wings of love and duty fly,
Resolv'd to save her, or resolv'd to die.
Who first, who next, shall of these worthies claim
A deathless memory in the rolls of fame!
Eugene the first such faith such valour shown,
Adopted Germany's and all her own:
Whose arms too well the *Gallic* ensigns know,
Oft met by *Mincius*, and the royal Po,
And rolled in blood: nor *Baden's* sword in vain
On misbelievers drawn, he has his thousands slain.
Next him undaunted *Hesse*:—how young, how brave
A *German* all, he hates the name of slave,
Triumphant *France* his arms have taught to yield,
And trail'd their conqu'ring standards from the field.

More might I sing, in time's fair leaves enroll'd,
How prodigal of life, how largely soul'd!
Who when the rally'd foe with cautious fear
On *Danube's* banks strove to secure their rear;
When art and nature in their camp unite
Forc'd the strong pass and put 'em both to flight:
Earnest of greater sums which fate will pay,
A glorious morning to a brighter day.

See where the French new Hydra armies send
At once to ruin and assist their friend:
Till when too weak, he not disdains to try
Base faith-breach and unprincely treachery.
Virtues he copied from his great ally:
Obtending treaty would our faith abuse,
And where he can't resist our arms, amuse.
But prudence, calling diffidence to aid,
To the confederate chief the fraud displayed:
So may they join in happy hour, said he,
Our fight will yield a double victory.
Devotion which too oft in camps has been
A stranger, nor in temples always seen,

Drawn by his great example and desire,
Returns, and does his vigorous troops inspire
With a new warmth, and more than martial fire.
When Heaven they conquer, how can man withstand,
Or mortal strength resist the Almighty's hand?
Secure of fate, they on success rely,
'Tis with them equal now to sleep or die.
They with their strong cherubic guards unite,
And like the Thundering Legion pray and fight;
For now the long expected morn arose,
Which showed them their desire, the united foes.
Not eager lovers with more transport see
Long absent friends than these their enemy.
Though all they wished, the numbers and the ground
Was theirs, and hills, and woods, and shades profound;
Without such odds we had not fought 'em fair,
Deep trenches here, and tow'ring ramparts there:
A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke
Their *master's last and only reason spoke.*
Their flank the *Danube* fatally secures
Whose stream a foreign lord ill pleased endures,
But like the towns whose captive walls he laves,
Which blush to see their towers reflected from his waves,
The approaching happy moment waits with pain,
When fate and Marlborough shall break his chain.
Nor this sufficed. In front a deep morass,
Denying all that wanted wings to pass;
But soon our general's conduct and his care
Strong flying bridges threw, and marched in air.

When from the bog's abyss a *phantom* rose,
And did his vast tremendous form disclose,
All armed in burnished brass: a shield he wore
Of polished steel, with *lyses* powdered o'er,
Whose drooping heads surcharged with human gore.
Superb his air, as when from bliss he fell;
He was no vulgar potentate in hell.

"Shall we look on, and no assistance lend
Our darling nation, and our bravest friend?
Must then a *woman* crush our rising state?
O envy! O malignity of fate!
Can *Bourbon* fall like feeble *Austria!* Can
A God confessed submit to less than man?—
Ye powers! do two Elizas breathe in Anne!
Shall partial heaven her arms and counsels guide,
And for her favourite chief such guards provide!
(He saw the shining warriors by his side.)
Must nature's self within his ranks take pay,
While pushing on the great decisive day?
Big with such vast events, bold mortal, stay!
Though water, earth, and air I must resign,
I'll try if all the elements be thine,
Turenne and *Schomberg!* for a third prepare
Your silent shades; this moment sees him there!"
He said, then to a murdering cannon pressed,
Traversed the piece, and points it at his breast;
One of his train gives fire, the bullet takes its flight,
And drew behind a trail of deadly light:
But glorious *Michael*, who attends unseen,
Steps in and claps his sevenfold targe between:
'Twas he for the *red cross* adorned his breast,
And the *old dragon's* spoils his dreadful crest.

Dropped short the fiery messenger of death,
As with his journey tired and out of breath.
The fiend blasphemed his hopeful project crossed,
And thrice renounced what long before he'd lost:
He thence amid the thickest ranks retires,
And all with his own desperate rage inspires.
'Twas well his caitiff body was but air,
Or Marlborough had found and seized him there,
Who, all things now prepared to strike the blow,
Thus to his English soldiers, *Here's the foe!*
Like air, like fire, like *English* swift they ran,
With well known shouts the bloody toil began.
Now fight, Philistines, or your Dagon's gone,
The sacred ark prevails, and you're undone.
They did as Lewis were himself in sight;
As who for life, and more for empire fight,
Forget themselves; and charge and charge again,
Nor only in their onset more than men,
Rallied and rallied, till though bored and broke,
And death with death repaid, and stroke with stroke.

And did we shrink? Did English troops give way?
Say ye who felt them, brave, though conquered, say!
Pressed by your numbers, did we seem to fly,
Or start? Did any leave his rank to die!
How decently they fell, unknowing none to yield,
And with their manly bodies strewed the field!

What warriors those, with death encompassed round,
It should be *Cutts*, but he's without a wound:
So many a scar from former fields he wore,
He now escapes, there was no room for more!
Thus stars which in the galaxy combine
With numerous beams, yet undistinguished shine.
Look down, ye blessed! O *Courcy*, *Talbot*, *Vere*,
Look down, and know your genuine offspring here!
Glory's too mean a prize, 'tis false, though bright:
But these for liberty and Europe fight.
'Tis fairly thrown, the gains will quit the cost;
This evening sees a world preserved or lost.

At distance labouring round great *Eugene see*,
And with him the remains of *Germany*.
What life, what spirit, what superior air?
How can such troops be beat when *Eugene's* there?
Nor were they unemployed; nor would the foe
Led by *Bavaria*, yield without a blow.
So a fell wolf that long unchecked has prowl'd
And scour'd the plains, and stormed the trembling fold;
When him the shepherds to his covert track,
And aided by their faithful dogs attack;
Oblique he grins, fierce, though encompassed round,
Still fights, and none escapes without a wound.

Of troops, brigades, and wings, the rest take care,
But Marlborough alone is every where;
As *prudence* bids, the various battle views;
Like nature, what is lost by time and death renews;
Till *courage* calls, her well known voice he hears,
Erect and greater than himself appears.
With him the *English* cavalry advance,
And charge and mingle with the flower of France.
They feel the odds, their ancient lords they fly,
And now had little else to do but die.

Churchill who like his brother look'd and fought,
One army slew, another captive brought:
While by Lord *Hesse*, the *Belgic* squadrons led,
Like English charg'd; the French admired and fled.
For now 'tis done; the mighty struggle's past;
The braver juster side prevails at last.
France *may* be beat; her boasted reign is o'er,
The scourge and terror of the world's no more.
There, Lewis! all thy blasted laurels lie;
And there, thy universal *monarchy!*
Thy hoary warriors boast their spoils in vain:
Th' *invincibles* are broke; th' *immortal squadron's* slain!

Let chronicles to future worlds recite
The carnage and the relics of the fight;
What thousands plunge in death their lives to save,
And sought glad refuge underneath the wave;
Sinking, a ghastly look behind them threw,
Lest to the bottom we should them pursue;
While their more valiant leader dared survive,
And to adorn our triumphs deigns to live.
What armies we of *generals* led away,
What *lumber-captains*, and how vast a prey;
Troops of *noblesse*, *battoons*, and mangled *peers*,
How many a house in France that mourning wears;
Tho' kind gazettes repair the loss with ease,
And raise new *paper-squadrons* as they please.

But why so slow? Why does not Lewis stamp,
Or with a nod recruit Bavaria's camp?
Must he for nature's tardy methods wait,
Th' *immortals* in an instant can create.
Why then delay his succours 'till the spring,
Since greater honour to his pow'r 'twould bring
To make an *army* than to make a *king*.
Or did he leave his friend to fall so low,
The greater pow'r in his relief to show?
Nor did he at the shadow snatch in vain:
See him ambitious regal honours gain,
E'en in his flight, for thus did France ordain.
'Till the next vacancy preferment brings,
And ranks him in the college of his kings.

Gazettes may fill the triumphs that remain
We glean some *dukes*, and a few *towns* we gain
Before, the work of but one large campaign.
We *came*, we *conquered*, ev'n before we *saw*
Augsburg and *Ulm*, and thee regain'd, *Landau!*

And now for peace should Europe humbly sue,
And gen'rous France the treaty deign renew;
Should she the glory of her arms deny,
And condescend to part with Germany,
Her righteous cause so must an umpire leave,
As cannot be deceived nor can deceive;
The *infallible* at *Rome*, the sacred chair,
Where faith can hardly with her own compare:—
What happy halcyon days must needs ensue
How just, how firm the alliance, and how true!
Next to have ne'er begun the war how bless'd
Our land, of peace on such fair terms possess'd.
Thus soon may *Lewis* move, and thus may those
Who scarce disguis'd declare for Europe's foes;

And had their sage advice prevail'd before,
Marlborough ne'er had left our English shore,
The mighty work had still been uncomplete,
And heaven in vain had form'd him well and great.
We merit chains if France again we trust,
Who will not, cannot, to her oaths be just.
Her frowns are many, but her smiles are base:
These fairly kill; those stab with an embrace.
Bavaria, *Savoy*, greater names can say
How dearly for her friendship fond to pay,
May those be bless'd with such a strong ally,
Who start at swords, and would by ling'ring poisons die!
Let war, and let more hundred millions come,
And worse perhaps than either feuds at home.
So our loud crimes may not so high ascend,
As to pull down the curse of having France our friend!
The die is cast, and fortune courts the brave;
No medium's left, he must be lord or slave.

Too long, illustrious chief! have we delay'd,
The praise, the triumphs, which can ne'er be paid.
We lent thee to th' allies, but never gave,
Hast thou another Germany to save?

At length he comes, and leaves the Belgian shore;
What myriads stretch to meet him half seas o'er;
While his loved name their hearts and lips employs,
Prevents their eyes, and antedates their joys.
Some praise his equal conduct in the *state*,
In *council* calm, unmoved by warm *debate*,
Great in the *court*, yet him the *country* bless
Great in the *camp*, how rare a happiness!
Above a narrow faction's mean design,
True as the sun to his meridian line.
These his *dexterity* for business made,
His application these, and timely aid.
Some his *humanity*; how easy of access,
How prone to save, and pity and redress;
How form'd to help, how made to please and bless!
While others choose his *laurels* fetch'd from far,
Fight o'er his battles, and renew the war.
Like the great Spirit that moves this varied whole
Is Marlborough his numerous armies' soul.
'Tis he informs each part, his looks inspire
With vig'rous wisdom and with tempered fire.
Nothing he leaves to chance's blind pretence,
But all is *prudence*, all is *providence*.
Firm and intrepid to the last degree,
Alike from slowness and from rashness free;
The French and German virtues he unites,
Like one consults, and like the other fights.
Above mean arts of spinning long campaigns,
Where both must lose but neither party gains;
'Twas not for this his English march'd so far,
He came to end, and not to make a war.
The torrent of his conquests flows so fast,
Like waves the first is buried in the last;
When *Liege* the deluge of his arms subdued,
Bavaria might his gathering fate have view'd.

One summer's isthmus only did repress,
The two vast rival seas of his success.
While fate took time to breathe that instant o'er,
The waters rend away the narrow shore;

Both oceans meet, new hills on hills are toss'd
And mingling waves in friendly waves are lost.
The Macedonian youth, whose arms subdued
The *Roman-Persians* and the *Indians* rude,
Beyond a mortal lineage strove to rise,
And claim'd ambitious kindred with the skies:
But had his phalanx won such fame as ours,
And routed *Bourbon's* and *Bavaria's* powers,
For *Hammon's* son too great, he'd soar above,
And filled the car of *Mars*, or throne of *Jove*.
Our conqueror saves more than the Greek o'erran;
Yet bows to heaven, and owns himself a *man;*
Forbids those altars we attempt to raise,
At once surmounts both vanity and praise!

But emperors alike and poets err,
Who strive to raise his finished character;
The name of Marlborough such worth proclaims,
Hero and *prince* to that are vulgar names:
His sovereign's smiles, and heaven's alone can pay
What Europe owes him for so great a day.

And now her awful head *Brittannia* rears
On *Dubri's* cliffs, an azure robe she wears,
The sword and long contested trident bears;
While her white rocks the turrets of her court
Can scarce th' impatient gazer's weight support;
While thither all her subjects turn their eyes,
As *Persians* when their god prepares to rise,
And thousands after thousands crowding ran;
Pleas'd with the concourse, thus the nymph began:—
"If ever joy admitted of excess,
It must be now, for mine is hardly less;
Already the lov'd man yon waits in sight,
The distant skies are fring'd with radiant light;
The waves can scarce support the weight he brings,
As proud as when they brought your captur'd kings:
Yet e'er once more his native lands are press'd,
And England with his glorious footsteps bless'd,
With care a mother's kind advice attend:
Brittannia speaks, a *mother* and a *friend.*
So may you brighter trophies yet obtain,
Nor heav'n on favour'd Albion smile in vain.
Enough, my sons! enough of noise and strife,
And stern debate, the deadliest plagues of life.
Now learn to love; your arrows close unite,
Unbroke and firm as your own ranks in fight.
My senates will, I know they will combine
To frustrate tottering France's last design:
If those agree she doubly must despair;
If not, we lose in peace our gains in war.
Contend they may, and warmly will debate,
Which most shall guard, and most adorn the state.
Or first my wishes and their own prevent,
In thanks for those high blessings heaven has sent.
Their only strife, their only grand contest,
Which loves their sovereign and their country best.
How weighty falls the curse on those whose pride
Or faction would those sacred names divide!
Why should they clash who equal good intend,
Or differ in their *method* more than *end!*
Preserve, my sons, those barriers heaven has made,
Let none my ancient landmarks dare invade!

Unenvious to yourselves your bliss possess,
And be for once content with happiness!
Look round the spacious globe, and find a spot,
(In vain ye seek it) that excels your lot.
Fire, rapine, famine, sweep all Europe's plains;
Here, throned in blood, a moody tyrant reigns:
Weak councils and contending interests there
With much of pain, expense, intrigue, and care,
Treasure eternal seeds of strife and war:
Here a young Phæton drives furious on,
With his high seat and fortune giddier grown:
His hands would Jove's own ponderous bolts retain,
That grasp the unwieldy forces of the main:
Rashless pursues what valour well began,
He'd kings unmake, and make, e'er he's himself a man.
While sacred *Themis* in my Albion reigns,
Whose equal hand my sword and Heaven's sustains;
Impartial she, how fondly fabled blind,
Sent to redress the wrongs of all mankind.
See her the bright capacious balance hold,
Like that which shines above, and flames with heavenly gold.
In vain the Gaul his ancient arts has shown,
And in the lighter scale his sword has thrown;
Her temper'd blade to th' adverse scale applied,
His mounts in air, and feels the juster side:
Nor will she sheathe it, to the hilt embued
And drunk with hostile blood, till France and vice subdued;
Yet calm, as those above, if aught they know
Aught that concerns their militant friends below
When tyrants here subdued or monsters slain,
A sober joy shoots round the eternal plain.
How firmly wise! how great her easy state!
What goodness does majestic power rebate.
Strong as *Hyperion* shoots his golden light;
Yet mild her rays, as *Cynthia's*, and as bright.
Her soul, like the superior orbs serene,
Which know not what a cloud or tempest mean;
Though pointed flames are by their influence hurl'd,
And their unerring thunders awe the subject world,
If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How bless'd, who her maternal goodness share.
Her bounds beyond Herculean columns known,
And ancient *Calpe's* walls her empire own:
While peace and justice she at home maintains,
And in her subjects' hearts unrivall'd reigns.
Whom has she not obliged? How wretched those
Who are their own, and her's, and virtue's foes!
Eliza might have learnt from her to please;
Herself she taxes for her people's ease:
What altars by her gen'rous hand supplied,
Whose flames have dimly roll'd, whose fires had died,
Shall shine with incense which her bounty threw,
And constant intercourse with heaven renew?
From thence a full return of blessings gain,
Nor have her grateful offerings blazed in vain.
The vested priests the cheerful flame surround,
Deserted domes are filled and altars crown'd.
For her their vows, for her their victims bleed,
Long, long may she herself, herself succeed!
Long, e'er from us and her loved prince she part,
'Tis less to share a crown than share her heart."
She said; and now the smiling surges bore
Her best loved son safe to her oozy shore.

But sooner may we count the unnumber'd sands
Than half the crowd of lifted eyes and hands.
The mingled smiles with floods of joyous tears;
The prayers, the shouts, when Marlborough appears.
She gazed intemperate on the hero's face;
He saw and bowed, and ran to her embrace:
But what she said a mortal strives in vain,
'Tis past the powers of numbers to explain.
Such was the moving scene, if not the same,
When love and his illustrious consort came,
Th' unrivall'd partner of his heart and fame!
Blow soft, ye gentle winds! let storms retire,
Ye gentle winds ambrosial sweets respire!
Soft as chaste lovers' sighs, let nature bring
Th' inverted year, and raise a second spring!
On foreign shores let war and winter rest,
Our happy isle of Marlborough possessed,
With peace and with eternal verdure blessed.

This long poem would admit of much illustration: but as the transactions it records are all in *common* history, the reader can find little difficulty in furnishing himself with the necessary elucidations. Instead therefore of a *tissue of notes*, I shall give a general account of the battle, which Mr. Wesley has so largely sung:—

The battle is frequently called in our histories the *Battle of Hockstet;* and also the *Battle of Blenheim* or Pleytheim. HOCKSTET is a fortified town of Germany, on the north side of the *Danube*, about *twenty-nine* miles south-west of *Ulm*, and *ten* west by south of *Donawert*.

BLENHEIM is only a village in the late circle of Bavaria, on the north of the *Danube*, about *three* miles east of *Hockstet* and *thirty* north-east of *Ulm*.

This famous battle was fought Aug. 13, 1704, between the *French* and *Bavarians* on the one side, commanded by *Marshal Tallard*, and the *elector of Bavaria;* and the ALLIES on the other, commanded by the *duke of Marlborough* and *Prince Eugene* of Savoy. The armies were nearly equal; the *French* had about sixty thousand veteran troops, and the *allies* about fifty-two thousand. The *English*, *Imperialists*, *Dutch*, and *Danes*, of which the allied army was composed, were among the *bravest of men*, and had been accustomed to conquer. The French troops were those whom their *great monarch* had led on to frequent victory; and had seldom been broken in the field, or showed their backs to an enemy.

Owing to some gross errors committed by *Marshal Tallard*, of which the *duke of Marlborough* knew well to avail himself, the French and Bavarians were defeated with the loss of nearly forty thousand men. Thirteen thousand were made prisoners, among whom were twelve hundred officers. *Ten* French *battalions* were entirely cut to pieces; *thirty squadrons* of *horse* and *dragoons* were forced into the *Danube*, most of whom were drowned. *Marshal Tallard*, owing to his extreme *short-sightedness*, mistaking a battalion of the Hessians, who fought in the pay of England, for his own troops, rode among them, and was taken prisoner. Among the prisoners were several of the French *nobility*. The Marquis *De Montperaux*, general of the horse; *De Seppeville*, *De Silly*, and *De la Valiere*, major-generals;

Monsieur *De la Massiliere*, *St. Pouange*, *De Legendais*, and several others of distinction.

The ALLIES gained above one hundred pieces of cannon, twenty-four mortars, one hundred and twenty-nine colours, one hundred and seventy-one standards, seventeen pair of kettle drums, three thousand six hundred tents, thirty-four coaches, three hundred laden mules, two bridges of boats, fifteen pontoons, twenty-four barrels, and eight casks of silver.

They *lost* four thousand four hundred and eighty-five men killed, seven thousand five hundred and twenty-five wounded, and two hundred and seventy-three lost or made prisoners; in all twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-three.

By this battle the *elector of Bavaria* lost all his dominions, and the *king of France* the bravest of his armies; and by it the German empire, previously tottering to its centre, and trembling on the brink of total ruin, was freed from the French, and suddenly restored to its political consequence. It is not to be wondered at that the *great hero* under whose *skill* and *management* this important battle was gained should be loaded with honours and emoluments by those in whose service he had conquered. The emperor of Germany made him a *prince of the empire*, and assigned him *Mindelsheim* in Suabia for his principality: this dignity Queen Anne not only permitted him to accept, but gave him the honour and manor of *Woodstock*, and the hundred of *Wootton* to him and his heirs for ever; and caused a palace to be built for him in *Woodstock*, called *Blenheim-house;* which stands equally a monument of his victories, of British munificence, and of the skill of the artist by whom it was constructed.

The *poem* itself has passed its day of criticism; to attempt *now* to review its *merits* and *defects* would be lost labour. It abounds in both; it has many verses which contain beauties of the very first order: and it has others which are both lame and tame, and even worse than *prose.* But its principal defects are its *great length*, which is not sufficiently diversified with either *fiction* or *incident* to make it impressive, or even entertaining; and the very inadequate description of the battle which was fought with extraordinary obstinacy on both sides, and especially on the part of thirteen thousand French troops which were posted in *Blenheim*, and which all the power of the allies could not dislodge, though they returned again and again to the attack, and sacrificed a majority of their infantry before this paltry village. Even when *Marshal Tallard* and the *elector of Bavaria* were defeated, the brave troops which occupied this village kept their ground; and when after the total route of the French and Bavarian lines, they were left without succour, and there was not a general officer to conduct their retreat, they seemed to *capitulate* like a strong garrison, rather than *surrender themselves prisoners of war.* Had not Mr. Wesley's prejudices against the French been carried to the highest pitch, his muse must have found in the conduct of those brave troops a subject equal to the highest flight of her strongest pinion. When the duke of Marlborough visited his illustrious prisoner, Marshal Tallard, after the battle, the marshal paid him the highest compliment by saying, *My lord, you have conquered*

the bravest army in the world: which compliment the duke but ill repaid by answering, "I hope your excellency will except *those* by whom they were vanquished." What a subject for the heroic muse! An army among the bravest in Europe, led on by commanders worthy of their high trust, who were out-generalled and totally defeated by the only generals and troops in the universe which were capable of the fact. Here *British glory* might have been relieved and emblazoned by *French bravery*.

There is but one couplet in this poem, on which I shall make any remark;—the poet describing the French park of artillery says,—

> "A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke
> Their master's *last* and only *reason* spoke."
>
> Lines 229, 30.

This is an allusion to the motto which Lewis XIV. placed on his brass ordnance, *Ultima ratio Regum*, "the last argument of kings;" or, more compressedly, *The logic of kings*. Rightly paraphrased thus;—*Sic volo; sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas*—Thus I will; thus I command: and my will shall stand in the place of reason and justice. I have seen some of these very cannon, with this inscription. This was a logic to which the French have often resorted; and a logic with the rules of which the other powers of Europe are not unacquainted.

That I may dismiss Mr. Wesley's *poetry* at once, there is a piece of exquisite merit intituled *Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator*, which was made either by *him* or his *daughter, Mrs. Wright*, or by *both conjointly*, which I shall introduce here, after making a few remarks.

1. The *hymn* is attributed to *Eupolis*, an Athenian comic poet, who flourished in the eighty-eighth *Olympiad*, four hundred and twenty-eight years before the incarnation of our Lord. He was killed in a naval engagement between the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians;* and his death was so much lamented at *Athens*, that they made a law that no *poet* should ever more bear arms. He is said to have written about twenty-four comedies, of which the *names* only are extant, and may be found in *Fabricius'* Bibl. Græc. vol. i, p. 761.

A work called *Sententia*, printed at Basil, 1560, octavo, has been attributed to him. Of the present poem I shall speak more particularly at the conclusion.

2. This *poem* or *hymn* is preceded by a dialogue between *Plato* and *Eupolis:* but neither *it* nor the *hymn* have ever yet been given *complete* to the public. In the present copy, there are *eighty-four* whole lines which have never been in print before; and the *dialogue* is here, for the first time, given *entire*.

3. The original *dialogue* and *hymn* now lie before me; and were written partly by Mr. *Samuel Wesley* himself, and partly by his daughter, Mrs. *Wright*. The *dialogue* is in the handwriting of Mr. *Wesley*, and all those lines marked with *sections:* all the rest is in the handwriting of Mrs. *Wright*.

4. In those verses written by Mrs. *Wright* there are frequent *alterations* and *emendations* in her *father's hand:* but there is nothing

of this kind in the verses written by *him*. Hence, one might be led to conclude that Mrs. *Wright* was the author of this beautiful hymn; but that several *alterations* were made in it by her *father*, who has added to the amount of *thirty-four lines*, which are here marked with *sections*. Yet the profound and frequent classical allusions argue the hand of a first rate scholar, and seem to be far beyond what might be reasonably expected from any *female* of that time.

5. The lines printed here for the *first time*, and which are *eighty-four* in number, are distinguished by small *asterisks*.

6. I have added a series of *notes* on the more difficult expressions and allusions, which otherwise might embarrass common readers.

7. In the critique at the end of the hymn, without noticing Mrs. Wright, I have joined with the general voice in attributing the hymn to the rector of Epworth.

EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR

THE (SUPPOSED*) OCCASION.

Part of a (new) Dialogue between Plato and Eupolis; the rest not extant.*

EUPOLIS.—But, sir, is it not a little hard that you should banish all our fraternity from your new commonwealth?† As for my own part, every body knows that I am but one of the *minorum gentium*. But what hurt has father *Homer* done, that you should dismiss him among the rest, though he has received the veneration of all ages: and *Salamis* was adjudged to us by the *Spartans*, on the authority of two of his verses?‡ And you know it was in our own times that many of our citizens saved their lives, and met with civil treatment in *Sicily*, after

* These words are written *above* the lines in the original, and at a different time, but in Mr. S. Wesley's hand.

† *Your new commonwealth.*—This refers to a treatise written by Plato, divided into *ten books*, and called Πολιτεια, a republic, or commonwealth; in the third and tenth books of which he shows that *poets* pervert truth, cannot teach what may render the people happy, and tell intolerable tales of the gods.

‡ *Two of his verses.*—The two verses referred to here are the following:—

Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αγεν δυοκαιδεκα νηας,
Στησε δ' αγων, ιν' Αθηναιων ιστανto φαλαγγες.
ILIAD. lib. ii, ver. 557.

With these appear the Salaminian bands
(Whom the gigantic Telamon commands:)
In twelve black ships to *Troy* they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.

Strabo, lib. ix, p. 394, relates that the *Megarians* having claimed *Salamis* as anciently a part of their possessions; the *Athenians* quoted the above lines to show, that in the time of *Homer* the island belonged to *Athens*, and in consequence *Salamis* was adjudged to the Athenians.

our unfortunate expedition and defeat under *Nicias*, by repeating some verses of Euripides.*

PLATO.—Much may be done to save one's life. I doubt not I should have done the same, though only to have regained my liberty when *Dionysius sold* me for a slave.† But those are only occasional accidents, and exempt cases, which are nothing to the first settling of a state, when it is in one's power to mould it as one pleases. As for *Homer*, to be plain, the better poet, the more danger; and I agree in this with *Aristotle*, whose words, to which the poet refers, are, ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δεῖ, that the blind old gentleman certainly lies with the best grace in the world. But a lie, handsomely told, debauches the taste and morals of a people, and fires them into imitation. Beside, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate to the highest degree from the dignity of the Divine nature.

EUPOLIS.—Not to enter at present into the merits of that case, do you really think, sir, that these faults are *inseparable* from *poetry*; and that the praises of the ONE SUPREME may not be sung without any intermixture of them; allowing us only the common benefit of metaphor, and other figures, which you do not blame even in the orators?

PLATO.—An ill habit is hard to break: and I must own I hardly ever saw any thing of that nature; and should be glad to see you or any other attempt, and *succeed* in it: on which condition I would willingly exempt *you* from the fate of your brother poets.

EUPOLIS.—I am far from pretending to be a standard: how I shall succeed in it I do not know, but am sure I shall attempt it, and wait upon you with it.

PLATO.—You know the *academy* will be always pleased to see you, and doubly so on this occasion.

* *Defeat under Nicias.*—This was at Syracuse, where, after doing prodigies of valour, the Athenian army and navy were totally destroyed; most were slain in battle, and the generals and prisoners put to cruel deaths. *Diodorus Siculus* says, some were saved who understood literature and arts; and, perhaps, many of them were those who, from repeating some of the verses of Euripides, were permitted to live.

† *Dionysius sold me for a slave.*—Plato visited Sicily in the fortieth year of his age, and having got an interview with Dionysius the tyrant, discoursed with him on the security and happiness of virtue, and the miseries attending injustice and oppression. The tyrant perceiving that the philosopher's discourse was levelled against the vices and cruelties of his reign, dismissed him from his presence with great displeasure; and formed a design against his life. By the assistance of *Dion*, the king's brother-in-law, one of Plato's pupils, he was got on board of the vessel that brought over Pollis, a delegate from Sparta, who was then returning into Greece. Dionysius being informed of this, got a promise from Pollis, that he would either take away the philosopher's life, or on the passage sell him for a slave. Pollis accordingly sold him in the island of *Egina* for twenty *mina*, equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*: but he was soon redeemed by *Anicerres*, an Athenian philosopher, who paid for his ransom thirty *mina*, or 84*l.* 10*s.* sterling.

EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

AUTHOR of BEING! SOURCE of LIGHT!
With unfading beauties bright.
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb, without a bound.
Whether *thee* thy suppliants call
TRUTH, or GOOD, or ONE, or ALL,
EI, or JAO, thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.
Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love!

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.

Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod;
Sea, earth, and air, confess thee God.
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven; both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To thy pavilion in the skies:

Line 1. *Source of light.*—This was the *body* which the Platonists gave to the Supreme Being.

Line 6. *Or one.*—Plutarch says, that the ancients termed God *Thou who art* ONE; and that it was from this that the term *Apollo* came: for Απολλων, *Apollo,* signifies *He who is not* MANY, from *a,* privative, and πολυς, *many;* because God is only ONE, without mixture, and without composition.

Line 6. *Or all.*—Alluding to the word Παν, *Pan.*—See on line 75.

Line 7. *EI.*—EI, *Thou art,* the famous word that was engraved on the frontispiece of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, on which Plutarch has written an express treatise. There is a consistency here, which is not often met with in Heathenism; for there was the strictest propriety that EI, *Thou art,* should be engraved on the temple dedicated to the Απολλων, *A-pollon,* He whose being is *simple, indivisible.* Plutarch, who travelled into Egypt, to get information on important subjects, doubtless learned the true meaning of this word there. *Moses* had long before proclaimed the *Supreme Being* among that people, by the very expressive word אהיה *eheyeh,* I am, or I shall be, Exod. iii, 14, from which the Greek appellative probably came.

IAO.—The same as יהוה *Yevé,* or Jehovah. Among the Greeks, Ιη, Ιη, *Ié, Ié,* was frequent in their invocations to the gods; which epithet comes manifestly from the Hebrew יה *Jah,* or *Yeh,* a name often accompanying יהוה, *Jevé, Yeveh,* or Yehovah, in the Sacred Writings. Hence the *Jove* and *Jupiter* of the Romans, *Jupiter,* (*q. d. Juvans Pater,* "The helping Father.") This Jao, or Yevé, יהוה *Jehovah,* is here termed, line 9, *Barbaric name,* because the Hebrews were styled *Barbarians* by the *Greeks.* The word ΙΑΩ, *Iao,* is frequently found on those Egyptian amulets called abraxas, abrasaxas.

Line 12. *With rosy cheeks.*—This and the following lines are highly poetic.

Line 18. *Yonder blue, low, liquid sky.*—There is a most happy combination of *liquids* here, which express the subject of it in a most delicate manner.

Line 19. *Earth on its firm basis placed.*—It was a general opinion among the ancients that the earth was a vast extended plane, encircled by the ocean.

Nor can Plato's self declare,
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
* This we know; or if we dream,
* 'Tis at least a pleasing theme;
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train;
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)
Ever beauteous, ever young:
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And thro' heaven's arch resound thy praise!

The feather'd souls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there;
The lark precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn the angelic notes,
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And e'er to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below.
On the green turf their mossy nest,
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast:
Thus like thy golden chain on high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Sole from sole thou mak'st the sun
On his burning axles run:
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky:
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or strait,

Line 33. *Barren above thou dost not reign*, &c.—*Plato* held that there were *three hypostases* in the Divine nature. The *first* he termed το Ον, *The Being* or *Self-existent*, and το Εν, *The One—The Alone*. The *second* he termed νους, *mind*, or *intellect*. And the third ψυχη, *soul*, or ψυχη του κοσμου, *the soul of the world*. The first he oftens terms το Αγαθον, *the Good*, or *Essential goodness;* to which the Apostle seems to refer 1 Pet. iii, 13, *And who shall harm you, εαν του Αγαθου μιμηται γινεσθε, if ye become imitators of the Good Being*. The *second* he terms Λογος, The WORD or *Reason*, to which St. John certainly refers, John i, 1, *In the beginning was the Word*, Λογος, &c, but the *Logos* of the evangelist is evidently different from that of the philosopher: for Plato does not say as John does, και Θεος ην ο Λογος, *and God was the Logos*. From this νους or *intellect* Plato says the το Ον, *Supreme Being*, struck out *innumerable spirits* of inferior order: which is nearly tantamount to God's creating all things by Christ Jesus.

Line 51. *Thus like thy golden chain.*—The ancients fabled that Jupiter had a *chain of gold*, which he could at any time let down from heaven, and by it *draw the earth and all its inhabitants to himself*. See a fine passage to this effect in Homer, Iliad viii, 18–27. By this *chain* the poets pointed out the *union* between heaven and earth; or, in other words, the *government* of the universe, by the *extensive chain of causes and effects*. It was termed *golden*, to point out not only the *beneficence* of the Divine Providence, but also that infinite *philanthropy* of God by which he influences, and by which he *attracts* all mankind to himself. See my note on John xii, 32.

Line 53. *Source of light*, instead of *Sole from sole*. (Mr. J. Wesley's alteration.) The sun being *sole* or *alone* in the system, as God is in the universe: but still this beautiful representation of the Deity derives his being and continuance from *God;* though he be sole *below*, he is from him who is sole *above*.

Line 55. *The stars like dust around him fly.*—Some of the ancients and some of the moderns have held the opinion that *stars*, *planets*, and *comets* have been fragments broken off from the solar orb.

Line 59. *So smooth his course, oblique or strait.*—This is an allusion to the sun's apparent course in the Zodiac, which appears to be *oblique* between the tropics. But all astronomers know that this is occasioned by the earth's motion in its orbit.

Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night,
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre: thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by thee!
* Phœbus borrows from thy beams
* His radiant locks and golden streams,
* Whence *thy* warmth and light disperse,
* To cheer the grateful universe.
Eiresione! we'll no more
For its fancied aid implore;
Since bright *oil* and *wool* and *wine*
And life-sustaining *bread* are thine;
* Wine that sprightly mirth supplies,
* Noble wine for sacrifice!

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our *Attic* plains.
The *olive* with fresh verdure crown'd
Rises pregnant from the ground,
* Our native plant, our wealth, our pride,
* To more than half the world denied.
At Jove's command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.

Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,
Herb, and flow'r, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich *Sabeans* reign,
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, for medicine, or delight;
Planted by thy *guardian* care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
* *Alcinoan* gardens in their pride,
* With blushing fruit from thee supplied.

Line 69. *Eiresione! we'll no more.*—The Greek word Ειρεσιωνη Eiresione, means a kind of *telesm* used by the Athenians by the command of the Oracle of Apollo, to drive away *famine*. It was an *olive branch* rolled round with *wool*, on which were hung *ripe fruits*, a *pot of honey*, a *bottle of oil*, &c, in a word, the different species of fruits and necessaries of life peculiar to the *four seasons* of the year: and one of these was hung up at the door of each house. *Suidas* gives the derivation of the name thus:—Ειρεσιωνη δε λεγεται δια τα ερια, "it was called *Eiresione*, because of the *wool*," which the Greeks call ειριον. See also Plutarch, and a quotation from Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. i, p. 395.

Line 75. *Thy herbage, O great Pan.*—The *Mendes* of the Egyptians was the *Pan* of the *Greeks* and *Romans;* and signified him whose nature is *infinite*, and whose government is *universal*, from παν, *all*, because he is the Author and Governor of *all things*. In process of time the pure ideas which the Greeks had entertained of the Divine nature became obliterated, and the Ὁ μεγας Παν, *The great Pan*, degenerated among the Romans, &c, into a monster, *half man, half goat!*

Line 77. *The olive with fresh verdure crowned.*—Neptune and Minerva, called also *Athena*, are said to have contended who should give a name to the new city which *Cecrops* had built. It was at last agreed that whoever should produce the most *beneficial gift* should give the city its name. *Neptune* struck the earth with his trident, and a *horse* sprung up. *Minerva* caused an *olive* to spring from the ground: she conquered, and called the city after her own name, *Athenæ* or *Athens*.

Line 83. *Minerva only is thy mind.*—Minerva is fabled to have sprung out of the brain of Jupiter full grown and completely armed. A fine mythologic representation of the nature of *wisdom*.

Line 93. *Alcinoan gardens.*—*Alcinous* was the son of *Nausithous*, and king of the *Pheacians*, in the island of Corcyra. He was so famous a horticulturist, that his gardens and fruit became proverbial. He is celebrated by *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and others.

O ye nurses of soft dreams!
Reedy brooks and winding streams
* By our tuneful race admir'd,
* Whence we think ourselves inspired:
Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding thro' the meadows green;
Or where thro' matted sedge ye creep,
Travelling to your parent deep,
Sound his praise by whom ye rose,
That sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
§ Which the enraptured student loves:
Beneath whose venerable shade,
§ For learned thought, and converse made:
* § Or in the fam'd *Lycean* walks,
* § Or where my heavenly Master talks:
§ Where *Hecadem*, old hero lies,
§ Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And thro' the gloom of silent night,
Project from far your trembling light.
You whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow,
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads! in homage bend!
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy!
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether various nature's play,
Or she renvers'd thy will obey;
And to rebel man declare,
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Atheists laugh, and dare despise,
The threatening vengeance of the skies:
While the pious on his guard,

Line 97. *By our tuneful race admired.*—That is, the poets.

Line 102. *Travelling to your parent deep.*—The rivers are called by the poets the thousand daughters of *Oceanus*.

Line 109. *Or in the famed Lycean walks.*—The Lyceum was a celebrated school at Athens, where *Aristotle* taught and explained his philosophy. It was composed of porticoes and trees planted in the quincunx form, among which the philosophers disputed *walking;* hence called Περιπατητικοι, Peripatetics; from περι, *about*, and πατεω, *I walk*. The followers of Aristotle were called the Peripatetics from this circumstance; and the followers of Plato were called Academics, from the place called the *Academy*, where Plato gave his lectures. See the note on ver. 111.

Line 111. *Where Hecadem, old hero lies.*—Hecademus, or Academus, was a famous hero among the *Athenians* in the time of *Theseus*. He had a plot of ground about a thousand paces from the city, which he bequeathed to the *public* at his death. It was in this place that Plato taught his philosophy; and as the place got the name of *Academy*, from its ancient *owner;* so Plato's scholars had the name of *Academics* from the place. This is the origin of our word *academy*. The grounds of the *Academy* formed the burying place of the principal heroes and philosophers of Athens.

Line 115. *You whose roots, &c.*—Virgil speaks this of the *oak*—

Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.

GEORG. ii, ver. 291.

High as his topmost boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominions tend. DRYDEN.

Undismay'd is still prepared:
Life or death his mind 's at rest,
Since what *you send* must needs be best.

* What cannot thy almighty wit
* Effect, or influence, or permit;
* Which leaves free causes to their will,
* Yet guides and overrules them still!
* The various minds of men can twine,
* And work them to thy own design:
* For who can sway what boasts 'tis *free*,
* Or rule a commonwealth, but *thee?*
* Our stubborn will thy word obeys,
* Our folly shows thy wisdom's praise:
* As skilful steersmen make the wind,
* Tho' rough, subservient to mankind.
* A tempest drives them safe to land;
* With joy they hail and kiss the sand.

* So when our angry tribes engage,
* And dash themselves to foam and rage,
* The demagogues, the winds that blow,
* Heave and toss them to and fro;
* *Silence!* is by thee proclaim'd,
* The tempest falls, the winds are tam'd:
* At *thy* word the tumults cease,
* And all is calm, and all is peace!

* Monsters that obscurely sleep
* In the bottom of the deep,
* Or when for air or food they rise
* Spout the *Ægean* to the skies;
* Know thy voice, and own thy hand,
* Obsequious to their lord's command;
* As the waves forget to roar,
* And gently kiss the murmuring shore.

No evil can from thee proceed,
'Tis only *suffered*, not *decreed:*

Line 147. *So when our angry tribes engage.*—The ideas in this and the following seven lines are the same with those in the following passage of VIRGIL, ÆNEID I, ver. 148.

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent: arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

As when *sedition* fires, th' *ignoble crowd*,
And the *wild rabble* storms and thirsts for blood;
Of stones and brands a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms which rage supplies.
If some grave sire appears amidst the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive; while the sage controls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
PITT.

Line 158. *Spout the Ægean to the skies.*—The Ægean sea is properly a part of the *Mediterranean* near to Greece, parting Europe from Asia. It is commonly called the *Archipelago.*

As darkness is not from the sun
Nor mount the shades till he is gone,
Then night obscene does straight arise
From *Erebus*, and fills the skies;
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of *nothing* and of *shade*.
* When wars and pains afflict mankind,
* 'Tis for a common good designed,
* As tempests sweep and clean the air,
* And all is healthy, all is fair.
* Good, and true, and fair, and right,
* Are thy choice and thy delight.
* Government thou didst ordain,
* Equal justice to maintain:
* Thus thou reign'st enthron'd in state,
* Thy will is just, thy will is fate.
* The good can never be unblest,
* While impious minds can never rest;
* A plague within themselves they find,
* Each other plague, and all mankind.

* Can we forget thy guardian care,
* Slow to punish, prone to spare.
* Or heroes by thy bounty rais'd
* To eternal ages prais'd?
* *Codrus*, who Athens lov'd so well
* *He* for *her* devoted fell;
* *Theseus* who made us madly free,
* And dearly bought our liberty;
* Whom our grateful tribes repaid,
* With murdering him who brought them aid;

Line 165. *As darkness is not from the sun.*—Here is a simple argument taken from an incontestable matter of fact, that most forcibly explodes the horrible doctrine, that God has *willed* and *decreed evil*. God is the fountain of *good*, and is essentially good; therefore evil cannot come from him. This is absolutely impossible, as nothing can give what it does not possess. But evil does exist: then it is *suffered*, not *decreed*. There is such a thing as *darkness*: but this cannot be from the *sun*; for he is a *body of light*, and there is no darkness in *him*. *Darkness* is not from the *sun*;—*sin and evil* are not from GOD.

Line 168. *From* Erebus, *and fills the skies.*—Erebus in fable is one of the infernal gods; supposed to be father of *Nox*, or Night, whom he begot of *Chaos* or *Nothing*. The word is evidently corrupted from the Hebrew ערב *Ereb*, Gen. i, 8, which there signifies the *evening*, or *twilight*, from the word *arab*, to mingle, because *twilight* is a mixture of *light* and *darkness*.

Line 180. *Thy will is fate.*—The word *fate* has been grossly misapplied and abused: it comes from the supine *fatum*, spoken; of the verb *fari*, to speak, and signifies in reference to God, what he *has spoken*; and when rightly understood, in reference to his government of the world and treatment of man, *what he has promised* or *threatened to do* in his revealed word.

Line 189. *Codrus, who Athens loved so well.*—Codrus was the last king of Athens. The *Peloponnesians* being at war with the Athenians, were told by the oracle that they should gain the victory, provided they did not slay the Athenian king. *Codrus*, hearing this, disguised himself, and went into the Peloponnesian camp; where, offering some insult to the soldiers, he was slain, and in the battle the Athenians got the victory.—*Paterculus*.

Line 191. *Theseus who made us madly free.*—*Theseus* was a famous hero of antiquity, the son of *Ægeus*, king of Athens. He is said to have united the *twelve cities of Attica*, and to have founded a *republic* there about 1236 years before the Christian era. Being driven from his throne of Athens by the usurper *Menestheus*, he fled to *Lycomedes*, king of *Scyros* (an island in the Ægean sea,) for protection; but the perfidious king caused him to be thrown from a precipice, and dashed to pieces.—*Plutarch*.

* To tyrants made an easy prey,
* Who would not godlike kings obey.
* *Tyrants* and kings from God proceed,
* THOSE *permited*,—THESE *decreed*.

Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
Which did both sea and land divide.
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' *Eubœan* wave,
At *Marathon* they found a grave.
O ye bless'd Greeks who there expired!
With noble emulation fir'd!
* Your *trophies* will not let me rest,
* Which swell'd, *Themistocles*, thy breast,
What shrines, what altars, shall we raise,
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die?
* Godlike men! how firm they stood!
* Moating their country with their blood.

And yet a greater hero far,
Unless great *Socrates* could err,
* § (Though whether human or divine,
* § Not e'en his *genius* could define)
§ Shall rise to bless some future day,
§ And teach to live, and teach to pray.

Line 200. *Which did both sea and land divide.*—Xerxes may be said to have divided the *sea* when he threw a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, now the Dardanelles. He may be said to have divided the *land*, when, according to some historians, he cut a passage for his fleet through mount Athos.

Line 202. *At Marathon they found a grave.*—The famous battle of Marathon, (a place about ten miles from Athens,) between the Persians and Athenians, was fought in the 490th year before Christ. The Athenians had only 10,000 men, and the Persians 110,000 : yet the Greeks defeated them, and slew 6,400 men, while themselves lost only 190. The Persians fled to their ships: but the conquerers took, burnt, or destroyed the major part of them, the rest having effected their escape by dint of rowing. *Miltiades* that day commanded the Athenian troops. As soon as the memorable battle was ended, *Philippidas* the courier formed the project of carrying the news to the magistrates of Athens: without quitting his armour, he ran, arrived, announced the glad tidings, and spent with fatigue, he fell dead at their feet! See *Herodotus*, in Erato—and *Lucian*, Περι του Πραισματος.

Line 205. *Your trophies will not let me rest.*—After the battle of *Marathon*, mentioned above, the *Athenians* raised *monuments* on the field, to those noble Athenians who had so bravely defended their country; and in the spaces between them, trophies were erected, composed of the Persian arms. *Themistocles*, when very young, was observed to be very pensive, and often to deny himself both sleep and necessary food. Being asked the reason, he gave for answer ὡς καθευδειν αυτον ουκ εωη το του Μιλτιαδου τροπαιον. "That the trophies of *Miltiades* would not suffer him to sleep;" thereby intimating, that he had an insatiable desire to imitate the military exploits of that famous Athenian general. See *Plutarch*.

Line 211, 212. *Godlike men! how firm they stood!*—How these *two verses* especially, came to be left out of the *printed* copies of this poem, I cannot conceive; but any thing more grand or noble on such a subject, never saw the sun. "*Moat*" signifies a *deep ditch*, round a castle, &c, and filled with water, in order to render the approach of an enemy more difficult.

Line 216. *Not e'en his genius.*—This alludes to the *dæmon* of Socrates, or attendant spirit, which he said attended him always, and advertised him every morning, of the evils to which he should be exposed in the course of the day. The late *Professor Porson* showed me a very ancient MS. copy of Plato's works, in which there were marginal scholia: and one on this very subject stated that "what Socrates called his *dæmon* was *a tingling in the ears*."

§ Come, unknown instructer, come,
§ Our leaping hearts shall make thee room;
§ Thou with Jove our vows shalt share;
§ Of Jove and thee we are the care.

O Father, King! whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race;
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for thou art ALL!
* May thy care preserve our state,
* Ever virtuous, ever great!
* Thou our splendour and defence,
* Wars and factions banish thence!
* Thousands of Olympiads pass'd,
* May its fame and glory last!

Γενοιτο, γενοιτο.

After taking so much pains with this poem, and producing it entire, which was never done before, some of my readers will naturally expect that I should either *insert* or *refer* to the *Greek original*. Could I have

Line 218. *And teach to live, and teach to pray.*—Here is a reference to the conclusion of the dialogue between Socrates and Alcibiades concerning *prayer, viz:*

SOCR.—You see therefore that it is not safe for you to go and pray to God, lest your addresses should happen to be impious, and God should wholly reject your sacrifice. It is necessary therefore that you should delay till you have learned what disposition you ought to be in both toward God and man.

ALCIB.—But how long will it be, O Socrates! and *who* is this instructer?

SOCR.—It is he who careth for you. But as Minerva removed the mists from the eyes of *Diomed*, that he might distinguish gods from men; so must he first remove from *your soul* the mist that surrounds it; and then furnish those helps by which you shall be able to distinguish good from evil.

ALCIB.—Let him remove that *mist*, or whatever else it be; for I shall be always ready to follow his command, so that I may become a better man.

SOCR.—It is wonderful to consider what a providential regard he has toward thee. Αλλα μην κἀκεινος θαυμαζην δαην περι σε προθυμιαν εχει.

See PLATO. OPER. *Alcibiad. sec.* vol. v, p. 100, *Edit. Bipont.*

Line 222. *Of* Jove *and* thee *we are the care.*—Referring to the words of Socrates in the above extract Ουτος εστιν ῳ' μελλει περι σου. *It is he who careth for thee.*

Line 229. *May thy care preserve our state.*—I believe the last six lines were applied by the poet to the British empire; to which in the spirit of true patriotism, his heart and hand put γενοιτο γενοιτο! so be it! so be it! and to which the annotator affectionately subscribes AMEN and AMEN.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 70. *For its fancied aid implore.*—Imaginary power adore.—Mr. J. Wesley

Line 71. *Since bright oil and wool and wine.*—Since oil and wool and cheerful wine.—J. Wesley.

Line 81. *At* Jove's *command.*—*At* thy *command.*—Mr. J. Wesley,

Line 106. *Which the enamoured student loves.*—Which the pensive lover loves.—S. W.'s alteration in Mrs. Wright's MS.

Line 108. *For learned thought and converse made.—Sacred fanes are frequent made.*—Mrs. W.'s copy. "For thought and friendly converse made."—J. W. "For learned thought and converse made."—Alteration by Mr. J. W.

Line 123. *Whether various nature's play.*—Whether varied nature play.—J. W.

Line 127. *Atheists laugh, and dare despise.*—Laugh, ye profane who dare, &c.—J. W.

Line 132. *You send.*—Thou send'st.—J. W.

Line 167.—*Then night obscene does straight arise.*—Then does night obscene arise.—J. W.

Line 204. *With noble emulation fir'd.*—For Greece with pious ardour fir'd.—J. W.

met in Greek with a *Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator*, and the *fragment of an unpublished Dialogue of Plato*, I should have inserted both with the greatest cheerfulness, and could have assured myself of the thanks of all the critics in Europe for my pains. That such a Greek original exists, and that the above is a faithful translation from it, is the opinion of most who have seen the poem; and some of Mr. Wesley's *biographers* have adduced it, "as being one of the finest pictures *extant* of Gentile piety;" and farther tell us, "this hymn may throw light on that passage of St. Paul respecting the Heathen, Rom. i, 21, &c: 'When they knew God, they glorified him not as God. Wherefore God gave them up, &c.' Their polytheism was a punishment consequent upon their apostasy from God." I believe the Gentiles never apostatized from the true God, the knowledge of whom they certainly never had, till they received it by Divine revelation.

Knowing that the writers from whom I have quoted the above were well educated and learned men, and feeling an intense desire to find out this "finest picture *extant* of Gentile piety," I have sought occasionally for above thirty years to find this original, but in vain. I have examined every Greek writer within my reach, particularly all the *major* and *minor poets:* but *no Hymn of Eupolis*, or of *any other*, from which the above might be a translation, has ever occurred to me. I have inquired of learned men whether they had met with such a poem. None had seen it! After many fruitless searches and inquiries, I went to *Professor Porson*, perhaps the most deeply learned and extensively read Greek scholar in Europe; and laid the subject and the question before *him*. He answered, "Eupolis, from the character we have of him, is the last man among the Greek poets from whom we could expect to see any thing pious or sublime concerning the Divine nature: but you may rest assured that no such composition is extant in Greek." Of this I was sufficiently convinced before: but I thought it well to have the testimony of a scholar so eminent, that the question might be set at rest.

The reader therefore may rest assured that *Eupolis his Hymn to the Creator* is the production of the *head* and *heart* of *Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth*; that *it never had any other origin*, and *never existed in any other language*. It may be considered as a fine, and in general very successful, attempt to imitate a *Greek poet*, who was master of the full power and harmony of his language, and had imbibed from numberless lectures the purest and most sublime ideas in the philosophy of Plato. The character of the *Platonist* is wonderfully preserved throughout the whole; the conceptions are all worthy of the subject; the Grecian history and mythology are woven through it with exquisite art; and it is so like a finished work from the highest cultivated Greek muse, that I receive the evidence of my reason and research with regret, when it assures me that this inimitable hymn was the production of the *Isle poet* of Axholm. Should any of my readers be dissatisfied with the result of my inquiries, and still think that Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator *exists in Greek*, and will go in quest of this *Sangreal*, he shall have my heartiest wishes for the good speed of his searches, and when successful my heartiest thanks.

But if the *Hymn of Eupolis* be a *forgery*, what becomes of the *veracity*,

not to say *honesty*, of Mr. Samuel Wesley? I answer, it is no *forgery;* it is no where said by him that it is a translation of a Greek original, nor does it appear that he had any intention to deceive. *Two words* in the title are proof sufficient. "The (*supposed*) occasion," and, "Part of (a *new*) Dialogue." He covered his design a little to make his readers search and examine. Some of them have not *examined;* and therefore said of the poem, that it is a *fine specimen of Gentile piety* which *he* never even intended. From the many oblique references to the history of his own times, and from the apparent accommodation of ancient facts to that history, I am led to think the author had a *double* design:—1. To try how far pure Platonic ideas could be applied in the *praises*, and in describing the perfections of that God who has *revealed* himself to mankind; and, secondly, to give a useful lesson to his own times relative to that *restless spirit of republicanism* which had leavened a major part of the kingdom. On this second consideration, it would be easy to form a useful *critique* on the whole poem; the grand moral of which is, "God is the Fountain and Author of all good: he governs the world by a wise and gracious providence. His wisdom is so perfect, that he cannot err; his goodness is so great, that he can do nothing evil; as he is infinitely merciful, he must always be kind. Subjection to his providence under all dispensations is true wisdom; and to rebel against his government is folly and madness. Kingly government is from himself: but he permits *tyrants* to become the scourge of an ungrateful and disobedient people;

> "To tyrants made an easy prey,
> Who would not *godlike kings obey;*
> *Tyrants* and *kings* from *Jove* proceed;
> THOSE *permitted*, THESE *decreed.*"

I have spent a long time on this poem, because I believe it to be, without exception, the finest in the English language. It possesses what *Racine* calls the *genie crateur*, the genuine spirit of poetry. Pope's *Messiah* is fine, because Pope had *Virgil's Pollio* before him, and the *Bible*. Mr. *Wesley* takes nothing as a *model;* he goes on the ground that the praises of the One Supreme *had not been sung;* he attempts what had not been done by any poet before the Platonic age, and he has no other helps than those furnished by his poetic powers and classical knowledge. It is not saying too much to assert, the man who was the author of what is called *Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator*, had he taken time, care, and pains, and had not been continually harassed with the *Res angusta domi*, would have adorned the highest walks of poetry. But to him poverty was the *scourge of knowledge;* and he fully experienced the truth of that maxim of the Roman satirist, from which I have quoted the above three words:—

> Haud facile emergunt, *quorum virtutibus obstat*
> Res angusta domi. JUV. SAT. iii, v. 164.
>
> Rarely they rise by learning's aid, who lie
> Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.

But he spent his time in something *better* than *making verses:* he was a laborious and useful parish priest; and educated a numerous

family of males and females, who were a credit to him and to their country. But more of this in its place.

I have already mentioned a *letter* written by his brother *Matthew* to him, from which I have given an extract with some short observations, and promised Mr. S. Wesley's reply. The letter is without a date: but this seems a proper place to introduce it. It contains a connected series of domestic facts, from his own pen, which cast some light upon that part of his history which is past, as well as on that which is yet to be produced.

It is written in a *serio-jocose* style; and is supposed to be communicated by a *third person*, who having seen the letter of Mr. *Matthew Wesley*, handed the same to his brother *Samuel*, "that he might know what the left-handed part of the world said of him."—The letter is headed *John o' Styles Apology against the imputation of his ill Husbandry*. The reader will recollect that the main charge, brought by Surgeon Wesley against his brother, was this, that "although he had a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactions, yet he had made no provision for his numerous progeny;" "that this was a black account, &c; and he calls him to repentance, and to study the doctrine of restitution, that from a serious consideration of these things, he might prepare for the kingdom of heaven, &c." The pretended narrator goes on:—

"When I had read this to my friend *John o' Styles*, I was a little surprised that he did not fall into flouncing and bouncing, as I have too often seen him do on far less provocation; which I ascribed to a fit of sickness which he had lately had, and which I hope may have brought him to something of a better mind. He stood calm and composed for a minute or two; and then desired he might peruse the letter, adding that if the matter of fact therein were *true*, and not *aggravated* or *misrepresented*, he was obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, and ask pardon at least of his family, if he could make them no other satisfaction. If it were *not true*, he owed that justice to himself and his family, to clear himself if possible, of so vile an imputation. After he had read it over, he said he did not think it necessary to enter into a detail of the history of his whole life, from sixteen to upward of seventy, in order to the vindication of his conduct in all the particulars of it: but the method he chose, which he hoped would be satisfactory to all unprejudiced persons, would be to make general observations on those general accusations which have been brought forward against him; and then to add some balance of his incomes and expenses ever since he entered on the stage of life.

"He observes, that almost all his indictment consists of *generals*, wherein fraud almost always lurks, and it is next to impossible to free itself entirely from it.

"The sum of the libel may be reduced to the following assertions: 1. That John o' Styles is worse than an infidel, and therefore can never go to heaven. 2. He aims at proving this, *because he provides not for his own house:* as notorious instances of which he adds, in the 3d place, That he had a numerous offspring; and has had a long time a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactors, but yet has made

no provision for those of his own house; which he thinks, in the *last* place, a *black account*, let the cause be folly or vanity.

"*Answer.*—If God has blessed him with a numerous offspring, he has no reason to be ashamed of *them*, nor they of *him*, unless perhaps one of them; and if he had but that single one, it might have proved no honour or support to his name and family. Neither does his conscience accuse him that *he has made no provision for those* of his own house; which general accusation includes *them all*. But has he none, nay, not above one, two, or three, to whom he has (and some of them at very considerable expenses) given the best education which England could afford; by God's blessing on which they live honourably and comfortably in the world; some of whom have already been a considerable help to the others, as well as to himself; and he has no reason to doubt the same of the rest, as soon as God shall enable them to do it; and there are many gentlemen's familes in England, who by the same method provide for their younger children. And he hardly thinks that there are many of greater estates, but would be glad to change the best of theirs, or even all their stock, for almost the worst of his. Neither is he ashamed of claiming some merit in his having been so happy in breeding them up in his own principles and practices; not only the *priests* of his family, but all the rest, to a steady opposition and confederacy against all such as are avowed and declared enemies to God and his clergy; and who deny or disbelieve any articles of natural or revealed religion; as well as to such as are open or secret friends to the *great rebellion;* or any such principles as do but squint toward the same practices; so that he hopes they are all staunch high-Church, and for inviolable passive obedience; from which if any of them should be so wicked as to degenerate, he can't tell whether he could prevail with himself to give them his blessing; though at the same time he almost equally abhors all *servile submission* to the greatest and most overgrown tool of state, whose avowed design it is to aggrandize his prince at the expense of the liberties and properties of his free-born subjects. Thus much for John o' Styles' *ecclesiastical* and *political creed;* and, as he hopes, for those of his family. And as his adversary adds, that 'at his *exit* they could have nothing in view but distress; and that it is a black account, let the cause be folly or vanity;' John o' Styles answered,—he has not the least doubt of God's provision for his family after his decease, if they continue in the way of righteousness, as well as for himself while he has been living. As for his *folly*, he owns he can hardly demur to the charge; for he fairly acknowledges he never was, and never will be like the children of this world, who are accounted wise in their generation, in doting upon this world, courting this world, and regarding nothing else: not but that he has all his life laboured truly both with his hands, head, and heart, to provide things honest in the sight of all men; to get his own living, and that of those who have been dependents on him.

"As for his *vanity*, he challenges an instance to be given of any extravagance in any single branch of his expenses, through the whole course of his life, either in *dress*, *diet*, *horses*, or *recreation* or *diversion*, either in himself or family.

"Now if these, which are the main objections, are wiped off, what becomes of the *black account*, or of the *worse than infidelity* which this *Severus Frater et Avunculus Puerorum* has in the plenitude of his power (as he takes upon himself to have the full power of the keys) to exclude those, who for want of equal illumination, or equal estates, think or act differently from himself, out of the kingdom of heaven?

"As for the *plentiful estate*, and *great and generous benefactors*, which he likewise mentions:—as to the latter of them, the person accused answered, that he could never acknowledge as he ought the goodness of God and of his generous benefactors on that occasion; but hopes he may add, that he had never tasted so much of their kindness if they had not believed him to be an *honest man*. Thus much he said in general, but added as to particular instances, he should only add a *blank balance*, and leave it to any after his death, if they should think it worth while, to cast it up according to common equity, and then they would be more proper judges whether he deserved those imputations which are now thrown upon him.

"*Imprimis*. When he first walked to Oxford, he had in cash 2*l*. 5*s*.

"He lived there till he took his bachelors' degree, without any preferment or assistance, except *one crown*—5*s*.

"By God's blessing on his own industry, he brought to London—10*l*. 15*s*.

"When he came to London, he got deacon's orders, and a cure, for which he had 28*l*. for one year.

"In which year for his board, ordination, and habit, he was indebted 30*l*., which he afterward paid.

"Then he went to sea, where he had for one year 70*l*., not paid till two years after his return.

"He then got a curacy at 30*l*. *per annum* for two years, and by his own industry he made it 60*l*. *per annum*.—120*l*.

"He married and had a son; and he and his wife and child boarded for some years in or near London without running into debt.

"He had then a living* given him in the country, let for 50*l*. *per annum*, where he had five children more; in which time, and while he lived in London, he wrote a book,† which he dedicated to Queen Mary, who for that reason gave him a living in the country,‡ valued at 200*l*. *per annum*, where he remained for nearly forty years, and wherein his numerous offspring amounted with the former to eighteen or nineteen children.

"Half of his parsonage house was first burnt, which he rebuilt: sometime after, the whole was burnt to the ground, which he rebuilt from the foundations; and it cost him above 400*l*. beside the furniture, none of which was saved; and he was forced to renew it.

"About ten years since§ he got a little living‖ adjoining to his former; the profits of which very little more than defrayed the expenses

* South Ormsby. † The Life of Christ. ‡ Epworth.

§ It is said by Dr. Whitehead that he got the living of *Wroote*, in 1723. If so, this letter must have been written in 1733.

‖ Wroote.

of serving it, and sometimes hardly so much; his whole *tithe* having been in a manner swept away by *inundations*, for which the parishioners had a *brief*, though he thought it not decent for himself to be joined with them in it.

"For the greater part of these last ten years he has been closely employed in composing a large book,* whereby he hoped he might have done some benefit to the world, and in some measure amended his own fortunes. By sticking so close to this, he has broke a pretty strong constitution, and fallen into the palsy and gout. Beside this, he has had *sickness* in his family for most of the years since he was married.

"His greater living seldom cleared above *five score pounds per annum*, out of which he allowed 20*l. per annum* to a person† who had married one of his daughters.‡ Could we on the whole fix the balance, it would easily appear whether he had been an ill husband or careless and idle, and taken no care of his family. Let us range on the one side his *income*, and on the other his *expenses*, while he has been at the top of his fortunes, taking them at the full extent.

	£		£
His income about 200*l. per annum* for forty years	8000	Expended in sickness for above forty years	——
		Expenses in taking his livings, repairing the houses, &c.	160
		Rebuilding *part* of his house the first time	60
		Rebuilding the whole house,	400
		Furnishing it	——
		Eight children born and buried	——
		Ten§ (thank God!) living, brought up, and educated	——
		Most of the *daughters* put out to a way of living	——
		To *three* sons‖ for the best education I could get them in England	——
		Attending the convocation three years	150

"Let all this be balanced, and then a guess may be easily made of his sorry management.

"He can struggle with the *world*, but not with *Providence*: nor can he resist *sicknesses*, *fires*, and *inundations*."

In his family exigencies Mr. Wesley was frequently obliged to borrow money: but such was his character for probity, honour, and punctuality, that he could command it wheresoever it was to be had. There was a man of considerable property in Epworth, who was in the habit of lending out money at 35 and 40*l. per cent.* Mr. Wesley was obliged sometimes to borrow from this usurer; and although this man was devoured by the *auri sacra fames*, yet such was his esteem

* Dissertationes in librum Jobi. † Mr. Whitelamb. ‡ Mary Wesley.

§ The *ten* then alive were *Samuel*, *Emily*, *Mary*, *Ann*, *Susanna*, *John*, *Mehetabel*, *Matthew*, *Charles*, and *Kezziah*.

‖ *Samuel*, *John*, and *Charles*, these were the three.

for an upright character, that in no case did he ever take *from Mr. W. more than* 5 per cent. *for the use of his money.*

The preceding letter seems to have been written in great haste; and from his saying he had been in *sicknesses* for nearly forty years; and in another place, that these began from his marriage, which probably took place in 1690, the letter must have been written in 1730, (but see note § p. 107,) at which time he says he had been employed *ten* years on the book of Job; for this is the *large work* of which he speaks, and which was published a short time after his death, *viz.* in 1736.

I need not tell the reader that the letter is a most complete and happy confutation of his brother's charges, and of those who have felt inclined to *repeat* them: and when we consider his *expenses* and the *numerous family* he brought up, we may be well surprised how, with *so small an annual income*, he was able to meet and cover such great demands. He had spared neither *pains* nor *cost* on the education of his children. I have seen letters from most of them, full of mind and strong sense; and the *writing*, especially that of the *females*, remarkably correct and elegant. As to the three *sons*, *Samuel*, *John*, and *Charles*, we shall see the men and their education, from their *works*. Some of the *daughters* were by no means inferior to the sons.

From the preceding letter we see that his *Church and State principles* were of the *highest order*; and that he was nevertheless an enemy to *arbitrary power*. Of the former his whole life gave proof; of the *latter* we have a remarkable instance in his refusal to read the *Declaration* of King James II. in favour of popery, though strongly solicited by some of the king's friends to do it; and he not only refused to read the Declaration, but though surrounded with *courtiers*, *soldiers*, and *informers*, preached a bold discourse pointedly against it, from Daniel iii, 17, 18: *If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.*

This circumstance is well described by his son Samuel in the following lines:—

> When zealous *James*, unhappy sought the way
> To 'stablish *Rome* by arbitrary sway;
> In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty crown,
> *He* sought no *favour*, as he *fear'd* no frown.
> Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
> He dared the DECLARATION* to refuse:
> Then from the sacred *pulpit* boldly show'd
> The dauntless *Hebrews* true to *Israel's* God:
> Who spake regardless of their king's commands,
> "The God we serve can save us from thy hands;
> If not, O monarch, know we choose to die,
> Thy gods alike and threatenings we defy.
> No power on earth our faith has e'er controll'd,
> We scorn to worship idols, though of gold."

* The *Declaration* was a proclamation by James II., which, under the pretence of granting liberty of conscience to all his subjects, was intended to take off all political restraints from the *papists*, and admit them into the highest offices both in Church and State. It was issued April 4, 1687, and commanded to be read in all churches and chapels, &c, in Great Britain.

Resistless truth damped all the audience round;
The base *informer* sicken'd at the sound;
Attentive *courtiers*, conscious, stood amaz'd,
And *soldiers*, silent, trembled as they gaz'd.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose,
Abash'd and vanquish'd seemed the Church's foes.
So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The *Jewish* martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire."

His son John has been heard to state, that at first his father was very much attached to the interests of *James:* "but when," said old Mr. Samuel Wesley, "I heard him say to the master and fellows of Magdalen College, lifting up his lean arm, 'if you refuse to obey me, you shall feel the weight of a king's right hand;' I saw he was a *tyrant;* and though I was not inclined to take an active part *against* him, I was resolved from that time to give him no kind of support." With this anecdote I was favoured by the reverend and venerable *Thomas Steadman*, vicar of *St. Chad's*, Shrewsbury, to whose friendly and important communications these memoirs are in various places much indebted.

Mr. Wesley fully expected that James would, if possible, introduce *arbitrary government* into the *State;* and *popery*, its concomitant, into the *Church.* He saw, therefore, the necessity of the *Revolution;* was confirmed in its principles; and became strongly attached to King William, and was one of his chaplains. "He left a remarkable memorial of his admiration of King William's character in one of his *dissertations* on the book of Job; where in remarking on the description of the *war horse*, (chap. xxxix,) he introduces the deceased monarch as he appeared at the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, July 1, 1690; and in both eloquent and affectionate language points him out as the *fittest hero* to have managed the *warlike animal* just described. The compliment is the more honourable both to the *bestower* and the *object*, as dead monarchs can give no rewards, and as probably his memory was not remarkably grateful to those in power." This curious comparison, probably as being deemed *useless* or *irrelevant*, was omitted by his son Samuel in passing that sheet through the press. I thus conjecture, because I have not been able to find it in the work.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Wesley, wishing to have a true representation of the *war horse* described by Job, hearing that Lord Oxford had one of the finest *Arabs* then supposed to be in the world, wrote to his lordship for permission to have his *likeness* taken for the work. That this request was granted there is little room to doubt; and we may therefore safely conclude that the horse represented, Dissert. p. 338, engraved by *Cole*, was taken from what was called "Lord Oxford's Bloody Arab." The original letter containing the request lies before me; it is conceived with great delicacy of sentiment, and is elegantly expressed:—

"To my lord of Oxford,

"My Lord,—Your lordship's accumulated favours on my eldest son of Westminster are so far from discouraging me from asking one for myself of your lordship, that they rather excite me to do it, especially when your lordship has been always so great a patron of *learning* and all *useful undertakings*. I hope I may have some pretence to the *lat-*

ter, how little soever I may have to the *former:* and have taken some pains in my *Dissertations on Job* to *illustrate* the description of the *horse*, though it is impossible to *add* any thing to it. For this reason I would, if it were possible, procure a draft of the finest *Arab horse* in the world: and having had an account from several hands that your lordship's *Bloody Arab* answers the character, I have an ambition to get him drawn by the best artist we can find, and place him as the greatest ornament of my work. If your lordship has a *picture* of him I would beg that my engraver may take a draft from it, or if not, that my son may have the liberty to get one drawn from the *life;* either of which will make *him* if possible, as well as *myself*, yet more

"Your lordship's most devoted humble servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY, Sen."

Lord Oxford was the intimate friend of Samuel Wesley, jun., who was a frequent guest at his lordship's house, where he was treated with great distinction, as will appear in these *memoirs;* and there is little doubt that the son became the negociator of the father's request. The *horse* in the *Dissertations* is evidently designed for an *Arabian horse*, and no doubt was taken from that of Lord Oxford: but it is neither well *drawn* nor well *engraved;* and this is the more to be regretted, as the *model* was so perfect in its kind.

In the end of the year 1715, and the beginning of the year 1716, there were some *strange disturbances* in the parsonage house at Epworth, of such a singular nature as entitles them to a distinct mention. The accounts given of these are so circumstantial and authentic as to entitle them to the most implicit credit. The *eye* and *ear-witnesses* were persons of strong understandings, and well cultivated minds, untinctured by *superstition*, and in some instances rather *skeptically* inclined. Hearing of these things, Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., then at Westminster School, wrote to his father, mother, and sisters, for the particulars; and proposed such questions to them upon the subject as led them to use the utmost care, scrupulosity, and watchfulness, to prevent them from being imposed on by *trick* or *fraud*. Of the proceedings in this strange disturbance, Mr. Wesley, sen. kept a diary or journal; and Mr. John Wesley had also a detailed account of the whole from the family. Nothing apparently preternatural can lie farther beyond the verge of imposture than these accounts; and the circumstantial statements contained in them force conviction of their truth, even on the minds of the incredulous. That they were *preternatural*, the whole *state of the case* and *supporting evidence*, seem to demonstrate.

The documents to which I refer, and which are inserted in their proper place, fell *some how or other*, into the hands of the late Dr. *Joseph Priestly*, who thought proper to publish them in a pamphlet by themselves. He stated that he had received them from the late Mr. *Badcock*, to whom they had been communicated by Mrs. *Earle*, granddaughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Mr. John Wesley's eldest brother. Mr. Badcock, in a letter to Mr. J. Wesley from *South Molton*, *Devon*, dated April 22, 1780, mentions these MSS., and his hope that he shall be able to procure and send them to Mr. W. Nothing farther concerning these papers was heard till Dr. Priestly laid them before the public.

How he obtained these MSS. which Mr. Badcock had proposed, should he possess them, to deliver to Mr. John Wesley, is a question which cannot at present be answered, as all the parties are long since dead. This however does not affect the authenticity of these documents which are admitted on all hands to be indisputably *genuine.*

DISTURBANCES,

Supposed to be Preternatural, at the Parsonage House, in Epworth.

MR. SAMUEL WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

"*An Account of Noises and Disturbances in my House at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in December and January,* 1716.

"FROM the first of December, my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, knockings, &c, in every story, and most of the rooms of my house. But I hearing nothing of it myself, they would not tell me for some time, because, according to the vulgar opinion, if it boded any ill to me, I could not hear it. When it increased, and the family could not easily conceal it, they told me of it.

"My daughters Susanna and Ann were below stairs in the dining room; and heard first at the doors, then over their heads, and the night after a knocking under their feet, though nobody was in the chambers or below them. The like they and my servants heard in both the kitchens, at the door against the partition, and over them. The maid servant heard groans as of a dying man. My daughter Emilia coming down stairs to draw up the clock, and lock the doors at ten at night, as usual, heard under the staircase a sound among some bottles there, as if they had been all dashed to pieces; but when she looked all was safe.

"Something, like the steps of a man, was heard going up and down stairs, at all hours of the night, and vast rumblings below stairs, and in the garrets. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one come slaring through the garret to his chamber, rattling by his side, as if against his shoes, though he had none there; at other times walking up and down stairs, when all the house were in bed, and gobling like a turkey cock. Noises were heard in the nursery, and all the other chambers; knocking first at the feet of the bed and behind it; and a sound like that of dancing in a matted chamber, next the nursery, when the door was locked, and nobody in it.

"My wife would have persuaded them it was rats within doors, and some unlucky people knocking without; till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed; but till, I think, the 21st at night, I heard nothing of it. That night I was waked a little before one by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of a pause at every third stroke. I thought it might be somebody without the house; and having got a stout mastiff, hoped he would soon rid me of it.

"The next night I heard six knocks, but not so loud as the former.

I know not whether it was in the morning after Sunday the 23d, when about seven my daughter Emily called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noises there. She went in, and heard it at the bedstead, then under the bed, then at the head of it. She knocked, and it answered her. She looked under the bed, and thought something ran from thence, but could not well tell of what shape, but thought it most like a badger.

"The next night but one we were awaked about one by the noises, which were so violent, it was in vain to think of sleep while they continued. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and down stairs; and generally as we went into one room, we heard it in that behind us, though all the family had been in bed several hours. When we were going down stairs, and at the bottom of them, we heard, as Emily had done before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broke all to pieces, and another sound distinct from it, as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same three of my daughters heard at another time.

"We went through the hall into the kitchen, when our mastiff came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of its coming; for then he barked violently at it, but was silent afterward, and seemed more afraid than any of the children. We still heard it rattle and thunder in every room above or behind us, locked as well as open, except my study, where as yet it never came. After two, we went to bed, and were pretty quiet the rest of the night.

"Wednesday night, December 26, after or a little before ten, my daughter Emilia heard the signal of its beginning to play, with which she was perfectly acquainted; it was like the strong winding up of a jack. She called us; and I went into the nursery, where it used to be most violent. The rest of the children were asleep. It began with knocking in the kitchen underneath, then seemed to be at the bed's feet, then under the bed, at last at the head of it. I went down stairs, and knocked with my stick against the joists of the kitchen. It answered me as often and as loud as I knocked; but then I knocked as I usually do at my door, 1—2 3 4 5 6—7, but this puzzled it, and it did not answer, or not in the same method; though the children heard it do the same exactly twice or thrice after.

"I went up stairs, and found it still knocking hard, though with some respite, sometimes under the bed, sometimes at the bed's head. I observed my children that they were frighted in their sleep, and trembled very much till it waked them. I stayed there alone, bid them go to sleep, and sat at the bed's feet by them, when the noise began again. I asked it what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to me in my study, if it had any thing to say to me. Soon after it gave one knock on the outside of the house. All the rest were within, and knocked off for that night.

"I went out of doors, sometimes alone, at others with company, and walked round the house, but could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging chamber would be lifted up very often, when all were in bed. One night, when the noise was great in the kitchen, and on a deal partition, and the door in the yard, the latch whereof was often

lifted up, my daughter Emilia went and held it fast on the inside: but it was still lifted up, and the door pushed violently against her, though nothing was to be seen on the outside.

"When we were at prayers, and came to the prayers for King George and the prince, it would make a great noise over our heads constantly, whence some of the family called it a Jacobite. I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power, once against the corner of my desk in the study, a second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third time against the right side of the frame of my study door, as I was going in.

"I followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and by night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird: but not like the noise of rats, which I have often heard.

"I had designed on Friday, December the 28th, to make a visit to a friend, Mr. Downs, at Normandy, and stay some days with him: but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night, that I did not care to leave my family. So I went to Mr. Hoole, of Haxey, and desired his company on Friday night. He came; and it began after ten, a little later than ordinary. The younger children were gone to bed, the rest of the family and Mr. Hoole were together in the matted chamber. I sent the servants down to fetch in some fuel, went with them, and stayed in the kitchen till they came in. When they were gone, I heard loud noises against the doors and partition; and at length the usual signal, though somewhat after the time. I had never heard it before: but knew it by the description my daughter had given me. It was much like the turning about of a windmill when the wind changes. When the servants returned, I went up to the company, who had heard the other noises below, but not the signal. We heard all the knocking as usual, from one chamber to another, but at its going off, like the rubbing of a beast against the wall: but from that time till January the 24th, we were quiet.

"Having received a letter from Samuel the day before relating to it, I read what I had written of it to my family; and this day at morning prayer the family heard the usual knocks at the prayer for the king. At night they were more distinct, both in the prayer for the king, and that for the prince; and one very loud knock at the *amen* was heard by my wife, and most of my children, at the inside of my bed. I heard nothing myself. After nine, Robert Brown sitting alone by the fire in the back kitchen, something came out of the copper hole like a rabbit, but less, and turned round five times very swiftly. Its ears lay flat upon its neck, and its little scut stood straight up. He ran after it with the tongs in his hands; but when he could find nothing, he was frighted, and went to the maid in the parlour.

"On Friday, the 25th, having prayers at Church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession, absolution, and prayers for the king and prince. I observed, when this is done, there is no knocking. I therefore used them one morning for a trial;

at the name of King George, it began to knock and did the same when I prayed for the prince. Two knocks I heard, but took no notice after prayers, till after all who were in the room, ten persons beside me, spoke of it, and said they heard it. No noise at all the rest of the prayers.

"Sunday, January 27. Two soft strokes at the morning prayers for King George, above stairs.

"*Addenda.*

"Friday, December 21. Knocking I heard first, I think, this night; to which disturbances, I hope, God will in his good time put an end.

"Sunday, December 23. Not much disturbed with the noises that are now grown customary to me.

"Wednesday, December 26. Sat up to hear noises. Strange! spoke to it, knocked off.

"Friday 28. The noises very boisterous and disturbing this night.

"Saturday 29. Not frighted with the continued disturbance of my family.

"Tuesday, January 1, 1717. My family have had no disturbance since I went."

NARRATIVE

Drawn up by Mr. John Wesley, and published by him in the Arminian Magazine.

When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this:—

On Dec. 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids a little before ten at night, in the dining room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert: "he has the stone, and uses to groan so." He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a handmill which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said, "Nought vexed me, but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been but full of malt he might have ground his heart out for me." When he was in bed, he heard as it were the gobbling of a turkey-cock, close to the bed-side: and soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots, but there were none there; he had them left below. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, "What a

couple of fools are you! I defy any thing to fright me." After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy, than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and run away for life. The next evening between five and six o'clock my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining room, reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again: but she could see nothing. She thought, "it signifies nothing to run away; for whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Sukey, (about a year older than her,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it; telling her, "I wonder you are so easily frighted; I would fain see what would fright me." Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs. And at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know, I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place; and had no sooner taken away the candle, than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was. But it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it; unlocked it softly; and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it: but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing: when she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it too, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

The next morning my sister telling my mother what had happened,

she said, "If I hear any thing myself, I shall know how to judge." Soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle: but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said, "Sukey, I am ashamed of you: these boys and girls fright one another: but you are a woman of sense and should know better. Let me hear of it no more."

At six in the evening, he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not: for she did not believe the prince of Orange was king. He vowed he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse, and rode away; nor did she hear any thing of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey (an eminently pious and sensible man) could give me some farther information, I walked over to him. He said, "Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened; particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffries is coming,' (that was the name of one that died in the house,) 'for I hear the signal.' This they inform me was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw; or rather that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected though asleep, sweating, and trembling exceedingly, was very angry; and pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I catched him by the arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it: but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly, 'Thou

deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate) as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night." Till this time, my father had never heard the least disturbances in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, (of which none had any key but himself,) when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence, as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was knocking first on one side, then on the other; and after a time, in the next room wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said, "These spirits love darkness: put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak." She did so: and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak." When she was gone a thought came in, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks and no more." Immediately all was silence; and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid, when my father used that adjuration? She answered, she was sadly afraid it would speak, when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day-time, when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises, that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffrey is coming: it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffrey is knocking above," she would run up stairs, and pursue it from room to room, saying, she desired no better diversion.

A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second, and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bed-side. My father immediately arose, put on his night-gown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down: my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel of silver was poured upon my mother's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other; and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days, he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the

family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces: but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, "Sukey, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore door. He opened that, but it was still lost labour. After opening first the one, then the other, several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house, that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, "No; let the devil flee from me: I will never flee from the devil." But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing so to do, when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over; after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the second of December to the end of January.

LETTERS

CONCERNING SOME SUPERNATURAL DISTURBANCES AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AT EPWORTH, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

LETTER I.—*To Mr. Samuel Wesley, from his Mother.*

January 12, 1716–7.

"DEAR SAM,—This evening we were agreeably surprised with your pacquet, which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you was dead, or one of your brothers by some misfortune been killed.

"The reason of our fears is as follows:—On the first of December our maid heard at the door of the dining room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremes, at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bed-side. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterward he heard it as the rest.

"One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads as if

several people were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frighted; so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

"The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night about six o'clock he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it if it were Sammy; and bid it, if it were and could not speak, knock again, but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

"Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto, and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.

"S. W."

LETTER II.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Father.*

"*January* 30, *Saturday.*

"HONOURED SIR,—My mother tells me a very strange story of disturbances in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favour me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, might find many, but wisdom none.

"Your dutiful and loving son,

"S. WESLEY."

LETTER III.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—Those who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part, I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me.

Two or three I have heard from others. Was there never a new maid, or man in the house that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to all to be in the same place, at the same time? Could not cats, or rats, or dogs, be the sprights? Was the whole family asleep when my father and you went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God himself assures us, convince them who believe not Moses and the prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any;—I think since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be vain. The end of spirits' actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for any ill, may, it is possible, be one design of Providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do so.

"Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful and affectionate son, S. WESLEY.

"Jan. 19, 1716-7, Saturday,
Dean's Yard, Westminster.

"I expect a particular account from every one."

LETTER IV.—*From Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel.*

"*Jan.* 25, *or* 27, 1716-7.

"DEAR SAM,—Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but I am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while e'er I could credit any thing of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasels that disturbed us; and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frighted away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before, and that night we rose and went down I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

"As to your questions, I will answer them particularly: but withal I desire my answers may satisfy none but yourself; for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid new this last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than any body else. Beside, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

"The man, Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in the garret, and has been often frighted down barefoot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes; nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villany. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound, that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time; though often before any could say it is here, it would remove to another place.

"All the family as well as Robin were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they wake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them; only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awaked her. It commonly was nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of; and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. *Secret things belong to God:* but I entirely agree with you, that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

"S. WESLEY."

LETTER V.—*From Miss Susannah Wesley to her brother Samuel.*

Epworth, Jan. 24.

"DEAR BROTHER,—About the first of December, a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid-servant, as at the dining room door, which caused the upstarting of her hair, and made herears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frighted her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings, were frightful enough.

"Though it is needless for me to send you any account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you; yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you as briefly as I can, what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it, my sister Nancy and I were set in the dining room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden; then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We inquired whether any body had been in the garden, or in the room above us: but there was nobody. Soon after my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed. Afterward the

tingling of the latch and warming pan, and so it took its leave that night.

"Soon after the above mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while: but the latter end of the night that Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bedside, like a man in a long night gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of their chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

"It is now pretty quiet; only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, 'Our most gracious sovereign lord,' &c. This my father is angry at, and designs to say *three* instead of *two* for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance: but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

"I am your sincere friend and affectionate sister,

"SUSANNAH WESLEY."

LETTER VI.—*Mr. S. Wesley in answer.*

"*Dean's Yard, Feb.* 9, 1716–7.

"DEAR SISTER SUKEY,—Your telling me the spirit has made its personal appearance, without saying how, or to whom, or when, or how long, has excited my curiosity very much. I long mightily for a farther account of every circumstance by your next letter. Do not keep me any longer in the dark. Why need you write the less, because my father is to send me the whole story? Has the disturbance continued since the 28th of December? I understand my father did not hear it all; but a fortnight after the rest. What did he say remarkable to any of you when he did hear it? As to the devil's being an enemy to King George, were I the king myself, I should rather old Nick should be my enemy, than my friend. I do not like the noise of the night gown sweeping along the ground, nor its knocking like my father. Write when you receive this, though nobody else should, to your loving brother,

S. W."

LETTER VII.—*Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—You say you could multiply particular instances of the spirit's noises: but I want to know whether nothing was ever seen by any. For though it is hard to conceive, nay, morally impossible, that the hearing of so many people could be deceived, yet the truth will be still more manifest and undeniable, if it is grounded on the testimony of two senses. Has it never at all disturbed you since the 28th of

December? Did no circumstance give any light into the design of the whole?

"Your obedient and loving son,

"*Feb.* 12. S. WESLEY.

"Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?"

LETTER VIII.—*Mr. S. Wesley to his Father.*

"HONOURED SIR,—I have not yet received any answer to the letter I wrote some time ago; and my mother in her last seems to say, that as yet I know but a very small part of the whole story of strange noises in our house. I shall be exceedingly glad to have the entire account from you. Whatever may be the main design of such wonders, I cannot think they were ever meant to be kept secret. If they bode any thing remarkable to our family, I am sure I am a party concerned.

"Your dutiful son,

"*Feb.* 12. S. WESLEY."

LETTER IX.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his sister Emily.*

"DEAR SISTER EMILY,—I wish you would let me have a letter from you about the spirit, as indeed from every one of my sisters. I cannot think any of you very superstitious, unless you are much changed since I saw you. My sister Hetty, I find, was more particularly troubled. Let me know all. Did any thing appear to her?

"I am your affectionate brother,

"*Feb.* 12. S. WESLEY."

LETTER X.—*From old Mr. Wesley to his son Samuel.*

Feb. 11, 1716–7.

"DEAR SAM,—As for the noises, &c. in our family, I thank God we are now all quiet. There were some surprising circumstances in that affair. Your mother has not written you a third part of it. When I see you here, you shall see the whole account, which I wrote down. It would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton: but while I live I am not ambitious for any thing of that nature. I think that's all, but blessings from

"Your loving father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

[The following letter was received at the same time, though it has no date.]

LETTER XI.—*From Miss Emily Wesley to her brother Samuel.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for your last; and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power, concerning what has happened in our family. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was too much inclined to infidelity, so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some

beings beside those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince any body of the reality of the thing; and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others.

"My sisters in the paper chamber had heard noises, and told me of them: but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the doors, which I always do. Scarce had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise, like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frighted, but went to my sister Sukey, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

"Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed: but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man, in a loose night gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

"All this time we never told our father of it: but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women, that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffrey, for that name I gave it, with a horn.

But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry. For from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the iron work. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow, and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

"It would answer to my mother, if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time little Kezzy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks, just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats, or any thing natural.

"I could tell you abundance more of it: but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frighted at first, and very little at last: but it was never near me, except two or three times;

and never followed me, as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person.

"If you would know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you. I believe it to be witchcraft, for these reasons:—About a year since, there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? Then my father had for several Sundays before its coming preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to; and it had a particular spite at my father.

"Beside, something was thrice seen. The first time by my mother, under my sister's bed, like a badger, only without any head that was discernible. The same creature was sat by the dining room fire one evening; when our man went into the room, it run by him, through the hall under the stairs. He followed with a candle, and searched, but it was departed. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, like a white rabbit, which seems likely to be some witch; and I do so really believe it to be one, that I would venture to fire a pistol at it, if I saw it long enough. It has been heard by me and others since December. I have filled up all my room, and have only time to tell you,

"I am your loving sister, EMILIA WESLEY."

LETTER XII.—*Miss Susannah Wesley to her brother Samuel.*

"*March* 27.

"DEAR BROTHER WESLEY,—I should farther satisfy you concerning the disturbances: but it is needless, because my sisters Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it. One thing I believe you do not know, that is, last Sunday, to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced upon the table a pretty while, without any body's stirring the table. When, lo! an adventurous wretch took it up, and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after. How glad should I be to talk with you about it. Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight, or hearing, of any versal thing except Jeffrey.

"SUSANNAH WESLEY."

A passage in a letter from my mother to me, dated March 27, 1717..

"I cannot imagine how you should be so curious about our unwelcome guest. For my part, I am quite tired with hearing or speaking of it: but if you come among us, you will find enough to satisfy all your scruples, and perhaps may hear or see it yourself.

"S. WESLEY."

A passage in a letter from my sister Emily to Mr. N. Berry, dated April 1.

"Tell my brother the sprite was with us last night; and heard by many of our family, especially by our maid and myself. She sat up with drink; and it came just at one o'clock, and opened the dining room door. After some time it shut again. She saw as well as heard it both shut and open; then it began to knock as usual. But I dare write no longer, lest I should hear it. EMILIA WESLEY."

My mother's account to Jack.

"*Aug.* 27, 1726.

"About ten days after Nanny Marshall had heard unusual groans at the dining room door, Emily came and told me that the servants and children had been several times frighted with strange groans and knockings about the house. I answered, that the rats John Maw had frightened from his house, by blowing a horn there, were come into ours, and ordered that one should be sent for. Molly was much displeased at it; and said, If it was any thing supernatural, it certainly would be very angry, and more troublesome. However, the horn was blown in the garrets; and the effect was, that whereas before the noises were always in the night, from this time they were heard at all hours, day and night.

"Soon after, about seven in the morning, Emily came and desired me to go into the nursery, where I should be convinced they were not startled at nothing. On my coming thither, I heard a knocking at the feet, and quickly after at the head of the bed. I desired if it was a spirit it would answer me; and knocking several times with my foot on the ground, with several pauses, it repeated under the sole of my feet exactly the same number of strokes, with the very same intervals. Kezzy, then six or seven years old, said, Let it answer me too, if it can, and stamping, the same sounds were returned that she made, many times, successively.

"Upon my looking under the bed, something ran out pretty much like a badger, and seemed to run directly under Emily's petticoats, who sat opposite to me on the other side. I went out; and one or two nights after, when we were just got to bed, I heard nine strokes, three by three, on the other side of the bed, as if one had struck violently on a chest with a large stick. Mr. Wesley leapt up, called Hetty, who alone was up in the house, and searched every room in the house, but to no purpose. It continued from this time to knock and groan frequently at all hours, day and night; only I earnestly desired it might not disturb me between five and six in the evening, and there never was any noise in my room after during that time.

"At other times, I have often heard it over my mantle tree; and once, coming up after dinner, a cradle seemed to be strongly rocked in my chamber. When I went in, the sound seemed to be in the nursery. When I was in the nursery, it seemed in my chamber again. One night Mr. W. and I were waked by some one running down the garret stairs, then down the broad stairs, then up the narrow ones, then up the garret stairs, then down again, and so the same round. The rooms trembled as it passed along, and the doors shook exceedingly, so that the clatterring of the latches was very loud.

"Mr. W. proposing to rise, I rose with him, and went down the broad stairs, hand in hand, to light a candle. Near the foot of them a large pot of money seemed to be poured at my waist, and to run jingling down my night gown to my feet. Presently after we heard the noise as of a vast stone thrown among several dozen of bottles, which lay under the stairs: but upon our looking no hurt was done. In the hall the mastiff met us, crying and striving to get between us.

We returned up into the nursery, where the noise was very great. The children were all asleep, but panting, trembling, and sweating extremely.

"Shortly after, on Mr. Wesley's invitation, Mr. Hoole stayed a night with us. As we were all sitting round the fire in the matted chamber, he asked whether that gentle knocking was *it?* I told him yes; and it continued the sound, which was much lower than usual. This was observable, that while we were talking loud in the same room, the noise, seemingly lower than any of our voices, was distinctly heard above them all. These were the most remarkable passages I remember, except such as were common to all the family."

My sister Emily's account to Jack.

"About a fortnight after the time when, as I was told, the noises were heard, I went from my mother's room who was just gone to bed, to the best chamber, to fetch my sister Sukey's candle. When I was there, the windows and doors began to jar, and ring exceedingly; and presently after I heard a sound in the kitchen as if a vast stone coal had been thrown down, and mashed to pieces. I went down thither with my candle, and found nothing more than usual: but as I was going by the screen, something began knocking on the other side just even with my head. When I looked on the inside, the knocking was on the outside of it: but as soon as I could get round, it was at the inside again. I followed to and fro several times, till at last, finding it to no purpose, and turning about to go away, before I was out of the room, the latch of the back kitchen door was lifted up many times. I opened the door and looked out, but could see nobody. I tried to shut the door, but it was thrust against me, and I could feel the latch, which I held in my hand, moving upward at the same time. I looked out again: but finding it was labour lost, clapped the door to, and locked it. Immediately the latch was moved strongly up and down: but I left it, and went up the worst stairs, from whence I heard, as if a great stone had been thrown among the bottles, which lay under the best stairs. However I went to bed.

"From this time, I heard it every night for two or three weeks. It continued a month in its full majesty, night and day. Then it intermitted a fortnight, or more, and when it began again, it knocked only on nights, and grew less and less troublesome, till at last it went quite away. Toward the latter end it used to knock on the outside of the house, and seemed farther and farther off, till it ceased to be heard at all."

My sister Molly's account to Jack.

"*Aug.* 27.

"I have always thought it was in November, the rest of our family think it was the 1st of December 1716, when Nanny Marshall, who had a bowl of butter in her hand, ran to me, and two or three more of my sisters, in the dining room, and told us she had heard several groans in the hall as of a dying man. We thought it was Mr. Turpine, who had the stone, and used sometimes to come and see us. About a fort-

night after, when my sister Sukey and I were going to bed, she told me how she was frightened in the dining room, the day before, by a noise, first at the folding door, and then over head. I was reading at the table, and had scarce told her I believed nothing of it, when several knocks were given just under my feet. We both made haste into bed; and just as we laid down, the warming pan by the bedside jarred and rung, as did the latch of the door, which was lifted swiftly up and down. Presently a great chain seemed to fall on the outside of the door, (we were in the best chamber,) the door, latch, hinges, the warming pan, and windows jarred, and the house shook from top to bottom.

"A few days after, between five and six in the evening, I was by myself in the dining room. The door seemed to open, though it was still shut; and somebody walked in a night gown trailing upon the ground, (nothing appearing,) and seemed to go leisurely round me. I started up, and ran up stairs to my mother's chamber, and told the story to her and my sister Emily. A few nights after, my father ordered me to light him to his study. Just as he had unlocked it, the latch was lifted up for him. The same (after we blew the horn) was often done to me, as well by day as by night. Of many other things all the family as well as me were witnesses.

"My father went into the nursery from the matted chamber, where we were, by himself in the dark. It knocked very loud on the press bed head. He adjured it to tell him why it came, but it seemed to take no notice; at which he was very angry, spoke sharply, called it *deaf and dumb devil*, and repeated his adjuration. My sisters were terribly afraid it would speak. When he had done, it knocked his knock on the bed's head, so exceeding violently, as if it would break it to shivers, and from that time we heard nothing till near a month after."

My sister Sukey's account to Jack.

"I believed nothing of it till about a fortnight after the first noises, then one night I sat up on purpose to hear it. While I was working in the best chamber, and earnestly desiring to hear it, a knocking began just under my feet. As I knew the room below was locked, I was frightened, and leapt into bed with all my clothes on. I afterward heard as it were a great chain fall, and after some time the usual noises at all hours of the day and night. One night hearing it was most violent in the nursery, I resolved to lie there. Late at night, several strong knocks were given on the two lowest steps of the garret stairs, which were close to the nursery door. The latch of the door then jarred, and seemed to be swiftly moved to and fro, and presently began knocking about a yard within the room on the floor. It then came gradually to sister Hetty's bed, who trembled strongly in her sleep. It beat very loud three strokes at a time, on the bed's head. My father came, and adjured it to speak: but it knocked on for some time, and then removed to the room over where it knocked my father's knock on the ground, as if it would beat the house down. I had no mind to stay longer, but got up, and went to sister Em and my mother, who were in her room. From thence we heard the noises again from the nursery.

I proposed playing a game at cards: but we had scarce begun, when a knocking began under our feet. We left off playing, and it removed back again into the nursery, where it continued till toward morning."

Sister Nancy's account to Jack.

"*Sept.* 10.

"The first noise my sister Nancy heard was in the best chamber, with my sister Molly and my sister Sukey, soon after my father had ordered her to blow a horn in the garrets, where it was knocking violently. She was terribly afraid, being obliged to go in the dark; and kneeling down on the stairs, desired that, as she acted not to please herself, it might have no power over her. As soon as she came into the room, the noise ceased, nor did it begin again till near ten: but then and for a good while, it made much greater and more frequent noises than it had done before. When she afterward came into the chamber in the day time, it commonly walked after her from room to room. It followed her from one side of the bed to the other, and back again, as often as she went back; and whatever she did which made any sort of noise, the same thing seemed just to be done behind her.

"When five or six were set in the nursery together, a cradle would seem to be strongly rocked in the room over, though no cradle had ever been there. One night she was sitting on the press bed, playing at cards with some of my sisters, when my sisters Molly, Etty, Patty, and Kezzy, were in the room, and Robert Brown. The bed on which my sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her on it. She leapt down and said, 'Surely old Jeffrey would not run away with her.' However, they persuaded her to sit down again, which she had scarce done, when it was again lifted up several times successively a considerable height, upon which she left her seat, and would not be prevailed upon to sit there any more.

"Whenever they began to mention Mr. S. it presently began to knock and continued to do so till they changed the discourse. All the time my sister Sukey was writing her last letter to him, it made a very great noise all round the room; and the night after she set out for London, it knocked till morning with scarce any intermission.

"Mr. Hoole read prayers once: but it knocked as usual at the prayers for the king and prince. The knockings at those prayers were only toward the beginning of the disturbances, for a week or thereabouts."

The Rev. Mr. Hoole's account.

"*Sept.* 16.

"As soon as I came to Epworth, Mr. Wesley telling me, he sent for me to conjure, I knew not what he meant, till some of your sisters told me what had happened, and that I was sent for to sit up. I expected every hour, it being then about noon, to hear something extraordinary, but to no purpose. At supper, too, and at prayers, all was silent, contrary to custom: but soon after one of the maids, who went up to sheet a bed, brought the alarm, that Jeffrey was come above stairs. We all went up, and as we were standing round the fire in the east chamber, something began knocking just on the other side of the wall, on the chimney piece, as with a key. Presently the knocking

was under our feet. Mr. Wesley and I went down, he with a great deal of hope, and I with fear. As soon as we were in the kitchen, the sound was above us, in the room we had left. We returned up the narrow stairs, and heard at the broad stairs' head some one slaring with their feet (all the family being now in bed beside us) and then trailing, as it were, and rustling with a silk night gown. Quickly it was in the nursery, at the bed's head, knocking as it had done at first, three by three. Mr. Wesley spoke to it, and said he believed it was the devil; and soon after it knocked at the window, and changed its sound into one like the planing of boards. From thence it went on the outward south side of the house, sounding fainter and fainter, till it was heard no more.

"I was at no other time than this during the noises at Epworth, and do not now remember any more circumstances than these."

"*Epworth, Sept.* 1.

"My sister Kezzy says she remembers nothing else, but that it knocked my father's knock, ready to beat the house down in the nursery one night."

Robin Brown's account to Jack.

"The first time Robin Brown, my father's man, heard it, was when he was fetching down some corn from the garrets. Somewhat knocked on a door just by him, which made him run away down stairs. From that time it used frequently to visit him in bed, walking up the garret stairs, and in the garrets, like a man in jack boots, with a night gown trailing after him, then lifting up his latch and making it jar, and making presently a noise in his room like the gobbling of a turkey cock, then stumbling over his shoes or boots by the bedside. He was resolved once to be too hard for it, and so took a large mastiff we had just got to bed with him, and left his shoes and boots below stairs: but he might as well have spared his labour, for it was exactly the same thing, whether any were there or no. The same sound was heard as if there had been forty pairs. The dog indeed was a great comfort to him; for as soon as the latch began to jar, he crept into bed, made such a howling and barking together, in spite of all the man could do, that he alarmed most of the family.

"Soon after, being grinding corn in the garrets, and happening to stop a little, the handle of the mill was turned round with great swiftness. He said nothing vexed him, but that the mill was empty. If corn had been in it, old Jeffrey might have ground his heart out for him; he would never have disturbed him.

"One night, being ill, he was leaning his head upon the back kitchen chimney (the jam he called it) with the tongs in his hands, when from behind the oven-stop, which lay by the fire, somewhat came out like a white rabbit. It turned round before him several times, and then ran to the same place again. He was frighted, started up, and ran with the tongs into the parlour (dining room.")

"*D. R. Epworth, Aug.* 31.

"Betty Massy one day came to me in the parlour, and asked me if I had heard old Jeffrey, for she said she thought there was no such

thing. When we had talked a little about it, I knocked three times with a reel I had in my hand against the dining room ceiling, and the same were presently repeated. She desired me to knock so again, which I did: but they were answered with three more so violently as shook the house, though no one was in the chamber over us. She prayed me to knock no more for fear it should come in to us."

"*Epworth, Aug.* 31, 1726.

"John and Kitty Maw, who lived over against us, listened several nights in the time of the disturbance, but could never hear any thing."

Memorandum of Jack's.

"The first time my mother ever heard any unusual noise at Epworth was long before the disturbance of old Jeffrey. My brother, lately come from London, had one evening a sharp quarrel with my sister Sukey, at which time, my mother happening to be above in her own chamber, the door and windows rung and jarred very loud, and presently several distinct strokes, three by three, were struck.—From that night it never failed to give notice in much the same manner against any signal misfortune, or illness of any belonging to the family."

Of the general circumstances which follow, most, if not all the family were frequent witnesses.

1. Presently after any noise was heard, the wind commonly rose, and whistled very loud round the house, and increased with it.

2. The signal was given, which my father likens to the turning round of a windmill when the wind changes; Mr. Hoole (rector of Haxey) to the planing of deal boards; my sister to the swift winding up of a jack. It commonly began at the corner of the top of the nursery.

3. Before it came into any room, the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rung and jarred exceedingly.

4. When it was in any room, let them make what noise they would, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead hollow note would be clearly heard above them all.

5. It constantly knocked while the prayers for the king and prince were repeating; and was plainly heard by all in the room but my father, and sometimes by him, as were also the thundering knocks at the *amen*.

6. The sound very often seemed in the air in the middle of a room, nor could they ever make any such themselves by any contrivance.

7. Though it seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, kick the man's shoes up and down, &c, yet it never moved any thing except the latches, otherwise than making it tremble; unless once, when it threw open the nursery door.

8. The mastiff, though he barked violently at it the first day he came, yet whenever it came after that, nay sometimes before the family perceived it, he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company.

9. It never came by day, till my mother ordered the horn to be blown.

10. After that time scarce any one could go from one room into another, but the latch of the room they went to was lifted up before they touched it.

11. It never came once into my father's study, till he talked to it sharply, called it *deaf and dumb devil*, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if it had any thing to say to him.

12. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six, it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time when she was employed in devotion.

13. Whether our clock went right or wrong, it always came, as near as could be guessed, when by the night it wanted a quarter to ten.

The accounts in general agree as to the time of the *commencement* and *cessation* of these disturbances. They were first noticed December 1 or 2, 1716, and ceased at the end of January, 1717. But there is a fact of which all Mr. Wesley's biographers are ignorant, *viz.* that *Jeffrey*, as the spirit was called, continued to molest some branches of the family for *many years* after. We have seen that Miss *Emily* Wesley was the first who gave it the name *Jeffrey*, from an old man of that name who had died there; and that *she* was more disturbed by it than any other of the family. I have an original letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 16, 1750, *thirty-four years* after the time, as is generally supposed, that Jeffrey had discontinued his operations. *Emily* was now Mrs. *Harper*, having married a person of that name, an apothecary, who at first lived in Epworth, and afterward in London, or near it; and the letter is addressed to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, Foundry.

As some account of this lady shall be given in its proper place, I shall insert here only that part of her letter which refers to the above subject.

"*Feb.* 16, 1750.

"DEAR BROTHER, ——— I want most sadly to see you, and talk some hours with you, as in time past! Some things are too hard for me; these I want you to solve. One doctrine of yours, and of many more, *viz.* No happiness can be found in any or all things in this world—That as I have sixteen years of my own experience which lie flatly against it, I want to talk with you about it. Another thing is, that *wonderful thing*, called by us, *Jeffrey!* You won't laugh at me for being superstitious, if I tell you *how certainly that something calls on me against any extraordinary new affliction:* but so little is known of the invisible world that I at least am not able to judge whether it be a *friendly* or an *evil spirit*. I shall be glad to know from you where you live,—where you may be found. If at the *Foundry*, assuredly on foot or by coach I shall visit my dear brother, and enjoy the very great blessing of some hours' converse.

"I am your really obliged friend and affectionate sister,

"EMILIA HARPER."

I find by a note on the back that Mr. Wesley answered this letter on the 18th, two days after: but what he said on the subject is not recorded. This is the *latest* information I have concerning *Jeffrey* and his operations. It seems he came to Emily to give intimations of approaching afflictions or evils, just as Socrates informs us his demon was accustomed to apprize him of any evils that were about to happen.

But who was this demon? and what was the cause of his troubling this family?

We find that for a considerable time all the family believed it to be a *trick:* but at last they were all satisfied it was something *supernatural.* Some supposed it was a *demon,* others that the whole was the effect of *witchcraft.* Mr. John Wesley believed that it was a messenger of Satan sent to buffet his father for his rash promise of leaving his family, and very improper conduct to his wife in consequence of her scruple to pray for the prince of Orange as king of England; to which title she fully believed he had no legal nor constitutional right. On which we find that he left her for a year, to the neglect both of his family and his Church. That God should have resented this rash conduct is not to be wondered at: but whether *Jeffrey* was the instrument of chastisement will be a question with many. With others, the house was considered as *haunted.* For this I have heard a *reason* assigned, which I shall introduce, because it has been stated to me by respectable authority as a *fact.*

"The family having retired one evening rather earlier than usual, one of the maids, who was finishing her work in the back kitchen, heard a noise, and presently saw a man working himself through a trough which communicated between the *sink stone* within, and the *cistern* on the outside of the house. Astonished and terrified beyond measure, she in a sort of desperation, seized the *cleaver,* which lay on the sink stone, and gave him a violent, and probably a *mortal* blow on the head; she then uttered a dismal shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. Mr. Wesley being alarmed by the noise, supposing that the house was beset by robbers, rose up, caught up the fire irons of his study, and began to throw them with violence on the stairs, calling out Tom! Jack! Harry, &c, as loud as he could bawl; designing thus to intimidate the robbers. Who the man was that received the blow (or who were his accomplices) was never discovered. His companions had carried him off; footsteps and marks of blood were traced to some distance, but not far enough to find who the villains were, nor from whence they came."

I give this story just as I received it, which, though respectably related, I have not been able to trace to any authentic source.

Dr. Priestley thinks the whole trick and imposture. It must be so on his system of *Materialism:* but this does not solve the difficulty, it only cuts the knot.

Mrs. Wesley's opinion was different from all the rest, and was probably the most correct: she supposed that "these noises and disturbances portended the death of her brother, then abroad in the East India Company's service." This gentleman, who had acquired a large pro-

perty, suddenly disappeared and was never heard of more! See some account of him immediately after that of his father Dr. *Annesley*.

The story of the disturbances at the parsonage house in Epworth is not *unique:* I myself, and others of my particular acquaintances, were *eye* and *ear-witnesses* of transactions of a *similar* kind; which could never be traced to any source of trick or imposture; and appeared to be the forerunners of two very tragical events in the disturbed family; after which no noise or disturbance ever took place. In the history of my own life I have related this matter in sufficient detail.

Dr. Priestley, who first published the preceding papers, says of the whole story, that "it is perhaps the best authenticated and the best told story of the kind that is any where extant; on which account, and to exercise the ingenuity of some speculative persons, he thought it not undeserving of being published."—*Preface*, p. xi. After this *concession*, he then enters into a train of arguing, to show that there could be nothing *supernatural* in it; for Dr. P., as a *Materialist*, could give no credit to any account of angels, *spirits*, &c, the existence of which he did not credit; and because he could see no *good end* to be answered by them, therefore he thinks *he may safely conclude no miracle was wrought.* Such argumentation can justify no man in disbelieving a story of this kind, told so circumstantially, and witnessed by such a number of persons whose veracity was beyond doubt; and whose *capability* to judge between *fact* and *fiction*, *trick* and *genuine operation*, was beyond that of most persons, who in any country or age came forward to give testimony on a subject of this nature. He at last gets rid of the whole matter thus:—"What appears most probable, at this distance of time, in the present case is, that it was *a trick of the servants*, assisted by some of their neighbours; and that nothing was meant by it, beside puzzling the family and amusing themselves; and that such a secret should be kept, so that the matter was never discovered, is not at all to be wondered at." We can scarcely suppose that this mode of reasoning satisfied the mind of Dr. Priestley; else he must have been satisfied much more easily on a subject which struck at the vitals of his own system, than he would have been on any doctrine relative to *philosophy* and *chemistry*. He had Mrs. Wesley's letter before him, which stated that the *servants* could not be employed in the work for reasons which she there adduces; and especially, because those very servants were often in the room with themselves, when the disturbances were most rife. But all suppositions of this kind are completely nullified by the preceding letter of Mrs. *Harper*, (formerly *Emilia Wesley*,) which states that even to *thirty-four years* afterward, *Jeffrey* continued to molest *her*. Did her father's servants and the Epworth neighbours pursue her for thirty-four years through her various settlements, from 1716 to 1750; and were even at that time playing their pranks against her in *London!* How ridiculous and absurd! and this is the very best solution of these facts that Dr. Priestley could arrive at in deference to his system of Materialism! The letter of Mrs. Harper I consider of vast importance, as it removes the last subterfuge of determinate incredulity and false philosophy on this subject.

A philosopher should not be satisfied with reasons advanced by Dr.

Priestley. He who will maintain his creed in opposition to his senses, and the most undisguised testimony of the most respectable witnesses, had better at once, for his own credit's sake, throw the whole story in the region of doubt, where all such relations, no matter how authenticated,

> "Upwhirl'd aloft,
> Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
> Into a limbus large and broad!"

And instead of its being called the *paradise of fools*, it may be styled the limbus of *philosophic Materialists;* into which they hurry whatever they cannot comprehend, choose not to believe, or please to call *superstitious* and absurd. And they treat such matters so because they quadrate not with principles unfounded on the Divine testimony, feebly supported by true philosophy, and contradictory to the plain unbiassed good common sense of *nineteen twentieths* of all the inhabitants of the earth.

But my business is to relate facts, of which the reader is to make what use he chooses.

It is now time to return more particularly to Mr. Wesley's personal history.

When Mr. Pope solicited the interest of Dean Swift to procure subscribers for Mr. Wesley's *Dissertations on the Book of Job*, he called him a *learned man;* and from many evidences before me, I am led unhesitatingly to confirm this character.

The rector of Epworth was a learned man; though he thought and spoke meanly of his own literary attainments. Independently of that classical learning, which was common to the clergy of those times, he cultivated other branches with which the great majority of them were unacquainted. One branch in particular, *Biblical criticism*, which was then but little studied either in England or any other part of Europe; and which, within a few years only, is become a certain science, formed on just principles, and subjected to consistent and unerring rules. The *Holy Scriptures* he had read with deep attention in the originals and principal *versions*. These he had carefully compared by a judicious collation; and from this labour he drew conclusions at once instructive to others, and creditable to his own understanding.

In his time that great and important work, the *London Polyglott*, was published, containing the original texts of the Old and New Testaments, *Hebrew* and *Greek*, with all the ancient *versions* that were then known. The *Samaritan* on the Pentateuch; the *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Chaldee*, *Æthiopic*, including the Psalms and the New Testament; the *Persian* on the four Gospels; the *Septuagint*, and the *Vulgate*. All these, the *Vulgate* excepted, which is in Latin, are accompanied with a *Latin version*, correct enough for general use. The text and versions occupy *five folio volumes*. The *sixth* is a *collection* of *various readings*, on the above texts and versions. To these Dr. *Edmund Castel* added a *Lexicon* in *two vols.* folio, of the *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Æthiopic*, *Samaritan*, and *Persian;* generally called *Castel's Heptaglott Lexicon*.

Of this work Mr. Wesley had a copy, which was unhappily destroyed in the burning of his house in 1709. How diligently he consulted this

work, and how much he profited by it, his collation of all the above original texts and versions throughout the book of Job testifies; of which I shall speak more particularly when I come to that article. He was so satisfied of the great utility of this work to ministers, that we find he had projected an edition of the Holy Scriptures, including the original texts, and principal versions on a more contracted plan, and in a more portable form; of which we have some account in a letter written to his son John at Oxford, when he had thoughts of entering into the work of the ministry.

As this letter contains some judicious observations, and much wholesome advice, I will give it *entire*, as only some parts of it have been published; first by Mr. Wesley in the *Arminian Magazine*, and secondly by Dr. *Whitehead*, in his Life of Mr. Wesley. We shall see by it, as by several other evidences, that Mr. S. Wesley was a *strict* father, not to say *rigid*, inclining to *severity*. But if the *rein* he held was *tight*, his hand was *steady*, and the whip not in use.

"*Wroote, Jan.* 26, 1724–5.

"DEAR SON,—I am so well pleased with your present behaviour, or at least with your letters, that I hope I shall have no occasion to remember any more some things that are passed. And since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I'll take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as oft as I am able. But then it shall be of my own *mero motu*, as the last 5^to^ was; for I will bear no rivals in my kindness.

"I did not forget you with Dr. Morley,* but have moved that way as much as possible; though I must confess, hitherto, with no great prospect or hopes of success.

"As for what you mention of entering into holy orders, it is indeed a great work: and I am pleased to find you think it so, as well as that you do not admire a callow clergyman any more than I do.

"As for your motives you take notice of, my thoughts are, 1. It is no *harm* to desire getting into that office, even as Eli's sons, 'to eat a piece of bread:'—for 'the labourer is *worthy* of his hire.' Though, 2. A desire and intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief one should do so, is a better reason; though this should by all means be begun before, or else *ten* to *one* it will deceive us afterward. 3. If a man be *unwilling* and *undesirous* to enter into orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say, so much as with common honesty, 'that he believes he is moved by the Holy Spirit to do it.' But, 4. The principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be only *secondary*, must certainly be the glory of God, and the service of his Church, in the edification and salvation of our neighbour: and wo to him who, with any meaner leading view, attempts so sacred a work. For which, 5. He should take all the care he possibly can, with the advice of wiser and elder men; especially imploring with all humility, sincerity, and *intention* of mind, and with fasting and prayer, the direction and assistance of Almighty God and his Holy Spirit, to qualify and prepare himself for it.

* Dr. Morley was rector of Lincoln College; and as Mr. John Wesley purposed to stand for a fellowship, he requested his father to use his interest with the Doctor in reference to that event. The next year he stood, and succeeded.

"The knowledge of the languages is a very considerable help in this matter, which, I thank God, all my three sons have to a very laudable degree, though God knows I had never more than a smattering of any of them. But then this must be prosecuted to the thorough understanding the original text of the Scriptures, by constant and long conversing with them.

"You ask me which is the best commentary on the Bible? I answer, the Bible: for the several paraphrases and translations of it in the Polyglott, compared with the original and with one another, are in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious, and humble mind, infinitely preferable to any commentary I ever saw wrote upon it, though *Grotius* is the best, (for the most part,) especially on the Old Testament.

"And now the providence of God (I hope it was) has engaged me in such a work, wherein you may be very assistant to me, I trust promote his glory, and at the same time notably forward your own studies in the method I have just now proposed. For I have some time since designed an edition of the Holy Bible in octavo in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Seventy, and Vulgar Latin; and hope made some progress in it. The whole scheme whereof I have not time at present to give you; of which scarce any soul yet knows except your brother Sam.

"What I desire of you on this article is, 1. That you would immediately fall to work; read diligently the *Hebrew text* in the Polyglott, and collate it exactly with the *Vulgar Latin*, which is in the second column, writing down all (even the least) variations or differences between them. To these I would have you add the *Samaritan text*, in the last column but one, (do not mind the Latin translation in the very last column) which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, only differing in the Samaritan character, (I think the true old Hebrew,) the alphabet whereof you may learn in a day's time, either from the *Prolegomena* in Walton's Polyglott, or from his Grammar. In a twelvemonth's time, sticking close to it in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it *four* times the last year, and am going over it the *fifth;* collating the Hebrew and two *Greek*, the *Alexandrian*, and the *Vatican*, with what I can get of *Symmachus* and *Theodotion*, &c. Nor shall you lose your reward for it, either in this or the other world. Nor are your brothers like to be idle. But I would have nothing said of it to any body, though your brother Sam shall write to you shortly about it.

"In the afternoon read what you will; and be sure to walk an hour, if fair, in the fields. Get *Thirlby's* Chrysostom *De Sacerdotio*, master it,—digest it. I took some pains a year or two since in drawing up some advices to Mr. Hoole's brother, then to be my curate at Epworth, before his ordination, which may not be unuseful to you; therefore I will send them shortly to your brother Sam for you: but you must return me them again, I having no copy; and pray let none but yourself see them.

"By all this you see I am not for your going over hastily into orders. When I am for your taking them, you shall know it; and it is not impossible but I may be with you, if God so long spare the life and health of your affectionate father, SAM. WESLEY."

"I like your verses on the lxvth Psalm, and would not have you to bury your talent. All are well and send duties.

"Work and write while you can. You see time has shaken me by the hand, and death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left; and bless God for them."

What the full nature and extent of the scheme referred to above was I have not been able to find out. It seems he had intended a copious list of various readings; and intended particularly to show how the *Vulgate* version (professed by St. Jerom to be taken from the Hebrew text) differed from the original; and how the *Alexandrian* and *Vatican* copies of the Septuagint differed from each other: and also to point out the variations between *them* and the *ancient Greek versions* of *Symmachus* and *Theodotion*, together with the other existing *fragments* of the *Hexapla* of *Origen*. He appears to have intended also to show the variation between the *Hebrew* and *Samaritan* Pentateuch. He tells us he had in the space of one year gone *four times* through the *Pentateuch*. By this I suppose he meant, reading—1. The Hebrew text; 2. The Chaldee paraphrases of *Ben Uzziel* and *Onkelos;* 3. The *Septuagint;* and, 4. The *Vulgate*. And to read each of those critically, and the whole in twelve months, was no mean labour.

This scheme would have wanted nothing for *general* utility had it included the *Syriac* of the Old and New Testaments, and particularly of the latter. A work of this kind, even now, would be of the utmost consequence to Biblical students. What became of the *preparations* for this promising work I have not been able to learn. He and his three sons were amply qualified for the undertaking.

Mr. Wesley thought himself at that time near the grave; his right hand was palsied, and he had other infirmities: but he lived rather more than ten years after the date of this letter.

To his son Charles, who had in 1729 taken his *Bachelor's degree* in Christ's Church, Oxford, and had begun to take pupils, he wrote as follows:—

"*Epworth, January* 29, 1729–30.

"*Dear Charles*,—I had your last with your brother's, and you may easily guess whether I were not pleased with it, both on your account and on my own. You have a double advantage by your pupils, which will soon bring you more if you will improve it, as I firmly hope you will, in taking the utmost care to form their minds to piety, as well as learning. As for yourself, between *logic*, *grammar*, and *mathematics*, be idle if you can; and I give my blessing to the bishop for having tied you a little faster, by obliging you to rub up your *Arabic;* and a fixed and constant method will make all both easy and delightful to you. But for all that you must find time every day for walking; which you know you may do with advantage to your pupils; and a little more robust exercise now and then will do you no harm.

"You are now launched fairly, *Charles:* hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,—

Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.

Thou carriest Charles, and Charles's fortune,

But always keep your eye above the pole star; and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life! which is the hearty prayer of your loving father.

"SAM. WESLEY."

In the following year Mr. Wesley met with an accident that was likely to have proved fatal to him. Mr. John Wesley, then at Oxford, having had some *account* of it, wrote to his mother for the *particulars*, of which she gave him the following detail:—

"*July* 12, 1731.

"*Dear Jacky*,———— The particulars of your *father's fall* are as follows:—On Friday before Whitsunday, the 4th of June, I, your sister Martha, and our maid, were going in our wagon to see the ground we hire of *Mrs. Knight* at *Low Millwood*. He sat in a chair at one end of the wagon, I in another at the other end, *Matty* between us, and the maid behind me. Just before we reached the close, going down a small hill, the horses took into a gallop;—out flies your *father* and his chair: the maid seeing the horses run, hung all her weight on my chair, and kept me from keeping him company. She cried out to William to stop the horses, and that her master was killed. The fellow leaped out of the seat, and stayed the horses; then ran to Mr. Wesley, but ere he got to him, two neighbours, who were providentially met together, raised his head, upon which he had pitched, and held him backward, by which means he begun to respire, for, 'tis certain, by the blackness in his face, that he had never drawn breath from the time of his fall till they helped him up. By this time I was got to him, asked him how he did, and persuaded him to drink a little ale, for we had brought a bottle with us; he looked prodigiously wild, but began to speak, and told me he ailed nothing. I informed him of his fall. He said he 'knew nothing of any fall, he was as well as ever he was in his life.' We bound up his head, which was very much bruised, and helped him into the wagon again, and set him at the bottom of it, while I supported his head between my hands, and the man led the horses softly home. I sent presently for Mr. Harper, who took a good quantity of blood from him; and then he begun to feel pain in several parts, particularly in his side and shoulder. He had a very ill night: but on Sunday morning Mr. Harper came again to him, dressed his head, and gave him something which much abated the pain in his side. We repeated the dose at bed-time, and on Whitsunday he preached twice, and gave the sacrament, which was too much for him to do, but nobody could dissuade him from it. On Monday he was ill, slept almost all day. On Tuesday the gout came: but with two or three nights taking *bateman* it went off again, and he has since been better than could be expected. We thought at first the wagon had gone over him: but it only went over his gown sleeve, and the nails took a little skin off his knuckles, but did him no farther hurt."

Thus far Mrs. Wesley. It is evident from the manner of his fall, and the state he was in when taken up, that had there not been timely help, he would have never breathed more. Was there not an especial Providence concerned in preserving the life of this good man?

The generality of English readers will wonder at *horses galloping away with a wagon;* and so should I, had I not known those which are used in the Isle of Axholme, and particularly about *Epworth.* It is a long, light, and very narrow vehicle with four narrow wheels, drawn by two horses a breast; and it is no unusual thing to drive with these wagons at a *very high trot*, and not seldom at a *gallop*, when going to the harvest fields.

This letter, the original of which is before me, seems to have been carefully preserved by Mr. John Wesley, as a record of God's mercy in the preservation of his father's life.—He had endorsed it thus:—

"*My Father's Fall.*"

Of the settlement of Mr. Wesley's family I find little. But the following letter relative to the person who married his daughter *Mary* is worthy of insertion:—

"*Westminster, Jan.* 14, 1733.

"To Lord Chancellor York, for John Whitlamb,
now Curate of Epworth.

"My Lord,—The small rectory of *Wroote*, in the diocess and county of *Lincoln*, adjoining to the *Isle of Axholme*, is in the gift of the lord chancellor, and more than *seven* years since was conferred on *Samuel Wesley*, rector of *Epworth*. It lies in the *low levels*, and is often *overflowed;* four or five years since I have had it; and the people have lost most, or all the fruits of the earth to that degree that it has hardly brought me in fifty pounds per annum, *omnibus annis;* and some years not enough to pay my curate there his salary of 30*l.* a year. This living, by your lordship's permission and favour, I would gladly resign to one *Mr. John Whitlamb*, born in the neighbourhood of *Wroote*, as his father and grandfather lived in it, when I took him from among the scholars of a charity school founded by one Mr. *Travers*, an attorney—brought him to my house, and educated him there, where he was my amanuensis for four years, in transcribing my *Dissertations on the Book of Job*, now well advanced in the press; and drawing my *maps* and *figures* for it, as well as we could by the light of nature. After this, I sent him to Oxford, to my son John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, under whom he made such proficiency, that he was the last summer admitted by the bishop of Oxford into deacon's orders, and placed my curate in *Epworth*, while I came up to town, to expedite the printing my book.

"Since I was here I gave consent to his marrying one of my *seven daughters*, and they are married accordingly; and though I can spare little more with her, yet I would gladly give them a little glebe *land* at *Wroote*, where I am sure they will not want *springs of water*. But *they* love the place, though I can get nobody *else* to reside on it. If I do not flatter myself, he is indeed a valuable person; of uncommon brightness, learning, piety, and indefatigable industry: always loyal to the king, zealous for the Church, and friendly to the dissenting brethren; and for the truth of this character I will be answerable to God and

man. If, therefore, your lordship will grant me the favour to let me resign the living unto him, and please to confer it on him, I shall always remain, your lordship's most bounden, most grateful, and most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY, Sen."

Mary, the wife of this Mr. John Whitlamb, died of her first child. The lord chancellor transferred the living as requested; and Mr. Whitlamb was promoted to it in February of the following year. We shall hear again of young Mr. Whitlamb, as Mr. Wesley's assistant on the book of Job.

We have already seen that Mr. Wesley was long engaged in a work that had for its object the elucidation of the book of Job, proposals for the printing of which were published in 1729. From the preceding letter to the chancellor, we find it was in the press so early as the year 1732: but was not finished before 1736. The title is,—*Dissertationes in librum Jobi: Autore* SAMUEL WESLEY, *Rectore de Epworth, in Diœcesi Lincolniensi*, fol. Lon. typis *Gulielmi Bowyer*, 1736.

Dedicated to Queen Caroline in the very short but elegant manner following:—

SERENISSIMÆ
CAROLINÆ,
DEI GRATIA
Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Reginæ,
LITERARUM FAUTRICI,
Qui Juvenis, Reginæ MARIÆ,
Deinde provectior Ætate ANNÆ,
OPERA SUA CONSECRAVIT:
Idem Senex, plusquam SEPTUAGENARIUS,
EXTREMOS HOSCE LABORES
HUMILLIME OFFERT
SAMUEL WESLEY.

By this we find that Mr. Wesley had the singular honour of dedicating different works to *three* British queens in succession. His History of the *Life of Christ* he dedicated to Queen *Mary;* his History of the *Old and New Testament* to Queen *Anne;* and his *Dissertations on the Book of Job*, to Queen *Caroline.*

When Mr. Wesley had purposed to dedicate this work to Queen Caroline, he wrote to both his sons, *Samuel* and *John*, relative to the proper mode of proceeding: but, on inquiry, they found many obstacles in the way to the royal presence, occasioned, it appears, by some offence given by Mr. Samuel in his Satires on the Ministry and their Friends. How these obstacles were at last removed we are not informed: but the queen received the work, as we have seen above. The following letter, written to Mr. Samuel while this subject was pending, is both curious and important.

To my Son Samuel.

"*Epworth, Dec.* 17, 1730.

"DEAR SON,—On Wednesday last, the 15th instant, I had yours of the 11th and 12th, which has made me pretty quiet in reference to my *dedication*, as indeed my heart was never violently set upon it before,

or I hope on any thing else in this world. I find it stuck where I always boded it would, as in the words of your brother in yours, when you waited on him with my letter and addressed him on the occasion. 'The short answer I received was this, *it was utterly impossible to obtain leave on my account:* you had the misfortune to be my father; and I had a long bill against M——n.'

"I guess at the particulars, that you have let your wit too loose against some favourites; which is often more highly resented, and harder to be pardoned, than if you had done it against greater persons. It seems then that original sin goes sometimes *upward* as well as *downward;* and we must suffer for our *offspring*. Though, notwithstanding this disappointment, owing I doubt not to some misconduct, I shall never think it 'a misfortune to have been your father.' I am sensible it would avail little for me to plead in proof of my loyalty, the *having written and printed the first thing that appeared in defence of the government after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the crown*, (which was an answer to a speech without doors,) and I wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view; and that I ever had the most tender affection and deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family; on which account it is no secret to you, though it is to most others, that I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immovable, till I have conquered at the last. I must confess, I had the (I hope at the least) pardonable vanity (when I had dedicated two books before to two of our English queens, Queen Mary and Queen Anne,) to desire to inscribe a *third*, which has cost me ten times as much labour as all the rest, to her gracious majesty Queen Caroline; who, I have heard, is an encourager of learning. And this work, I am sure, *needs* a royal encouragement, whether or no it may *deserve* it. Neither would I yet despair of it, had I any friend who would fairly represent *that* and *me* to her majesty. Be that as pleaseth Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the princes upon earth; and he turneth them whithersoever he pleases.

"If we have not subscriptions enough for the *cuts*, as proposed, we must be content to lower our sails again, and to have only the *maps*, the *picture of Job*, which I must have at the beginning, and some few others. The family, I thank God, is all well, as is your affectionate father,

"Sam. Wesley, Sen."

It is very likely that Mr. Wesley had learnt before he died, that his work when finished would be received by the queen; and that he had permission to dedicate it to her majesty; and it must have consoled him; as it would have pained him most sensibly to have fallen under the displeasure of one whom he most sincerely reverenced. I shall now proceed to a description of the work itself.

The dissertations are *thirty-five* in number, some of which are very curious.

From the *preface* we learn the following particulars :—

1. That he had for a long time carefully read over this book, first in *Hebrew*, and secondly in the *Septuagint;* that he collated these together, and formed the result into *notes* and *observations* on the passages which gave them birth ; that having procured *Walton's Polyglott*, he compared what he had already done with the ancient *versions* in that work, and greatly increased his notes and observations ; and that the *fire* in his house in 1709 destroyed all his property, not a leaf either of his *Polyglott*, or his *Collections* on Job, escaping the flames.

2. Having procured another *Polyglott*, he read over the Hebrew text again and again, diligently compared the *Alexandrian* and *Vatican* editions of the *Septuagint* with all the fragments of *Origen's Hexapla*, collated all the variations in the *Chaldee*, *Arabic*, and *Syriac texts*, with the principal critics, as exhibited in *Pool's Synopsis:* but not understanding the *Arabic* and *Syriac*, he was obliged to trust to their *Latin versions* in the *Polyglott*. He compared also *Tindal's* and the *Bishop's Bible*, of which he says, *quâ licet non prorsus infallibili, perfectiorem in ullâ linguâ me visuram non spero ;* " which, although not altogether infallible, any thing more perfect in any language I never expect to see."

3. Having gone through all this previous labour, he then consulted all the *commentators* within his reach, principally relying on what he had been able to acquire from the above collation of the original text, and ancient versions in the Polyglott.

4. As he did not design to write a *commentary* on the book, he wrote down the titles of subjects on which he designed to write *dissertations* for the general elucidation of the book.

5. He then relates the assistance he had from *books*—and mentions with peculiar gratitude and respect the help he received from the library of *Lord Malton;* without whose kindness, hospitality and munificence, the work, he says, would have come into the world mutilated, or perished as an abortion.

6. The *authors* he consulted were principally, *Pliny*, *Bunting's* Travels of the Patriarchs, *Salmasius*, *Mercator*, *Jerom*, *Eusebius*, *Strabo*, *Diodorus Siculus*, *Luitsius*, *Sanson*, *Purchas*, *Hakluyt*, *De la Valle*, *and Peutinger's Tables* for the geographical part. *Bochart*, worth all the rest put together, he had, he says, only for a few days. *Calmet*, *Pineda*, *Spanheim*, *Dr. Hyde*, *Bishop Cumberland*, *Greaves*, *Sandys*, &c, gave him help in the same line.

7. For the chronology, he consulted *Usher*, *Loyd*, *Marshal*, *Ptolemy*, *Cellarius*, *Reyland*, and *Maundrell.*

8. Mr. *Rumley*, teacher of the *Wroote* Charity School ; *Maurice Johnson*, Esq., founder of the Gentlemen's Society at Spalding ; and his three sons, *Samuel*, *John*, and *Charles*, were those from whom he had his principal assistance. *Samuel* corrected the press ; and he and his brothers did every thing in the work that dutiful sons should do for an aged and most respectable parent.

9. By close application to this work for many years, he greatly impaired his health, and brought on himself both gout and palsy. He died the year before it was finished, and his son Samuel *completed* and edited the work.

10. In this work there are a good many *engravings*, by *Vertue*, *Seale*, and *Cole*; and there are several plates anonymous. Of the engravings in general, Mr. Badcock says, they seem to be the first rude efforts of an untutored boy; nothing can be conceived more execrable. We must except from this censure those done by *Vertue*; the *head* particularly, which is really fine. The *crocodile*, *hippopotamus*, and *war horse* by *Cole*, are tolerable. The rest are very indifferent: and the *anonymous*, which were the work of Mr. *John Whitlamb*, who was his amanuensis and pupil for several years, whom he sent to the university, and who afterward married his daughter *Mary*, are among the *worst* that ever saw the sun. Mr. Badcock guessed right that *they were the first rude efforts of an untutored boy*.

The frontispiece by *Vertue* is well imagined, and well done; except the *portcullis* in the ancient gate, under which Mr. *Wesley*, in the character of *Job* dispensing justice, is sitting in an ancient chair, with a sceptre in his hand, and two *pyramids* in the distance. Over the top of the gate is written JOB PATRIARCHA; and at the bottom of the leaf are these words upon a label,—

AN. ETAT. CIRCITER LXX.
QUIS MIHI TRIBUAT UT SCRIBANTUR
SERMONES MEI, UT IN LIBRO EXCULPANTER.

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1785, p. 758, says that this inscription "marks it out as the quaint device of a man in years, who thought himself neglected." I cannot think there was any such *design*, or that Mr. Wesley thought himself *neglected*. In no part of his private correspondence have I found even the shadow of such a complaint. He rather spoke of what he *had* as something in the way of Providence, beyond any thing he had either *sought* or *expected*. The words are taken, with a slight alteration, from Job xix, 23, as they stand in the Vulgate.

Quis mihi tribuat ut scribantur sermones mei?
Quis mihi det ut exarantur in libro?—

O that my words were now written!
O that they were printed in a book!

Of this work there were 500 copies printed; and he had a list of 343 subscribers.

The most useful part of this volume, and what must have cost the author incredible pains and trouble, is the last part, intituled, *Libri Jobi Textus Hebraicus, cum Paraphrasi Chaldaica et Versionibus plurimis collatus—*

"The Hebrew Text of the Book of Job, collated with the Chaldee Paraphrase and numerous Versions."

The following are the versions:—

The *Septuagint*, in the *Aldine*, *Grabean*, and *Bossian* editions, and in the *Complutensian* Polyglott, with the fragments of *Aquila*, *Symmachus*, and *Theodotion*.

The *Chaldee* Paraphrase,

The *Syriac* and *Arabic* versions,

The *Latin* version of *Castellio*,

The *Latin* version of *Arias Montanus*,
——————— of *St. Ambrose*,
——————— of *Junius Tremellius*,
——————— of *Piscator*,
——————— of the *Zurich divines*,
The English version of *Tindal*,—and
The present *authorized version*.

Every verse of the whole book has been collated as above, and all the variations set down; and this part of the work occupies no less than 184 folio pages. It is one of the completest things of the kind I have ever met with; and must be invaluable to any man who may wish to read this book critically.

The work having been dedicated by permission to the queen, Mr. John Wesley was appointed to present it in the name of his deceased father; which he did on Sunday, October 12, 1735. Himself told me, that "when he was introduced into the royal presence, the queen was romping with her maids of honour. But she suspended her play, heard and received him graciously, took the book from his hand, which he presented to her kneeling on one knee, looked at the outside, said, *It is very prettily bound*, and then laid it down in a window without opening a leaf. He rose up, bowed, walked backward, and withdrew. The queen bowed and smiled, and spoke several kind words, and immediately resumed her sport."

In a letter from Mr. *Badcock*, published by Mr. Nichols in his *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v, p. 219, mention is made of Mr. John Wesley's presenting the book to Queen Caroline. He says, "Mr. John Wesley, in a letter to his brother Samuel, acknowledges the very courteous reception he was honoured with from her majesty, who gave him *bows, and smiles,—but nothing for his poor father*."

I cannot tell how to understand this. Mr. Samuel Wesley died April 25, 1735, and the work in question bears date 1736. It was in this year it was *published*; and it certainly was not *finished* when he died; for in the account of his father's death, which Mr. Charles Wesley wrote from Epworth to his brother Samuel, dated April 30, 1735, we find these remarkable words,—"The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest human desires *of finishing Job*, paying his debts, and seeing you." The book could not have been *presented* before it was *finished*; there must therefore be a mistake in Mr. Badcock's statement, which represents Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., as *alive* when his son John presented the book to the queen, "Her majesty gave him *bows* and *smiles; but nothing for his poor father*."

But Mr. John Wesley's letter to his brother puts the matter beyond dispute. It is dated,

"*Gravesend, on board the Simmonds, Oct.* 15, 1735.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I presented *Job* to the *queen* on *Sunday*, and had *many good words* and *smiles*. Out of what is due to me on that account I beg you first pay yourself what I owe you; and if I live till spring, I can then direct what I would have done with the remainder."

Here is the whole that Mr. J. Wesley says on the subject. And thus we see the book *was not presented till more than six months after Mr. Samuel Wesley's death.* Mr. J. Wesley embarked on Tuesday 14. The book was presented on Sunday 12.

We have already seen that the infirmities of Mr. Samuel Wesley were greatly increased by his labours on the above work; from which his advanced age forbad any hopes of recovery. He acted on the maxim,—"*Rather wear out than rust out;*" and he sunk, fairly worn out with labours, old age, and infirmities, April 25, 1735, in the seventy-second year of his age.

His two sons *John* and *Charles* were present at his death; and the latter gives an account of this closing scene in the following letter to his brother Samuel.

"*Epworth, April* 30, 1735.

"DEAR BROTHER,—After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are at last assured you must see his face no more, till raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he uttered I have saved. Some of them were, 'Nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God.—There is but a step between me and death. To-morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink of it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I die.'

"The morning he was to communicate he was so exceeding weak, and full of pain, that he could not without the utmost difficulty receive the elements, often repeating, 'Thou shakest me! thou shakest me!' But immediately after receiving, there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest human desires, of *finishing Job*, paying his debts, and seeing *you*. He often laid his hands upon my head, and said, 'Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' To my sister *Emily* he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.' When we were met about him, his usual expression was, 'Now let me hear you talk about heaven.' my asking him, whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, my *Charles*, I feel a great deal. God chastens me with strong pain: but I praise him for it; I thank him for it; I love him for it.' On the 25th his voice failed him, and nature seemed entirely spent, when on my brother's asking, 'whether he was not near heaven?' he answered distinctly, and with the most of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, 'Yes, I am.' He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the *commendatory prayer.*—His last words were, 'Now you have done all.' This was about half an hour after six: from which time till sunset he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother, having again used the *prayer*, the very moment it was finished, he expired.

"His passage was so smooth and insensible, that notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a good while, in doubt whether the soul was departed or no. My mother who, for several days before he died, hardly ever went into his chamber, but she was carried out again in a fit, was far less shocked at the news than we expected; and told us, that 'now she was heard in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened so to bear it.'

"Though you have lost your chief reason for coming, yet there are others which make your presence more necessary than ever. My mother would be exceedingly glad to see you as soon as can be.

"We have computed the debts, and find they amount to above 100*l.* exclusive of cousin Richardson's. Mrs. Knight, her landlady, seized all her quick stock, valued at above 40*l.* for 15*l.* my father owed her, on Monday last, the day he was buried. And my brother this afternoon gives a note for the money, in order to get the stock at liberty to sell, for security of which he has the stock made over to him, and will be paid as it can be sold. My father was buried very frugally, yet decently, in the church yard, according to his own desire.

"It will be highly necessary to bring all accounts of what he owed you that you may mark all the goods in the house as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage. *Chartas omnes, et Epistolas præcipuas opposita sera in adventum tuum reservo.* [All papers and letters of importance I have sealed up, and keep till you come.]

"Kezzy and Mr. H. have parted for ever. Your advice in hers and many other cases will be absolutely necessary. If you take London in your way, my mother desires you would remember that she is a clergyman's widow. Let the society give her what they please, she must be still in some degree *burthensome* to you as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burthen, and wish I could share it with you. You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank.

"I should be ashamed of having so much *business* in my letter, were it not necessary. I would choose to write and think of nothing but my father. Ere we meet, I hope you will have finished his elegy.

"I am your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES WESLEY.

"To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, at Tiverton, Devon."

I believe Mr. Samuel had not only a *high esteem*, but also an ardent affection, for his father; and therefore to be deprived of the opportunity of witnessing his closing scene must have been to him the cause of deep affliction and regret. When Mr. Charles states in the above letter that his father gave up his last human hopes of seeing his son Samuel, finishing his Dissertations on Job, and *paying his debts*, the sympathetic reader will anxiously inquire—*What were these debts?* They were small; and more *property* was left than was necessary to cover them all. For on examination, Mr. Charles tells us they were found to

amount only to a *little* more than *one hundred pounds*, independently of some pecuniary obligations to some parts of his own family! Such a debt, when enough was left to pay it, need not have occupied in any serious way his last moments.

We have seen in the letter of Mrs. Wesley to her son John, giving account of Mr. Wesley's *dangerous fall* (see page 140) that in 1731 they had rented a piece of ground from a *Mrs. Knight* at *Low Millwood.* It is very probable that Mr. Wesley held this ground till he died; for we find in a part of the preceding letter, that *fifteen pounds* were owing to this *Mrs. Knight* at the time of *his interment.* This inhuman woman, who appears to have been a *widow* herself, took advantage of the family distress; and not having the fear of God before her eyes, and instigated thereto by the malice of the devil, seized the whole of poor Mr. Wesley's cattle on the same day, without giving one hour's grace for the payment! A more unfeeling, a more abominable, a more inhuman act, I never heard of. I record this action, that I may hand down the *name* of this *Mrs. Knight* with deserved infamy while my page shall last;

"And time her *blacker name* shall *blurre* with *blackest* ink."

Mr. Wesley lies buried in *Epworth* church yard, under a plain grit tombstone, supported by brick work; on which is engraved the following inscription. I give it line for line with the original.

Lyeth all that was
Mortal of SAMUEL WESLEY,
A. M. He was Rector of EPWORTH 39 years and departed
this Life 25 of April 1735
Aged 72.
As he liv'd so he died,
in the true Catholick Faith
of the Holy Trinity in Unity,
And that JESUS CHRIST is God
incarnate: and the only
Saviour of Mankind,
Acts iv, 12.
Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord, yea
saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their Labours and
their works do follow them.
Rev. xiv, 13.

This was the original inscription, cut in the manner above represented; under whose direction and management I cannot tell. Becoming nearly obliterated, the brick work was repaired in the year 1819, the stone *turned* and *recut*, with the same inscription; only the lines do not all end in the same way as above, but with equal absurdity and unskilfulness in the division.

The whole is utterly unworthy of the *man*, the *Christian*, and the *minister*; and as the family is now nearly extinct, it is hoped that the Methodist body will erect a decent monument for the father of John Wesley their founder, that may serve to perpetuate the memory of *his* excellence; and their *gratitude* to God, who from this source raised up

the man who has been such a blessing to the British nation, to the isles of the sea, and to the ends of the earth.

His son *Samuel* wrote his character in a poem intituled *The Parish Priest*, which was published the following year 1736, in his *Poems on several Occasions*. This places the rector of Epworth in a *favourable* and *true* light.

Accept, dear SIRE, this humble tribute paid,
This small memorial to a parent's shade.
Tho' fair the hope, thou reign'st enthron'd on high,
Where sin can never stain, nor sorrow sigh;
Yet still a son may duteous mourning wear,
And nature unreprov'd may drop a tear.
No glosing falsehood on thy name is thrown,
Which oft pollutes the monumental stone.
Plain truth shall speak, which thou thyself might'st hear,
As far from flatt'ry as it is from fear.

A PARISH PRIEST, not of the pilgrim kind,
But fix'd and faithful to the post assign'd,
Through various scenes with equal virtue trod,
True to his oath, his order, and his God.
Wise without art, he shone in doubtful days
Of fear, of shame, of danger, and of praise.
When zealous James unhappy sought the way
T' establish Rome by arbitrary sway,
Whose crime from fondness for religion springs,
(A crime ne'er pardon'd in the lives of kings!)
'Twas then the Christian priest was nobly try'd,
When hireling slaves embrac'd the stronger side,
And saintly sects and sycophants comply'd.
In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty crown;
He sought no favour, as he fear'd no frown.
Nor loudest storms his steady purpose broke,
Firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke.
Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
He dared the Declaration to refuse:
Then from the sacred pulpit boldly show'd
The dauntless Hebrews true to Israel's God,
Who spake regardless of their king's commands,
"The God we serve can save us from thy hands;*
If not, O monarch, know we choose to die,
Thy gods alike and threatenings we defy;
No power on earth our faith has e'er controll'd,
We scorn to worship idols, though of gold."
Resistless truth damp'd all the audience round;
The base informer sicken'd at the sound;
Attentive courtiers, conscious, stood amaz'd,
And soldiers, silent, trembled as they gaz'd.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose,
Abash'd and vanquish'd seemed the Church's foes.
So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The Jewish martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire.

Nor yet could Romish faith so dreadful seem,
To fright his judgment to a worse extreme;
To throw up creeds for fear of papal pow'r,
And blame St. Peter for his successor.
For when the Church her danger had subdu'd,
And felt on earth the usual gratitude,
When favour'd sects o'erspread Britannia's plains,
Like frogs, thick swarming, after summer rains;

* He preached on Dan. iii, 17, 18.

Against far diff'rent foes alike prepar'd,
No wild disputer found him off his guard.
Nor those who following late Socinus' plan,
Degraded God incarnate to a man;
Nor those, who wresting texts with greater sleight,
With Heav'n, as taught by elder Arius, fight:
Reasoners, who no absurdity can see
In a new made dependent Deity.
Among his corn no tares neglected spring;
That free-born subjects ought to rule their king,
That sense and revelation disagree,
That zeal is still at war with charity;
That dust-born reptiles may their God disown,
And place their foolish reason in his throne.
No colours false deceiv'd his wary eye,
Nor lukewarm peace, nor atheist liberty.
Scripture and fathers guide his footsteps right;
For truth is one, but error infinite.
With love to souls, and deepest learning fraught,
His Master's Gospel undisguis'd he taught.
He show'd the pow'r of kings, the mitre's sway,
Which earth can neither give nor take away.
That duty from divine command is known,
Fix'd on th' Almighty's will, and not our own.
That unbelievers must receive their hire,
The sure allotment of eternal fire.
And God the faithful sower pleas'd to bless,
And crowned his harvest with a vast success.
While forty years his heav'nly doctrine charms,
No single son forsakes the Church's arms:
No Romish wolf around his fences prowl'd,*
Nor fox dissenter earth'd within his fold.

Not but when parties fierce in feuds engage,
When moderation spurs her sons to rage,
When all elect or reprobate have been,
In these no virtue dwells, in those no sin;
Then their low scandals on his head they show'r,
As friend to papal and despotic pow'r,
E'en those who once were tools to popish aims,
The treach'rous darlings of deluded James,
Who now the purest reformation boast,
Tho' then their tender consciences were lost,
E'en those far off with lies his fame assail,
And their bad patrons help the wicked tale.
'Tis thus the serpent to his cavern glides,
And safe his wily head from winter hides;
But when returning seasons warmth inspire,
And wake his sleeping poison into fire,
With youth renew'd, behold the reptile rise,
He waves and glitters in the dog-day skies,
Shoots 'cross the road when sounding steps draw near,
And springs t' assault the way-beat traveller:
Who durst his course in rains and whirlwinds hold,
And pass'd unshelter'd through December's cold.

Griev'd for the Church's shame, with pitying eye,
He saw the worthless abjects lifted high;
Empty alike of learning and of brain,
As if the pope had reassum'd his reign,
And brought our ancient Mumpsimus again.
With fruitless toil let midnight scholars pore,
And dig the mine, while others gain the ore;

* There was not a dissenter or papist in his parish.

Proud of demerit, claiming as their own
The stall prebendal, or prelatic throne:
While Johnson from his Cranbrook ne'er shall part,
And Fiddes pining sighs with broken heart;
While Grabe in vain t' unthankful Britain flies,
And Wall neglected in a corner lies,
And poor, and unrewarded Bingham dies;
While names obscure undue advancement meet,
And T——— could conquer Stillingfleet,
Nor yet on those preferred he cast the blame,
Far more the patrons than the clerks inflame.
Patrons afraid of sense, but not of vice,
Elate with pride, or sunk with avarice.
Patrons by villains sought, by slaves ador'd;
Scorn'd by the gen'rous, by the good abhorr'd.
Or private rascals, who from conscience free,
Search ev'ry latent nook of simony;
Who but on base conditions ne'er present,
And future tithes by present bonds prevent:
Or knaves more public, studious to promote
Elections, bart'ring benefice for vote.
Is he self-will'd, or knows he to obey?
Enough! no farther tittle need you say:
A useful man may as he pleases live,
But worth 's a crime we never can forgive.
So when the Roman Peter wants an heir,
If rogues of both religions we compare,
Tho' worthy candidates the popedom seek,
Expert in Latin, and well read in Greek:
The conclave sly, with Machiavilian views,
One to be govern'd, not to govern, choose.
Like Quakers, human learning they forswear,
And ignorance best fills th' unerring chair.
The statesmen laugh, let Bellarmine go fume,
No fam'd Perron the purple shall assume,
No, nor Baronius' self, the Atlas of their Rome.

When age, not hasten'd on by guilt or cares,
Grac'd him with silver crown of hoary hairs,
His looks the tenor of his soul express,
An easy unaffected cheerfulness;
Steadfast, not stiff; and awful, not austere;
Tho' courteous, rev'rend; and tho' smooth, sincere:
In converse free; for ev'ry subject fit;
The coolest reason join'd to keenest wit;
Wit, that with aim resistless knows to fly,
Disarms unthought of, and prevents reply:
So lightning falls the mountain oaks among,
As sure, as quick, as shining, and as strong.
Skilful of sportive stories forth to pour,
A gay, a humourous, an exhaustless store.
With sharpest point and justest force apply'd,
The purport never dark and never wide.
Not adversaries selves applause forbore,
And those who blam'd him most, admir'd him more.
Scarcely the Phrygian fam'd for moral tales,
Who useful truth in pleasing fiction veils,
Who wisdom deep in plants and brutes can find,
And makes all creatures tutors to mankind;
In apter fable solid sense convey'd,
With sounder substance, or with finer shade.

He mourn'd with those who pain or want endure,
A guardian angel to the sick and poor;

Where the two best of charities he join'd,
To cure the body, and to heal the mind.
Across his path no wretch expiring lies,*
Nor querulous blind bewail their loss of eyes:
No mangled cripple there expos'd his maim,
The shock of nature, and the nation's shame;
The stranger's view no startling object meets,
And no complaining griev'd his happy streets.
Oft as the year brought back the glorious day
When infant JESUS in a manger lay,
Or when from death the GOD triumphant came,
Or when the HOLY GHOST descends in flame,
Around his board the welcome needy sate,
And crowd his parlour, not besiege his gate;
T' obey their word his children waited near,
And learnt their Saviour's image to revere.
This charity perform'd, the wealthier guest
Was call'd to share his hospitable feast;
The poor invited first, his table grace,
And riches only held the second place.

While silken courtiers and embroider'd lords,
To whom the earth her mines in vain affords,
Too oft their need unable to supply,
In spite of wealth are pinch'd with poverty:
His scanty rent suffic'd for ev'ry call,
Large was his plenty, tho' his income small;
Alike in prudence and in bounty skill'd,
He never drain'd his purse, nor ever fill'd.
None e'er did twice his ready alms desire,
Nor lack'd the lab'rer his expected hire:
Enrich'd by doing good a thousand-fold,
He rarely gain'd, and never wanted gold.
Well-stor'd to give, and furnish'd still to lend,
To raise the friendless, and support the friend.
With ceaseless streams his well plac'd treasure flows,
When spent increases, and by less'ning grows.
So when Elijah dwelt on earth, (as far
As miracle with conduct we compare,)
Sarepta's widow, hoping no supply,
Thought on her little store to eat and die:
Soon as she welcom'd her prophetic guest,
The cruse flow'd lib'ral, and the corn increas'd;
Th' Almighty pow'r unfailing plenty sent,
The oil unwasted, and the meal unspent.

Such was the man by friends and foes confest,
Worthy the glorious name of PARISH PRIEST.
Had not kind Heav'n some champions pleas'd to show,
In merit high, tho' in preferment low;
Whose pray'rs and tears might stop th' Almighty's hand,
Protecting angels to a guilty land,
From earth's vain hopes and base ambition free,
Whose slighted, but effectual piety,
Stood like a mound unshaken, to repress
Th' o'erbearing floods of prosp'rous wickedness:
The Christian faith had left Britannia's coast,
Her lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost:
Our eyes e'er this had seen religion fall,
And black apostasy had delug'd all;
Nor more remains of truth had flourished here,

* There were no beggars in his town.

Than where poor Asia's ruins scarce appear,
And Unitarian Turks their impious crescent rear.
O could the PRIEST by God and angels priz'd,
By fiends insulted, and by fools despis'd,
His fight well fought, when summon'd hence to go,
Not then regardless of his charge below,
Tho' sudden snatch'd from our desiring eyes,
Bequeath his mantle, as he mounts the skies!

O may his friends, at the last dreadful day,
When all the frail creation fades away,
When GOD incarnate fills the judgment throne,
Crown'd with his Father's radiance and his own,
Arise with gladness, bliss ordain'd to share,
And I, transported, meet a father there!
See him lead up his flock with happy boast,
"These sheep thou gav'st me, and not one is lost."
Exulting hear the final *Euge* giv'n,
"Enter, thou faithful servant, to my heav'n."
Glory, which here tho' faith may well believe,
No speech can utter, and no thought conceive;
When weary time his utmost race has run,
Glory through endless ages but begun,
Beyond the glimm'ring spark of our meridian sun.

To those who believe the character has not been overdrawn, and that the son has not been too partial to the father, nothing need be added.

I have taken care to inquire upon the spot (where the memory of Mr. Samuel Wesley is still well preserved among the elderly and more respectable inhabitants) concerning the man and his communications; and I have had in substance the same character which in the above poem was given by his son.

From some *family papers* I learn that Mr. Samuel Wesley was of a *short stature*; spare, but athletic make; and, from what I can collect, nearly resembling in person his son *John:* and it is very likely that the picture engraved by *Vertue*, and prefixed to his Dissertations on the *Book of Job*, was a *correct resemblance.*

His spirit and temper may be seen in his writings, and in the preceding account.

He was earnest, conscientious, and indefatigable in his search after truth. He *thought deeply* on every subject which was either to form an article in his creed, or a principle for his conduct. And having formed these, he boldly maintained them; conscious of his own integrity, and zealous for what he conceived to be the orthodox faith. His *orthodoxy* was pure and solid; his *religious conduct* strictly correct in all respects; his *piety* toward God *ardent;* his *loyalty* to his king unsullied; and his love to his *fellow creatures* strong and unconfined. Though of high Church principles, and high Church politics, yet he could separate the *man* from the *opinions* he held, and the party he had espoused; and when he found him in distress, knew him only as a *man* and a *brother.* He was a *rigid disciplinarian* both in his *Church* and his *family.* He knew all his *parishioners;* and he knew them as the *flock* over which he believed the Holy Spirit had made him an overseer; and for whom he must give account to the great Bishop and Shepherd

of souls. He visited his parishioners from house to house; he sifted their creed, and permitted none to be *corrupt* in their *opinions* or in their *practices*, without *instruction* or *reproof*.

These things have been attested to me by aged respectable inhabitants of Epworth; to whom the memory of the *man* and the *pastor* is still dear.

His *family* he kept in the strictest *order*; and though authoritative in all his deportment toward them, yet he was ever sufficiently tender; so that he had entirely secured their *affection* and respect. It is pleasing to behold this in all the letters that passed between him and his children. Had not his *authority* and *parental tenderness* been duly attempered, his children would have either *feared* him as their *judge*, or *treated* him as their *play fellow*. I have often seen great evils produced by parents acting on one only of these opposite extremes.

As a *controversial writer*, he had considerable dexterity in managing an argument, and defending himself. But he sometimes betrays an *acrimony* of spirit against his opponents, the common fault of polemic divines.

To his *judicious method* of *instructing* and *managing* his family we owe, under God, many of those advantages and blessings which as a religious people we possess; and even on this account, his name among the Methodists should be held in everlasting remembrance.

Mr. Wesley had a large share of vivacity. In his private conversation he was very entertaining and instructive. He had a large fund of anecdote; and a profusion both of witty and wise sayings, which he knew well how to apply for the instruction or correction of those who were favoured with his company. To this rare and useful talent his son Samuel alludes in the following verses of the poem called *The Parish Priest*,—

"In converse free; for every *subject* fit;
The coolest reason join'd to keenest wit;
Wit, that with aim resistless knows to fly,
Disarms unthought of, and prevents reply.
Skilful of sportive stories forth to pour,
A gay, a humourous, an exhaustless store,
With sharpest point and justest force applied,
The purport never dark and never wide.
Scarcely the *Phrygian* fam'd for moral tales,
Who useful truth in pleasing fiction veils,
Who wisdom deep in plants and brutes can find,
And makes all creatures tutors to mankind;
In apter *fable* solid sense convey'd,
With *sounder substance*, or with *finer shade*."

He was accustomed to treat his friends and the poor on the three grand festivals, *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitsuntide*. But the poor always sat down *first*, and were attended by his daughters; and when *they* had eaten heartily and departed, the *richer* guests took the vacant seats. This circumstance has not been forgotten in the above poem.

"Oft as the year brought back the glorious day
When *infant* JESUS in a manger lay,
Or when *from death* the GOD triumphant came,
Or when the HOLY GHOST descends in flame,

Around his *board* the welcome *needy* sate,
And crowd his *parlour*, not besiege his gate;
T' obey their word his *children* waited near,
And learnt their Saviour's image to revere.
This charity perform'd, the wealthier guest
Was call'd to share his hospitable feast,
The *poor*, invited *first*, his table grace,
And riches only held the *second* place."

All this is highly praiseworthy; for a parish priest, who is *bishop* of his own place, should be *given to hospitality;* and when he has the means, nothing is more becoming. But it is a truth that many of these have little or nothing to spare; and Mr. Wesley was always in such circumstances; and with these his son Samuel does not appear to have been duly acquainted, as the following lines show, which are far from being strictly correct,—

"His scanty rent suffic'd for every call;
Large was his plenty though his income small:
Alike in prudence and in bounty skill'd;
He never *drain'd* his purse, nor ever *fill'd*."

The contrary to this has sufficiently appeared. But poetry seldom speaks the strict language of truth; and while duty binds us to note them, we pardon such oversights in the grateful effusions of an affectionate child.

Mr. Wesley had a clerk, a well-meaning, honest, but weak, and vain man. He believed the rector, his master, to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the county;—and himself, as he stood next to him in church ministrations, to be next to him in worth and importance. He had the advantage and privilege of wearing out Mr. Wesley's cast clothes and wigs, for the latter of which, his head was by far too small; and the figure he cut in it was most ludicrously grotesque. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of those canonical substitutes for hair which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself, the next person in importance to his master. One morning before church time Mr. W. said, "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day; and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual." John was pleased; and the service went forward as it was wont to do till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line,—

"Like to an owl in ivy bush."

This was sung;—and the following line, John peeping out of the large canonical wig in which his head was half lost, gave out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting twang,—

"That rueful thing am I!"

The whole congregation, struck with John's appearance, saw, and felt the similitude, and burst out into laughter.

The rector was pleased; for John was mortified, and his self-conceit lowered.

This is the same man who, when King William returned to London after some of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth church,—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing :—

"King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come ;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's call'd *Te D'um*."

I have only to add that a *sycamore tree*, planted by Mr. Wesley in Epworth church yard, is now (1821) *two fathoms in girth* ; and proportionably large in height, boughs, and branches ; but is *decaying* at the *root*, where the tree is now becoming hollow : a melancholy emblem of the state of a very eminent family, in which the *prophetic office* and spirit had flourished for nearly two hundred years, which is now nearly dried up from the earth, and is no more likely to give a messenger to the Churches, or a healer to Israel.

I have dwelt the longer upon this life, as no adequate justice has ever yet been done to it, though it is of the utmost consequence in the history of Methodism for reasons which have doubtless appeared to the reader in its perusal.

On the *facts* and *incidents* the most implicit confidence may be safely placed, as they are all taken from authentic documents.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, LL. D. AND HIS CHILDREN.

Dr. Samuel Annesley is too nearly connected with the *Wesley* family, as being the father of *Susanna*, wife to the rector of Epworth, to be passed by without notice, in any memoirs of this family.

Dr. Samuel Annesley was born at Kenilworth, near Warwick, in the year 1620. He was descended of a good family ; for his father, and the then *earl of Anglesey*, were brother's children.* He was the only

* The family of Annesley, or Annesly, or as it is in Domesday Book Aneslei, is of great antiquity ; deriving its name from the wapentake of Oswardebec or *Broxton*, in the county of Nottingham, of which the family was possessed before the Conquest ; and Richard de Aneslei was proprietor of it in 1086, when the domesday survey was taken by command of the Conqueror.

To him succeeded Ralph de Aneslei, called Brito de Bret ; who gave to St. Mary, and the house of Felly, in the county of Nottingham, and to the brethren thereof, the domain and sole right of the patronage of the church of Aneslei, in pure alms for the salvation of himself, his wife and heirs, and for the relief of his departed friends : which donation was confirmed to the canons by Geoffry, archbishop of York.

I must pass by the splendid marriages and heraldic honours of this family, continued from the conquest down to the 17th century ; and briefly note, that Francis Annesley, created Baron Mount Norris, and Viscount Valentia, was secretary of state, and vice-treasurer of Ireland, in the reign of Charles I.

Arthur Annesley, first earl of Anglesea, was his eldest son by his first wife, and succeeded his father in his Irish honours. He was distinguished for his loyalty to Charles II., to whom he strictly adhered during his exile ; and advanced his interest at the hazard of his life and property ; for which, after the Restoration, this Baron Annesley, of Newport Pagnel, and earl of the Isle of Anglesea, was appointed one of the commissioners for settling the affairs of Ireland, where he was then vice-treasurer, and receiver-general. In 1673, he was made lord privy seal, and one of the privy council in both kingdoms. He died in 1686, leaving seven sons, and six daughters. Dr. Samuel Annesley was brother's son to this first earl of Anglesea.

child of his parents, and had a considerable *paternal estate*. His father dying when he was but *four* years of age, his education devolved on his pious mother, who brought him up in the fear of the Lord; and as he was inclined from his earliest youth to the work of the ministry, she took care to procure him a suitable education.

His grandmother, who was a very pious woman, dying before he was born, requested that the child, if a *boy*, should be called *Samuel;* for, said she, "I can say, I have *asked him of the Lord.*" He was piously disposed from his earliest years, and his heart set on being a preacher of the Gospel; and to qualify himself for that sacred work, he began when he was only *five* or *six* years old seriously to read the *Bible;* and so ardent was he in this study that he bound himself to read *twenty chapters every day*, a practice which he continued to the end of his life. This made him a good *textuary;* and, consequently, an able *divine*. Though a child when he formed the resolution to be a minister of the Gospel, it is said he never varied from his purpose; nor was he discouraged by a singular dream, in which "he thought he was a *minister*, and was sent for by the bishop of London to be burned as a martyr."

The aforesaid Francis Viscount Valentia had by his second wife, who was daughter to Sir John Stanhope, brother to the first earl of Chesterfield, seven sons, and two daughters. Francis, George, and Samuel, lived; the other sons died young. George was drowned in the Thames, stepping into a packet boat with despatches for Charles II. Samuel married, and died without issue. Francis Annesley was attainted by King James's parliament, for opposing the arbitrary measures of that prince, by raising some horse and foot in the north of Ireland. He married the daughter of the bishop of Meath, by whom he had Francis his heir, and Arthur and Henry, who died without issue.

Francis was appointed by act of parliament of King William one of the trustees for the sale of forfeited estates in Ireland; and in the 9th of Queen Anne, one of the commissioners for public accounts. He was elected member of parliament for Preston in 1705, and for Westbury in *six* succeeding parliaments. He was the first promoter in the house of commons for building fifty new churches in the city of London; and one of the commissioners for that purpose.

He married first in 1695 the daughter of Sir John Martin, of London, by whom he had seven sons and two daughters. The eldest son was Francis, L.L. D., rector of Winwick, in Lancashire. John, the fourth earl of Anglesea, was in the privy council of Queen Anne. Arthur, his brother, was in three parliaments during her reign; and was one of the privy council to George I.

On the death of the sixth earl of Anglesea, who was created Lord Altham, and died without issue, the title devolved on Richard Annesley, D. D., prebend of Westminster, and dean of Exeter.

Dr. Francis Annesley, rector of Winwick, married the daughter of Robert Gager, of Stoke Paget, Bucks, by the Lady Anne, daughter of James, the second earl of Anglesea, his cousin.

Francis Annesley, Esq. D.C.L. master of Downing College, Cambridge, who sat in six parliaments, and was in 1805 member for Reading, since dead, was a descendant from Dr. Samuel Annesley. He was one of the trustees of the British Museum, representing the family of Sir Robert Cotton.

We see that the family of Annesley was among the most ancient and respectable in the kingdom, and existed previously to the Norman Conquest.

The connection of the present Wesley family with the Annesleys stands thus:— *John Wesley*, late fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, was son to *Samuel* and *Susanna Wesley*. *Susanna* was daughter to Dr. Samuel *Annesley*. Dr. Annesley was son to ——— *Annesley*, who was brother to *Arthur*, first earl of Anglesea.

In some of the original letters of Mrs. Wesley, I find that she sealed with the Annesley arms, which are paly of six pieces, argent and azure; a bend gules; crest a blackamoore's head sidefaced, proper, wreathed about the temples, argent and azure.

When he was fifteen years of age he went to the university of Oxford, and entered of *Queen's College;* where he took his degrees at the usual times; and in 1644 was ordained as chaplain of his majesty's ship *Globe*, under the command of the earl of *Warwick*, then lord high admiral; who procured him his *diploma* of LL. D., having had an honourable certificate of his ordination signed by Mr. *Gouge*, and six other respectable ministers.

He spent some time in the *fleet*, and kept a *journal* of the voyage; and is very particular as to what passed when the earl of Warwick went to Holland in pursuit of the ships that had gone over to the prince. But not liking a seafaring life he left the *navy*, and settled at *Cliff*, in Kent, in the place of a minister who had been sequestered for scandalous conduct, attending public meetings of the people for dancing, drinking, and merriment on the Lord's day. But it was *like pastor like people;* for the inhabitants of the place were so attached to their sinful leader, that when his successor came they assailed him with spits, forks, and stones, threatening to take away his life. He told them that "let them use him as they would, he was determined to stay with them till God should fit them by his ministry to profit by one better, who might succeed him; and solemnly declared, that when they became so prepared, he would leave the place."

In a few years his labours had surprising success, so that the people became greatly reformed. However, he kept his word, and left them; lest any seeming inconsistency of his might prove a stumbling block to his young converts; for though he had 400*l. per annum* there, it was no temptation to him to induce him to break the promise he had made.

A very signal providence, it is said, directed him to a settlement in London, in 1652, by the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of St. John the Apostle. Soon after he was made lecturer of *St. Paul's*, and in 1658 became vicar of *St. Giles'* Cripplegate; two of the largest congregations in the city.

On the *Restoration*, he was confirmed in the above vicarage by the *king*, who presented the living to him Aug. 23, 1660.

But this did not screen him from the oppressive operation of the *Act of Uniformity*, by which he was ejected from this vicarage in 1662. After this he met with many troubles for conscience' sake, and many signal deliverances. God was not pleased with his persecutors;—one magistrate, while signing a warrant to apprehend him, dropped down dead! Might not the hand of God have been seen in this? and yet the living laid it not to heart.

Among the *Nonconformists*, Dr. *Annesley* was particularly and deservedly eminent. He had in effect the care of all those churches; and was the chief, often the sole, instrument in the education and subsistence of several ministers, of whose useful labours the Church had otherwise been deprived.

Of all gifts, salaries, and income, he always laid aside the *tenths* for charity, before any part was spent. By this means he had always a fund at hand for charitable uses, beside what he was furnished with by others, for the same purposes.

He was the main support of the *morning lecture*, for which so many

have cause to be thankful to God. And after the death of old Mr. *Case*, of St. Mary Magdalene, Milk-street, who was the first that set up the *morning exercises*, Dr. Annesley took the care of this institution upon himself. This *morning lecture* or *exercise*, originated in the following way:—Most of the citizens in London having some friend or relation in the army of the earl of Essex, so many bills were sent up to the pulpit every Lord's day for their preservation, that the ministers had not time to notice them in prayer, or even to *read* them. It was therefore agreed to set apart an *hour* every morning at *seven o'clock*; half of it to be spent in *prayer* for the welfare of the *public*, as well as *particular* cases; and the *other half* to be spent in *exhortations* to the people. Mr. *Case* began it in his church in Milk-street; from which it was removed to other remote churches in rotation, a month at each church. A number of the most eminent ministers conducted this service in turn; and it was attended by great crowds of people. After the heat of the war was over, it became what was called a *casuistical lecture*, and continued till the Restoration. The sermons delivered at these lectures were collected and published in *six vols. quarto*.

It is worthy of remark that the sermon on the question, "Wherein lies that exact righteousness which is required between man and man?" Matt. vii, 12, *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you*, &c, was preached by Mr. *Tillotson*, afterward *archbishop of Canterbury*, who then ranked with the *Nonconformists!* See *Neal's History of the Puritans*, vol. i, p. 797, quarto, and Nonconformists' Memorial, vol. i, p. 125, &c.

In speaking of Dr. *Annesley's character*, Dr. *Calamy* says, "He was an Israelite indeed; one that might be said to be sanctified from the womb, for he was early under serious impressions; so that himself said, he *knew not the time when he was unconverted.*"

He was a most sincere, godly, and humble man; had a large soul, flaming zeal, and was remarkably successful in his ministry.

He had great courage, as may be seen at his first settlement at *Cliff*, in Kent. He never feared the utmost malice of any of his enemies; and nothing that he met with ever abated his cheerfulness. He had uninterrupted peace in his soul, and assurance of God's favour for thirty years before his death; though for some time before that he had passed through severe mental exercises.

In his last illness he was full of comfort, and could say, "Blessed be God! I have been faithful in the work of the ministry for more than *fifty-five years.*" Some of his last words were the following. Just before his departure he often said, "Come, my dearest Jesus! the nearer the more precious, the more welcome." Another time his joy was so great, that in an ecstacy he cried out, "I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm! I cannot express the thousandth part of what praise is due to thee! It is but little I can give thee: but, Lord, help me to give thee my all! I will die praising thee, and rejoice that others can praise thee better. I shall be satisfied with thy likeness. Satisfied! Satisfied! O my dearest Jesus! I come!"

See the funeral sermon preached for him by Dr. Williams.

During seventeen weeks' pain, though he had before enjoyed an un-

interrupted course of health, he never discovered the least degree of impatience; and quietly resigned his soul to God, Dec. 31, 1696, aged 77 years.

Dr. Annesley's figure was fine; his countenance dignified, highly expressive, and amiable. His constitution, naturally strong and robust, was capable of any kind of fatigue. He was seldom indisposed; and could endure the coldest weather without hat, gloves, or fire. For many years he scarcely ever drank any thing but *water;* and even to his last sickness his sight continued so strong that he could read the smallest print without spectacles. His piety, diligence, and zeal, caused him to be highly esteemed, not only by the *Dissenters*, but by all who knew him.

A curious anecdote is entered by his grandson, Mr. J. Wesley, in his Journal:—"Monday, Feb. 6, 1769, I spent an hour with a venerable woman, nearly ninety years of age, who retains her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday; and whom she remembers to have seen frequently, in his study at the top of the house, with his window open, and without any fire winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years; and would probably have lived longer had he not begun water drinking at seventy."

His last will and testament is too singular to be omitted.

"In the name of God! Amen.

"I, Doctor Samuel Annesley, of the Liberty of Norton Falgate, in the county of Middlesex, an unworthy minister of Jesus Christ, being, through mercy, in health of body and mind, do make this my last will and testament, concerning my earthly pittance.

"For my soul, I dare humbly say, it is through grace devoted unto God (otherwise than by legacy) when it may live here no longer. I do believe that my body, after its sleeping awhile in Jesus, shall be reunited to my soul, that they may both be for ever with the Lord.

"Of what I shall leave behind me, I make this short disposal,—

"My just debts being paid, I give to each of my children, *one shilling*, and all the rest to be equally divided between my son *Benjamin Annesley*, my daughter *Judith Annesley*, and my daughter *Ann Annesley*, whom I make my executors of this my last will and testament; revoking all former, and confirming this with my hand and seal this 29th of March, 1693.

"SAMUEL ANNESLEY."

Among his works, which are neither numerous nor large are—1. A Funeral Sermon for the Rev. W. *Whitaker;*—2. A Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Rev. T. *Brand*, with an Account of his Life;—3. A Fast Sermon before the *House of Commons*, 1648;—4. Two Sermons at *St. Paul's* on *Communion with God;*—5. A Sermon at *Lawrence Jury*, to the Gentlemen of Wilts;—6. Five Sermons in the *Morning Exercises;*—7. He edited *four* of the volumes of those *Exercises*, to each of which he wrote a *Preface*. His grandson, Mr. John Wesley, has inserted a Sermon in volume xxxvi, of the Christian Library, on

1 Tim. v, 22, "How must we reprove, that we may not partake of other men's sins?" which he attributes to Dr. *Annesley:* but this is a mistake, as it appears the Sermon in question was delivered by Mr. *Kitchen*, of St. Mary, Abchurch. And in volume xxxviii, he attributes two others to him,—1. On *Universal Conscientiousness*, Acts xxiv, 16, *And herein do I exercise myself*, &c.—2. On "how Ministers or Christian Friends may apply themselves to sick persons for their good," &c, Job xxxiii, 23, 24, *If there be a messenger with him*, &c. But both these were written by Mr. *Matthew Pool*, author of the *Synopsis Criticorum.* But those in volume xliv,—1. On "*God's* Sovereignty our Support in all worldly Distractions," Psalm xcvii, 1, 2, *The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice*, &c.—2. "The Hinderances and Helps to a Good Memory in Spiritual Things," 1 Cor. xv, 2, *By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory*, &c, were written by Dr. *Annesley.*—See *Palmer's Nonconformists' Memorial*, vol. i, p. 127.

The meeting house in which Dr. Annesley preached was in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, where Mr. *Woodhouse* succeeded him. It was in this place that the first public ordination service among the Dissenters was performed. Dr. *Calamy* was one of the ministers *then* ordained.

Dr. *Annesley* was a lively and emphatic writer; and must have been a very useful preacher. The following extracts, taken *at random* from his sermon *On a Good Memory in Spiritual Things*, will prove this:—

"*Violent passions* spoil the *memory;* such as *anger, grief, love, fear.* Passions we must have: but *constitution* and *education* allay them in *some; reason* moderates them in *others;* and *grace* regulates them in *all.* Where these bridles are wanting, they shake all the faculties as an earthquake doth a country. For example, anger, when it rages, manifestly inflames the blood, and consequently the spirits, and melts off the impression in the brain just as the fire melts the wax and the impressions that were fixed upon it.

"A multitude of undigested notions hurt the memory. If a man have a stock of methodical and digested knowledge, it is admirable how much the memory will contain; as you know how many images may be discerned at once in a glass. But when these notions are heaped incoherently in the memory, without order or dependence, they confound and overthrow the memory. Thus many hear or read much, too much perhaps for their capacities: they have not *stowage* for it; and so they are *ever learning*, and *never come to the knowledge of the truth.* Therefore look that you *understand* and *digest* things by meditation; run not on too fast: he that rides post can never draw maps of the country.

"*Custom*, or using your memories, is an excellent way of improving them. Thus many wise persons charge their memories at the present, and thereby strengthen them, and then commit what they have remembered to *writing*, when they come home, that no time may wear it away. We say, *use legs*, and *have legs;* and so *use the memory, and have a memory.*

"If you oblige your children and your servants to bring you away an account of a sermon, you will see that *use* and *custom* will make it easy. I have seen an old man's girdle, who could not read a word, yet by the

only help of the girdle which he wore, and which was hung about with some knotted points, he could bring home every particular of a sermon.

"Due *estimation* is a help to the memory; the more we *love* and admire any thing, the better we remember it. This is the reason given of children remembering things so well, because they admire every thing as being *new* to them. And of *old people* the saying is known, that *they remember all such things as they care for:* for when we esteem any thing, the affections work upon the spirits, which are the instruments of the memory, and so seal things upon it. Why is it that a *woman cannot forget her sucking child?* Because she doth *vehemently love it*, and the like affection in us to good things would keep us from forgetting *them.*"

To this I shall add the *first paragraph* of his sermon on *God's sovereignty*, from Psalm xcvii, 1, 2, *The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice*, &c.

"The state of affairs is often so involved and confused, that we need not wonder if we see men of wisdom greatly perplexed in their spirits, and almost sunk into discouragement. The best of men, whose hearts are most fortified with grace, would be of all others most subject to discomposure, were it not that they feel peace and comfort flowing into them from the remembrance and sweet consideration of a God above. What good man could have any tolerable enjoyment of himself, or possess his soul in patience, while he observes the irregular motions of things below; the restlessness, tumblings, and tossings of the world; desirable comforts and delights blasted in a moment; afflictions and troubles breaking in with a sudden surprise; order quite subverted; laws violated, and the edge of them turned against those that are faithful and peaceable in the land; and all things indeed turned upside down, wickedness rampant, and religion oppressed! These things would soon break his heart, did he not see *Him* who is invisible, and firmly believe *a wheel within a wheel*; an unseen hand which steadily and prudently guides and directs all things, keeping up a *beautiful order*, where reason can discern nothing but *confusion.*"

SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. ANNESLEY'S CHILDREN.

Dr. Annesley had several children: no less than twenty-five! Dr. Menton baptizing one of them, and being asked how many children Dr. Annesley had? He answered, he "believed it was *two dozen* or a *quarter of a hundred.*" The reckoning children by *dozens* is a singular circumstance,—an honour to which few persons ever arrive. But of this numerous family, I have met with the names of *Samuel*, *Benjamin*, *Judith*, *Sarah*, *Elizabeth*, and *Susanna* only.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, JUN.

Samuel went abroad in the service of the East India Company. He there accumulated a considerable fortune, and made frequent remittances to his family at home. He had borne strong testimony against the mismanagement and peculations of certain persons in the Com-

pany's service, which probably created him mortal enemies. Intending to return home, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Wesley, to purchase for him an estate of 200*l.* or 300*l.* *per annum* somewhere between London and Oxford. But it seems he suddenly disappeared, and no account was ever received either of his person or property! The very time of his coming home, and the ship by which he was to come, were announced; and his sister Mrs. Susanna Wesley came to London, expecting to meet him: but no brother appeared when the ship arrived! And all the information that was ever received was to this effect:—That he had gone up into the country, and was never heard of more! (When the noises were heard in the parsonage house at Epworth, Mrs. Wesley supposed they betokened the death of her brother in India: but it is certain that he was alive several years after those noises ceased at Epworth.) There is most certainly a mystery in this transaction, which it is possible a future day may explain. Mr. John Wesley used to say to his nephews,—"You are heirs to a large property in India, if you can find it out; for my uncle is said to have been very prosperous."

I possess an original letter of this gentleman to his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth; which I shall here faithfully transcribe, and add a *fac simile* of his *signature* among those of the Wesleyan family, hoping that even this may be a means of casting some light on this dark affair. The letter refers to transactions then in India, which those conversant with India affairs may easily comprehend.

"Brother Wesley,—Via Grand Caire, und cover of Monsr. Pelavoine, the Directore here for the French Company, (as in Feb. last) I wrote you; which I can't copy, but extract.

"I have been told 'twas the practice of Sir N. Waite to bribe some of the committee, thereby stifling all complaints against him. If you suspect that, declare to the Company themselves what I have wrote, being of such vast importance at their convention in April to choose new directors. Let them keep my salary, and the wreck's money (some thousands of pounds) till I prove what I write is true, or a great part of it; if they will give me, as proposed, the power to do it. If you can get 2*s.* 9*d.* or 3*s.* the rupee to be received in England, or interest of 5 per cent. (as usual in bills drawn here on the Company) from the time I pay it, to payment to you and Mr. Eaton, I will give from 10 to 15,000 rupees to their order in Suratt; if they'l let me invest it for 'em in diamonds I will faithfully serve 'em.—Thus Sir S. Evance and the Jew Alvaro de Costa did to Captain Owen for his son's money.

"I desired you to let out to commanders, &c, responsible persons, bound hither, 500*l.* on each ship, and (if you can) to be invested by me, advising overland how much; as in what goods. To procure what consignment you can to me, that I may have the laying out of most or part, if not all money brought hither; which I think I can do cheaper and better than any one on the place. I write not so out of vanity or opinativeness.

"Sir S. Evance has a large packet enclosing Mr. Pennyng's account by the fleet, which pray desire of Sir Ceasar Child. If I am in the Company's service, pray desire Sir Ceasar Child to let me, alone, have the

adjustment of his accounts with the Parracks, provided they are not to this time finisht. Mr. Aislabie is most unaccountably slow, remiss, and negligent of such an advantage, so deserves to have it slip his hands, as I have wrote him, I believe it wil. Beside, he never did, nor can do any thing to conclude it; it has and will lye upon me.

"If a good purchase offers between London and Oxford of 2 to 300*l.* a year, I desire you to secure it for me against I come home, if God pleases: I would have it a healthy air, near a market town and river; somewhat woody; no religious lands. I will take care to send effects or bils to pay for it.

"Mr. Wyche's broker told me it was concerted between his master and Rustum not to take my Nunsasee and Broach goods, that disposing of them other ways, I might lose and meddle no more to interrupt 'em in his roguerys. A faithful servant of the Company. He tels me he has received a commission to be cherif broker, gave 2600 rupees to the governor to let Mr. Wyche go to Bombay to shew himself obedient to the Company's orders, but will speedily return with a general letter that 'tis necessary to do so. He says the genl. is for paying the old Company's debts, and Mr. Wyche has a mind to pay 'em here, both desiring to squeeze something from the creditors, and to ingratiate themselves with the Company to make them take single (not compound) interest. But that won't do; for then the Company must take single interest on their demands on the brokers, which wil be a great loss. In the interim, who must pay the Company the interest of their money that lyes dead,—a vast sum when it shall be made up! They owe me about *thirty-five hundred pounds*, beside my salary and the wreck's money: but I cannot get a groat of it til brought about said dishonourable intentions: therefore, pray address the court of directors for their order to pay off my accounts. I have saved the old Company 36,200 rupees in Viltul Parrak's demands on 'em, on which 5 per cent is due to me: but I can't get it paid: the reason is plain, that getting nothing for my trouble, I may leave off. I was nine months contending with him. Pray get an order for it. Said broker says the English credit in these parts daily declines; and his master by little and little wil venture (as the Dutch) take a part of al goods he buys or sels for the Company, but in a private manner. As, suppose he sels copper at 14 rupees per md. he'l credit 'em perhaps $13\frac{1}{2}$, and so in other merchandise. Already, (as before hinted) they have no regard to the Company's fraights; provided the commanders will let 'em buy their goods, for which they have 5 per cent. commission, they may as usual (as among the Dutch) bring or carry what they please, fraight free.

"I could fil more than a quire of paper with these matters: but 'twil be in vain, if what I have wrote be not considered. I hinted to you, Mr. Samuel Sheppard was displeased with Mr. Proby for writing him of the great cheat in sale of the English broadcloth; concerning which Mr. Proby may be subpœna'd in, and the Company's registry may be examin'd. Some matters may be erroneously inform'd, but I am satisfied as to the main 'tis true. I have heard captn. Beawes gave 500 to command the Albermarle; and scarce any thing is done *without* money, and every thing almost *with* it.

"About Abdul Guffere's dispute with the Company, (who seized their goods by a former governor, for those the pirates plundered from him, and restored 'em to the genl.) is according to the best account (as yet I have got) as follows. Ibe sent to Sellimongee (a Moor, one of the greatest merchants in town) to mediate with Mr. Wyche's broker, between the genl (who had seized his ships for payment) and him. He at first offered to pay 450,000 rupees, and Sellimongee sent Mr. Wyche word he'd bring it to rupees 500,000: but he would not hearken to him, nor Rustum tell him or the genl of it, (as he sent me word) he'l at any time tel him to his face. But they applyed themselves to the governor, gave him of it, as they pretend, 120,000 rupees, the fourth of 480,000, Rustum says, Abdul Guffere gave, (tho' he affirms he gave 482,000) and 63,950 to the officers, which in the end I presume will be proved he, &c, shared among 'em; so that for the 500,000 rupees, the Company might have had instantly paid down, they have by that villain, and &c's, means recd but 296,950, with large charges beside. I have often wrote the genl for the account, that there is a great cheat in't, but can get no answer. Pray does he not give sufficient grounds to suspect he has had a part of it? I have a hundred times, to no purpose, desired the same of Mr. Wyche.

"SAM. ANNESLEY."

Suratt, March 13, 1712–3.

Endorsed. "Samuel Annesley, to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, March 13, 1712–3."

In the hands of a good investigator, this letter might lead to some discovery relative to the *end* of Mr. Annesley; and *where* his property has been left, and *who* has possessed it. That there were nefarious transactions in the management of the Company's concerns at that time the above letter sufficiently states; and that Mr. Annesley's *honesty* might have led to his ruin is a possible case. That he should disappear, and never more be heard of, and that his property should all have been lost, are mysteries which probably at this distance of time cannot entirely be cleared up: but some discovery may yet be made.

From the preceding letter we find that Mr. Annesley wished to employ his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth, to transact some business in his behalf with the East India Company; and Mr. Wesley appears to have undertaken the office: but owing to his natural easiness, and too great confidence in the promises of men, the business was neglected, and had no favourable issue; at which Mr. Annesley was greatly offended; transferred the agency into another hand; and wrote a severe letter to his sister, Mrs. Wesley, in which he most liberally blamed the conduct of his brother-in-law. A part only of Mrs. Wesley's answer to her angry brother is preserved. This fragment, which, from the emendations in various places, appears to be the *rough copy* of her letter, is worthy of insertion; as it shows her good sense, great modesty, and faithful attachment to her husband. Having stated that in all transactions her husband had acted with a clear conscience, both before God and man, she proceeds to notice the blame cast upon him by her brother, and adds:—

"These things are unkind, very unkind. Add not misery to affliction:—if you will not reach out a friendly hand to support, yet I beseech you forbear to throw water on a people already sinking.

"But I shall go on with your letter to me. You proceed, '*When I come home*'—(O, would to God that might ever be!)—'*should any of your daughters want me*,'—(as I think they will not)—'*I shall do as God enables me!*'—I must answer this with a sigh from the bottom of my heart. Sir, you know the proverb, 'While the grass grows, the steed starves.'

"That passage relating to *Ansley*, I have formerly replied to; therefore I'll pass it over, together with some hints I am not willing to understand.

"'*My brother has one invincible obstacle to my business, his distance from London.*'—Sir, you may please to remember, I put you in mind of this long since.—'*Another hinderance, I think he is too zealous for the party he fancies in the right; and has unluckily to do with the opposite faction.*'—Whether those you employ are *factious* or no, I'll not determine; but very sure I am, Mr. Wesley is not so; he is *zealous* in a *good cause*, as every one ought to be; but the farthest from being a *party man* of any man in the world.—'*Another remora is, these matters are out of his way.*'—That is a *remora* indeed, and ought to have been considered on both sides before he entered on your business: for I am verily persuaded that that, and that alone, has been the cause of any mistakes or inadvertency he has been guilty of; and the true reason why God has not blessed him with desired success.—'*He is apt to rest upon deceitful promises.*'—Would to Heaven that neither *he*, nor *I*, nor any of our *children*, had ever *trusted to deceitful promises.* But it is a right hand error, and I hope God will forgive us all.—'*He wants Mr. Eaton's thrift*'—This I can readily believe.—'*He is not fit for worldly business*'—This I likewise assent to; and must own I was mistaken when I did think him fit for it: my own experience hath since convinced me that he is one of those whom our Saviour saith *is not so wise in their generation as the children of this world.* And did I not know that almighty Wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness, and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the Church of God, should be confined to an obscure corner of the country, where his talents are buried; and he, determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish; and it is with pleasure that I behold in my eldest son an aversion from accepting a small country cure; since, blessed be God! he has a fair reputation for learning and piety, preaches well, and is capable of doing more good where he is. You conclude,—'*My wife will make my cousin Emily.*'—It was a small and insignificant present, to my sister, indeed: but, poor girl, it was her whole estate; and if it had been received as kindly as it was meant, she would have been highly pleased.

"I shall not detain you any longer, not so much as to apologize for the tedious length of this letter.

"I should be glad if my service could be made acceptable to my

sister; to whom, with yourself, the children tender their humblest duty. We all join in wishing you a happy new year, and very many of them. I am your obliged and most obedient servant and sister,

"SUSANNA WESLEY."

Epworth, Jan. 20, 1721–2.

My birth day.

From the above letter we find that Mr. Samuel Annesley was alive at Surat in 1722, seven years after the noises had ceased at the parsonage house at Epworth; which Mrs. Wesley had supposed portended his death. In the year 1724 it was reported that Mr. Annesley was coming home in one of the Company's ships. Mrs. Wesley, hearing the news, came up from Epworth to London, to meet him: but the report was incorrect. This is the last mention I find of Mr. Samuel Annesley in any of the family papers which have come under my notice. Nor is there any certainty when he died. We know he was alive in 1712, and possibly in 1720 or 1721. Mrs. Wesley's letter to him is dated Jan. 20, 1722; his, to which it is an answer, was most probably written in 1720. It is likely that his wife died before him, and that there were no children: hence the Wesley family always supposed they were his heirs.

Of BENJAMIN ANNESLEY I have not been able to collect any particulars. He was supposed by the remains of the Wesley family to have been the person who went to the East Indies: but the preceding letter shows it was *Samuel.*

Of Miss SARAH ANNESLEY I find nothing on record.

Of Miss JUDITH there is a *painting* in the family of Mr. Charles Wesley, probably painted by Sir *Peter Lely*, where she is represented as a *very beautiful woman.* A gentleman of splendid fortune paid his addresses to her; and the attachment was mutual: but when she perceived that he was *addicted to much wine*, she utterly refused to marry him, and died single.

Of Miss Judith ANNESLEY, Mr. Dunton, her brother-in-law, gives the following character:—"She is a virgin of eminent piety. Good books (above all, the Book of books,) are her sweetest entertainment; and she finds more comfort there than others do in their wardrobe. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul and the course of her actions by daily and strict examination of both."

Of Miss ANN ANNESLEY, Mr. Dunton, her brother-in-law, gives the following character:—"To drop her pious character would be ungrateful. She is a wit for certain; and however time may have dealt by her, art never feigned, nor *nature* formed, a finer woman."

We have already seen that Miss ELIZABETH ANNESLEY was married to Mr. *John Dunton*, the eccentric bookseller. She appears to have been very eminent, both for piety and good sense. Dunton has shown his attachment to her by the account he published of her death, and some extracts which he gives from her papers found after her death.

That *Elizabeth* Dunton was the daughter of *Dr. Samuel Annesley* was not less her honour than her happiness; and of this care of Providence she discovers in her private papers a very grateful sense.

Religion had made early impressions on her mind. The new life had sprung up by such insensible degrees, that, like her noble and reverend father, she knew not the time of her being turned to the wisdom of the just.

Her Bible was the great companion and pleasure of her life; and she was so well acquainted with it that no portion of it could be mentioned which she could not refer to the book, chapter, and verse, in which it might be found.

She had an amiable disposition, and a heart full of charity to all who differed from her in their religious opinions. She was a considerable proficient even in polemical divinity, and had acquainted herself well with the controversy on *original sin*, and the effects of it on the faculties of the soul: on *free-will*, *foreknowledge*, *grace*, the *revealed and secret will of God*, &c. Upon this last subject she writes,—"I will obey God's revealed will, and adore his secret will; rest upon his promises, and cast myself at the feet of Christ, attentive to my present duty. The belief of God's foreknowledge, or his decreeing whatsoever comes to pass, should not hinder *me* from duty, but render me diligent in it. I ought to do more for my soul than my body; and respecting the latter, though I know not what food may nourish it, or what medicines relieve, I will not neglect the means."

She owned that repentance is the gift of God, and that sin cannot be pardoned but through the blood, the merits, and intercession of Christ Jesus; and that no spiritual act can be performed without divine assistance.

She had kept a *diary* for twenty years, in which the gracious state of her mind was particularly pointed out: but so far was she from vain glory, that in her last illness she entreated her husband to burn those large collections; and it was with difficulty he obtained her permission for Mr. *Rogers*, who preached her funeral sermon, to extract those passages which he has inserted in the discourse intituled, "*The character of a good woman*, preached on the death of Mrs. *Elizabeth Dunton*." Her *reflections* on a bed of sickness her husband published in the *Post Angel*, for Feb. 1701, which I have not seen.

She was a great lover of *solitude*, because it gave her the opportunity of conversing with God and her own heart. But this did not extend to the *public means of grace*, *nor to public duties*. Public worship, sermons, Sabbaths, and sacraments, were her refreshments on her way to glory. On one of these occasions she wrote,—"O how should the thought of free unmerited grace fill us with love to God! I am filled with joy inexpressible, and with hope full of glory! What amazing love, that God should give his Son to die for sinners! That he should become *man*, and not have *where to lay his head*, when he came to *enrich* the world! Blessed God! at this sacrament I cannot take a denial of thy presence: I come to meet my God; I cannot be comforted without him."

Her husband observes,—"Her conjugal affection was as remarka-

ble as the rest of her character. Her happiness seemed wrapped up in mine; our interest and our inclinations were the same. When affairs were perplexing, she never discovered uneasiness; she made use of means, and left the issue to Providence. When I happened to be ill, she was much concerned; and would impair her own health rather than permit any one else to wait on me. I never went home, and found her out of temper. But Heaven had a greater interest in her than I could have: she was my better half; but I knew my property in her was not absolute.

"In her last illness, which continued *seven months*, she never uttered one repining word; and was always willing to depart and to be with God. Through the whole of her sickness she declared she had no doubt upon her mind as to her eternal happiness. When near death she said to one who stood by, 'Heaven will make amends for all. In a short time I shall be happy. I have good ground to hope that when I die, I shall through Christ, be blessed, for I dedicated my *youth* to God.'

"When I saw her departing, and was overwhelmed with sorrow, she said with sweetness, 'Do not be so concerned at parting, for I trust we shall meet where we shall part no more. Yet it is a solemn thing to die; whatever men may think of it. O this eternity! There is no time for preparing for heaven like *the time of youth*. Though death be near, I can look back with joy on some of the early years I sweetly spent in my father's house; and think how comfortably I lived there. What a mercy to be dedicated to God *betimes*.'

"When her soul was just fluttering on her lips, she exclaimed, 'Lord, pardon my sins, and perfect me in holiness! Accept of praises for the mercies I have received, and fit me for whatsoever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake!'

"A little after this she fell asleep in Jesus, on the 26th May, 1697."

In all the Annesley family of which we have any particulars, we see the truth of that word, "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" A pious education is next in efficiency to the all-powerful grace of Christ.

The *Annesley* and *Wesley* families are striking proofs of this! How many thousands perish for want of a pious example and religious instruction in the house of their parents!

MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY.

Miss *Susanna Annesley*, afterward Susanna *Wesley*, was the youngest daughter of Dr. *Samuel Annesley*, already mentioned. She was born on the 20th of January in the year 1669 or 1670. She was endowed with a fine natural understanding, which was advanced to a very high pitch of perfection by an education at once religious and literary. A mind such as hers, nurtured under the roof and parental cares of Dr. Annesley, had the highest advantages, and must have greatly profited by them. Though her father was a conscientious *Nonconformist*, he had too much dignity of mind, leaving his religion out of the question,

to be a bigot. Under the parental roof, and before she was thirteen years of age, she examined without restraint the whole controversy between the *Established Church* and the *Dissenters*. The issue of which was, she renounced her religious fellowship with the *latter*, and adopted the *creed* and *forms* of the *Church of England;* to which she faithfully and zealously adhered as long as she lived. It does not appear that her father threw any obstacles in her way; or that he afterward disapproved of her marrying a rigid orthodox Churchman; who, from a similar process, became a convert from the peculiar tenets of his Nonconformist ancestors, to the ecclesiastical Establishment of the kingdom. Nor have I learned after the most extensive search, and the closest inquiry, that the slightest difference ever existed between him, his son-in-law, and daughter, upon the subject. "I do not find," says Miss Wesley, in a letter before me, "that Dr. Annesley, or any of his family were prejudiced against my grandfather for leaving the Dissenters: but his mind was too enlarged to be *prejudiced*, whatever preference he had to his own community."

It was about the year 1690 that she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Wesley, when she was in the twentieth or twenty-first year of her age. As Mr. Wesley was born in 1662, he was then in his twenty-eighth year; and she six or seven years younger than he. It is something remarkable, that she survived him about the same number of years; so that their pilgrimage through life was nearly of the same duration. Her youth, and having children in quick succession, and at different times two at a birth, will account for the numerous family with which they were blessed.

As their circumstances were narrow and confined, the education of their progeny fell particularly upon themselves; and especially on Mrs. Wesley, who seems to have possessed every qualification requisite for either a public or private teacher. Her manner was peculiar to herself, and deserves a distinct mention. She has detailed it in a letter to her son John, (July 24, 1732,) where, speaking of the children, she says, "None of them were taught to read till *five* years old, except *Kezzy*, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more *years* in learning than any of the rest had been *months*. The way of teaching was this:—The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours.

"One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except *Molly* and *Nancy*, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; but the reason why I thought so was, because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother *Samuel*, who was the first child I ever taught, learnt the alphabet in a few hours. He was *five* years old on the *tenth of February;* the next day he began to learn; and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of *Genesis*. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off hand without any hesitation, and so on to the second, &c, till he took *ten* verses

for a lesson, which he quickly did. *Easter* fell low that year, and by *Whitsuntide* he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learnt in his lesson, he knew whenever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book, by which means he learnt very soon to read an English author well.

"The same method was observed by them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were first put to spell, and read one line, and then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time without any intermission; and before we left school, each child read what he had learnt that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learnt that day."

I consider the above as positive facts, and have no doubt concerning any of them: and take it for granted that almost any children may be taught in the same way, and with similar success. But should it be copied, and generally recommended? I think not. A child should be taught what it is necessary for it to know, as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning. Among children there is a great disparity of intellect, and in the power of apprehension and comprehension. Many children have such a precocity of intellect, as to be more capable of learning to read at *two* than others are at *five* years of age: and it would be high injustice indeed to prevent them from acquiring much useful knowledge, and some hundreds, if not thousands of ideas, by waiting for a prescribed term of *five* years. When a child is capable of learning any thing, give that teaching; but let the teaching be regularly graduated; let it go on from step to step, never obliging it to learn what it cannot yet comprehend. We begin very properly with *letters*, or the elementary signs of language; teach the child to distinguish them from each other, and give them in their *names* some notion of their *power*. We then teach them to combine them into *simple* SYLLABLES; *syllables* into WORDS; *words* into SENTENCES; *sentences* into SPEECHES, or regular *discourse*. This process is as philosophic as it is natural:—but who follows it through the successive steps of education? Scarcely any. Because a child can understand a little, and shows aptness in learning, parental fondness, or the teacher's ignorance, come into powerful operation; and the child is pushed unnaturally forward to departments of learning to which it has not been gradually inducted. The mind is puzzled and bewildered; a great gulf is left behind which cuts off all connection with what has been already learned, and what is now proposed to the understanding; and the issue is, the child is confounded and discouraged; and falls either under the power of hebitude, or learns superficially, and never becomes a correct scholar. A child must understand what it is doing, before it can do what it ought.

Few are taught to *spell* their mother tongue correctly. They are hurried on from reading to reading and prating, and never learn to spell a sentence with propriety. Thus mothers, in general, teach their children their mother's tongue.

I have before me original letters of lords and ladies who were correspondents of the Wesley family, where the writing is elegant, and the spelling execrable. The learned languages cannot be acquired in this way; and hence they are more correctly learned in England than English itself. Dr. Edmund Castel, (author of the Heptaglott Lexicon that usually goes with Walton's Polyglott Bible,) was in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Æthiopic, Arabic, and Persian, the most learned man of his day in Great Britain: yet this same eminent scholar could not write one sentence in English, correct in its orthography.

Mrs. Wesley says nothing of teaching the children to spell: but her plan in this must have been excellent, as all the family wrote in this respect with the greatest accuracy.

"But why did Mrs. Wesley postpone the teaching her children their letters till they were five years of age? If this were not the best plan, so very sensible a woman would never have adopted it." There is perhaps a little mystery here, that may easily be explained. *Samuel* was the *eldest* of Mrs. W.'s children: he was the *first* on which she tried this method of instruction. "But why did she not begin with him sooner?"

For this plain reason; he could not speak! Mr. Wesley himself told me the following anecdote:—

"My brother Samuel did not attempt to speak till he was between four and five years old; nor did the family know whether he would ever be able to speak. To their surprise he began at once. There was a cat in the house which was a great favourite with him; he would frequently carry it about, and retire with it into private places. One day he disappeared; the family sought up and down for him to no purpose; my mother got alarmed for his safety, and went through the house loudly calling him by his name. At last she heard a voice from under a table saying, *Here am I, mother!* Looking down, she to her surprise saw *Sammy* and his cat. From this time he spoke regularly, and without any kind of hesitation."

Had this story come to me by tradition, I should have found it difficult of credit.

It was probably this circumstance that induced Mrs. Wesley to adopt the five years' plan. With Sam she could not begin sooner. Mary and Anne she found it difficult to forward in the same way. Kezzy she was persuaded to try before the time, and was unsuccessful. She appears therefore to have fixed the term of five years partly from necessity, and partly from experience. I have no doubt she might have begun much sooner with most of them, with equal advantage to herself, and much more to them. I do not hesitate therefore to transcribe my own maxim:—*A child should be taught what is necessary for it to know, as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning.*

Such was Mrs. Wesley's method of teaching her children to read; and she was equally assiduous in teaching them their duty to God, and to their parents. She had nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated; and ten came to man and woman's estate. Her son John

mentions "the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her *thirteen* children." All these were educated by herself. And as she was a woman that *lived by rule*, she methodized and arranged every thing so exactly, that to each *operation* she had a *time; and time sufficient* to transact all the business of the family. It appears also from several of the private papers, that she had no small share in *managing the secular concerns of the rectory. The tithes* and *glebe* were *much under her inspection.* As to the *children*, their times of going to rest, rising in the morning, dressing, eating, learning, and exercise, she managed by rule; which was never suffered to be broken, unless in case of sickness. From her Mr. John Wesley derived all that knowledge in the education of children, which he has detailed so amply, and so successfully enforced. It has been wondered at that a man who had no children of his own could have known so well how they should be managed and educated: but that wonder will at once cease, when it is recollected by whom he was himself educated; and who was his instructress in all things, during his *infancy* and *youth.*

Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their earliest age their *duty to their parents.* She had little difficulty in *breaking* their *wills*, or reducing them to absolute subjection. They were early brought by *rational* means under a *mild yoke:* they were perfectly obsequious to their parents; and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have, and in every thing they were to perform.

They were taught also to ask a *blessing upon their food*, to behave *quietly* at family prayers, and to reverence the Sabbath. They were never permitted to *command the servants*, or to use any words of *authority* in their addresses to them. Mrs. Wesley charged the servants to do nothing for any of the children unless they asked it with humility and respect; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. This is the foundation, and indeed the essence, of good breeding. Insolent, impudent, and disagreeable children are to be met with every where; because this simple, but important, mode of *bringing up* is neglected. "Molly, Robert, be pleased to do so and so," was the usual method of *request* both from the sons and the daughters; and because the children behaved thus decently, the domestics reverenced and loved them; were strictly attentive to, and felt it a privilege to serve them.

They were never permitted to *contend* with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings among them, and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions: and they had the common fame of being *the most loving family in the county of Lincoln!* How much evil may be prevented, and how much good may be done, by judicious management in the education of children?

But Mrs. Wesley's whole method in bringing up and managing her family is so amply detailed in the letter from which I have made the extract relative to the mode of *teaching them to read*, that it would be as great an injustice to *her* to omit it, as it will be profitable to *every reader* to see it.

"*Epworth, July* 24, 1732.

"DEAR SON,—According to your desire I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old, (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house: but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

"As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for any thing. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table.—They were never suffered to choose their meat: but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings they always had spoonmeat; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask any thing of the servants, when *they* were at meat: if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

"At *six*, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at *seven* the maid washed them, and beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by *eight;* at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of, in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

"They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take any thing, though it be never so much against his stomach.

"In order to form the minds of the children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it: but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stub-

bornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterward broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things, which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by.—Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgressions ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after wretchedness and irreligion: whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the *will* of *God*, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgences of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child soul and body for ever.

"Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at *rising* and *bed-time* constantly; to which, as they grew bigger were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, *Pray, give me such a thing*; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

"Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor

were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of *brother* or *sister*.

"There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of: but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time, than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offence.

"For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour, which made them admired, when they were at home, by all who saw them, was in a great measure lost; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learnt, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

"When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon. When the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament: as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which, they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying; till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying; and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed upon by false colours and equivocations, which none would have used but one had they been kindly dealt with; and some in spite of all would always speak truth plainly.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering, playing at Church or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarelling, &c, should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should ever be chid, or beat twice for the same fault; and that if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterward.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did any thing with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That *propriety* be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

After such management, who need wonder at the rare excellence of the Wesley family!

Mrs. Wesley never considered herself discharged from the care of her children. Into all situations she followed them with her prayers and counsels: and her sons, even when at the university, found the utility of her wise and parental instructions. They proposed to her all their doubts, and consulted her in all difficulties. The following letter to her son John, in answer to queries proposed concerning some authors, and their opinions, will show how able she was to instruct, and what her opinion was relative to the doctrine of predestination especially.

"*Wroote, Jan.* 8, 1725.

"DEAR SON,—I cannot recollect the passages you mention: but believing you do the author, I positively aver that he is extremely in the wrong in that impious, not to say blasphemous, assertion, That God by an irresistible decree hath determined any man to be miserable, even in this life. His intentions, as himself, are holy, and just, and good; and all the miseries incident to men here or hereafter spring from themselves. The case stands thus:—This life is a state of probation, wherein eternal happiness or misery is proposed to our choice; the one as the reward of a virtuous, the other as a consequence of a vicious, life. Man is a compound being, a strange mixture of spirit and matter; or rather a creature, wherein those opposite principles are *united without mixture*, yet each principle, after an incomprehensible manner, subject to the influence of the other.—The true happiness of man, under this consideration, consists in a due subordination of the

inferior to the *superior* powers; of the *animal* to the *rational* nature; and of *both* to GOD.

"This was his original righteousness and happiness that was lost in Adam: and to restore man to this happiness, by the recovery of his original righteousness, was certainly God's design in admitting him to the state of trial on the world, and of our redemption by Jesus Christ. And surely this was a design truly worthy of God! and the greatest instance of mercy that even Omnipotent goodness could exhibit to us.

"As the happiness of man consists in a due subordination of the *inferior* to the *superior* powers, &c, so the inversion of this order is the true source of human misery. There is in us all a natural propension toward the *body* and the *world*. The beauty, pleasures, and ease, of the *body* strangely charm us; the wealth and honours of the world allure us: and all, under the manage of a subtle malicious adversary, give a prodigious force to present things; and if the animal life once get the ascendant of our reason, it utterly deprives us of our moral liberty, and by consequence makes us wretched. Therefore for any man to endeavour after happiness, in gratifying all his bodily appetites in opposition to his reason, is the greatest folly imaginable: because he seeks it where God has not designed he shall ever find it. But this is the case of the generality of men: they live as mere animals, wholly given up to the interests and pleasures of the body; and all the use of their understanding is, to make provision for the *flesh* to fulfil the lusts thereof, without the least regard to future happiness or misery.

"It is true, our eternal state lies under a vast disadvantage to us in this life, in that, that it is *future* and *invisible:* and it requires great attention and application of mind, frequent retirement, and intense thinking, to excite our affections, and beget such an habitual sense of it as is requisite to enable us to walk steadily in the paths of virtue, in opposition to our corrupt nature, and all the vicious customs and maxims of the world. Our blessed Lord who came from heaven *to save us from our sins*, as well as the *punishment* of them, as knowing that it was impossible for us to be *happy* in either world, unless we were *holy*, did not intend by commanding us to take up the cross, that we should bid adieu to all joy and satisfaction indefinitely: but he opens and extends our views beyond time to eternity. He directs us where to place our joys; how to seek satisfaction durable as our being; which is not to be found in gratifying, but in retrenching our sensual appetites; not in obeying the dictates of our irregular passions, but in correcting their exorbitancy, bringing every appetite of the body and power of the soul under subjection to his laws, if we would follow him to heaven. And because he knew we could not do this without great contradiction to our corrupt animality, therefore he enjoins us to take up this cross, and to fight under his banner against the flesh, the world, and the devil. And when, by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, we are so far conquerors, as that we never willingly offend, but still press after greater degrees of Christian perfection, sincerely endeavouring to plant each virtue in our minds, that may through Christ render us pleasing to God; we shall then experience the truth of Solomon's assertion, 'The ways of virtue are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

"I take Kempis to have been an honest weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge, by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many direct and plain texts of Scripture. Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure; of the innocence or malignity of actions; take this rule,—Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things: in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your *body* over your *mind*, that thing is sin to *you*, however innocent it may be in itself. And so on the contrary.

"'Tis stupid to say nothing is an affliction to a good man. That is an affliction that makes an affliction either to good or bad. Nor do I understand how any man can thank God for present misery; yet do I very well know what it is to rejoice in the midst of deep afflictions; not in the affliction itself, for then it would necessarily cease to be one: but in this we may rejoice, that we are in the hand of a God who never did, and never can, exert his power in any act of injustice, oppression, or cruelty; in the power of that superior wisdom which disposes all events, and has promised that all things shall work together for good (for the spiritual and eternal good) of those that love him. We may rejoice in hope that Almighty goodness will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. In a word, we may and ought to rejoice that God has assured us he will never leave or forsake us: but if we continue faithful to him, he will take care to conduct us safely, through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to those blessed regions of joy and immortality, where sin and sorrow can never enter."

There are many excellent sentiments and observations in the preceding letter; and the whole proves a capacious and well disciplined mind, that tried itself to the bottom, and saw how little it could depend on its own exertions without the especial help of the grace and Spirit of Christ.

In the following month she wrote a more direct answer to the question concerning *election* and *predestination*; and especially the seventeenth article of the Church, on which her son appears to have been not a little puzzled.

To many these points will appear to be clearly stated, and satisfactorily discussed, in this letter.

"*Wroote, July* 18, 1725.

"——— I have often wondered that men should be so vain to amuse themselves by searching into the decrees of God, which no human wit can fathom; and do not rather employ their time and powers in working out their salvation, and making their own calling and election sure. Such studies tend more to confound than inform the understanding; and young people had best let them alone. But since I find you have some scruples concerning our article of predestination, I will tell you my thoughts of the matter; and if they satisfy not, you may desire your father's direction, who is surely better qualified for a casuist than me.

"The doctrine of *predestination*, as maintained by rigid Calvinists, is very shocking; and ought utterly to be abhorred, because it charges

the most holy God with being the author of sin. And I think you reason very well and justly against it; for it is certainly inconsistent with the justice and goodness of God to lay any man under either a physical or moral necessity of committing sin, and then punish him for doing it.—Far be this from the Lord!—Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

"I do firmly believe that God from all eternity hath elected some to everlasting life: but then I humbly conceive, that this election is founded in his foreknowledge, according to that in the eighth of Romans, ver. 29, 30, *Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son:—Moreover whom he did predestidate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.*

"*Whom*, in his eternal prescience, God saw would make a right use of their powers and accept of offered mercy, *he did predestinate*,—adopt for his children, his peculiar treasure. And that they might be *conformed to the image of his only Son*, he *called them* to himself by his eternal word, through the preaching of the Gospel; and internally by his Holy Spirit: which *call* they obeying, repenting of their sins, and believing in the Lord Jesus, he *justifies* them,—absolves them from the guilt of all their sins, and acknowledges them as just and righteous persons, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. And *having* thus *justified*, he receives them to *glory*, to heaven.

"This is the sum of what I believe concerning predestination, which I think is agreeable to the analogy of faith; since it does in no wise derogate from the glory of God's free grace, nor impair the liberty of man. Nor can it with more reason be supposed that the prescience of God is the cause that so many finally perish, than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its rising."

Mr. Wesley found it difficult to reconcile the seventeenth article of the Church, concerning predestination, to the general doctrines of the Church, and to the Holy Scriptures. He knew, and has often demonstrated, that the Calvinistic doctrines of reprobation and election are false: but still there appeared to be something to support them in the above *article*, and it was in reference to this that he wished to have his mother's views of the subject.

The following letter, written to him nearly two years after, will show what care this excellent mother took of her son's spiritual progress, and of his regular deportment through life.

"*Jan.* 31, 1727.

"——— I am heartily persuaded, that the reason why so many seek to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able, is, there is some Delilah, some one beloved vice they will not part with; hoping that by a strict observance of their duty in other things, that particular fault will be dispensed with. But, alas! they miserably deceive themselves. The way which leads to heaven is so narrow, the gate we must enter in so strait, that it will not permit a man to pass with one known unmortified sin about him. Therefore let every one in the beginning of their Christian course seriously weigh what our Lord says in St. Luke xiv,

27–34, 'For whosoever having put his hand to the plough, looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'

"I am nothing pleased we advised you to have your *plaid;* though I am that you think it too dear; because I take it to be an indication that you are disposed to thrift, which is a rare qualification in a young man, who has his fortune to make. Indeed such a one can hardly be too wary, or too careful. I would not recommend taking thought for the morrow any farther than is needful for our improvement of present opportunities, in a prudent manage of those talents God has committed to our trust. And so far I think it is the duty of all to take thought for the morrow. And I heartily wish you may be well apprized of this while life is young. For,

> Believe me, youth; (for I am read in cares,
> And bend beneath the weight of more than fifty years.)

Believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our *lives* or our *fortunes.* If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions; and if we neglect, while strength and vigour lasts, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us, *it is a hundred to one odds* that we shall die both *poor* and *wicked.*

"Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the verge of life, and saw before your eyes a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you can't conceive how all the inadvertencies, mistakes, and sins, of youth would rise to your view! and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and pernicious friendships of the world, would be *then*, from what they are *now*, while health is entire, and seems to promise many years of life."

The following letter on the nature and properties of love would be a gem even in the best written treatise on the powers and passions of the human mind. The concluding advice relative to the mode of treating such matters in public preaching must interest all those who minister at the altar of the Lord.

"*Wroote, May* 14, 1727.

"DEAR SON,—The difficulty there is in separating the ideas of things that nearly resemble each other, and whose properties and effects are much the same, has, I believe, induced some to think that the human soul has no passion but LOVE; and that all those passions or affections which we distinguish by the names of hope, fear, joy, &c, are no more than various modes of *love.* This notion carries some show of *reason*, though I can't acquiesce in it. I must confess I never yet met with such an accurate definition of the passion of *love*, as fully satisfied me. It is indeed commonly defined *a desire of union with a known or apprehended good.* But this directly makes *love* and *desire* the same thing; which on a close inspection I conceive they are not, for this reason,—desire is strongest, and acts most vigorously, when the beloved object is distant, absent, or apprehended unkind or displeased; whereas when the union is attained, and fruition perfect, complacency, delight, and joy, fill the soul of the lover, while desire lies

quiescent; which plainly shows (at least to me) that *desire* of *union* is an *effect* of love, and not *love* itself.

"What then is love? or how shall we describe its strange mysterious essence? It is—I do not know what! A powerful something! source of our joy and grief! Felt and experienced by every one, and yet unknown to all! Nor shall we ever comprehend what it is, till we are united to our first principle, and there read its wondrous nature in the clear mirror of uncreated Love! till which time it is best to rest satisfied with such apprehensions of its essence as we can collect from our observations of its effects and properties; for other knowledge of it in our present state is too high and too wonderful for us; neither can we attain unto it.

"Suffer now a word of advice. However curious you may be in searching into the nature, or in distinguishing the properties, of the passions or virtues of human kind, for your own private satisfaction; be very cautious in giving nice distinctions in public assemblies, for it does not answer the true end of preaching, which is to mend men's *lives*, and not fill their heads with unprofitable speculations. And after all that can be said, every affection of the soul is better known by experience than by any description that can be given of it. An honest man will more easily apprehend what is meant by being zealous for God, and against sin, when he hears what are the properties and effects of true zeal, than the most accurate definition of its essence.

"Dear son, the conclusion of your letter is very kind. That you were ever dutiful, I very well know. But I know myself enough to rest satisfied with a moderate degree of your affection. Indeed it would be unjust in me to desire the love of any one. Your prayers I want and wish; nor shall I cease while I live to beseech almighty God to bless you. Adieu."

It appears that about this time Mr. J. Wesley had written to his mother concerning afflictions, and what was the best method of profiting by them; also expressing a wish that he might not survive so kind and good a parent; and stating his conviction how happy she, who had lived so much devoted to God, must be in her last hours. To all of which she answers with her usual good sense, strong judgment, and deep piety.

"*Wroote, July* 26, 1727.

"It is certainly true that I have had large experience of what the world calls adverse fortune. But I have not made those improvements in piety and virtue, under the discipline of Providence, that I ought to have done; therefore I humbly conceive myself to be unfit for an assistant to another in affliction, since I have so ill performed my own duty. But, blessed be God! you are at present in pretty easy circumstances; which I thankfully acknowledge is a great mercy to me as well as you. Yet if hereafter you should meet with troubles of various sorts, as it is probable you will in the course of your life, be it of short or long continuance; the best preparation I know of for sufferings is a regular and exact performance of present duty; for this will surely render a man pleasing to God, and put him directly under

the protection of his good providence, so that no evil shall befall him, but what he will certainly be the better for it.

"It is incident to all men to regard the *past* and the *future* while the *present* moments pass unheeded; whereas, in truth, neither the one nor the other is of use to us any farther than they put us upon improving the present time.

"You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me; since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. And beside, I ought surely to have the pre-eminence in point of time, and go to rest before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief I know not; perhaps you could: it is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you or any other of my children were like to reap any spiritual advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. But as I have been an unprofitable servant, during the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honour, so high a favour, as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It were well if you spake prophetically, and that joy and hope might have the ascendant over the other passions of my soul in that important hour. Yet I dare not presume, nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our almighty Saviour, to do with me both in life and death just what he pleases, for I have no choice!"

The following letter, on the absolute necessity of a Redeemer to save fallen man, and of faith in him in order to salvation, will doubtless meet with the full approbation of every pious reader.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 14, 1735.

"DEAR SON,—Since God is altogether inaccessible to us but by Jesus Christ, and since none ever was or ever will be saved but by him,—is it not absolutely necessary for all people, young and old, to be well grounded in the knowledge and faith of Jesus Christ? By *faith*, I do not mean an assent only to the truths of the Gospel concerning him; but such an assent as influences our practice, as makes us heartily and thankfully accept him for our God and Saviour upon his own conditions. No faith below this can be saving. And since this faith is necessary to salvation,—can it be too frequently, or too explicitly, discoursed on to young people? I think not.

"But since the natural pride of man is wont to suggest to him that he is self-sufficient, and has no need of a Saviour;—may it not be proper to show (the young especially) that without the great atonement, there could be no remission of sin? And that in the present state of human nature no man can qualify himself for heaven, without the Holy Spirit which is given by God incarnate? To convince them of this truth, might it not be needful to inform them, that since God is infinitely just, or rather that he is justice itself, it necessarily follows that vindictive justice is an essential property in the divine nature; and if so, one of these two things seems to have been absolutely necessary; either, that there must be an adequate satisfaction made to the divine justice for the violation of God's law by mankind, or else that the whole

human species should have perished in Adam, (which would have afforded too great matter of triumph to the apostate angels;) otherwise how could God have been just to himself? Would not some mention of the necessity of revealed religion be proper here? since, without it, all the wit of man could never have found out how human nature was corrupted in its fountain; neither had it been possible for us to have discovered any way or means whereby it might have been restored to its primitive purity. Nay, had it been possible for the brighest angels in heaven to have found out such a way to redeem and restore mankind as God hath appointed; yet, durst any of them have proposed it to the uncreated Godhead? No; surely the offended must appoint the way to save the offender, or man must be lost for ever. *O the depth of the riches of the wisdom, and knowledge, and goodness, of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways than our ways!*

"Here, surely, you may give free scope to your spirits. Here you may freely use your Christian liberty; and discourse without reserve of the excellency of the knowledge and love of Christ, as his Spirit gives you utterance.

"What, my son, did the pure and holy Person of the Son of God pass by the fallen angels, who were far superior, of greater dignity, and of a higher order in the scale of existence, and choose to unite himself to the human nature! And shall we soften, as you call it, these glorious truths? Rather let us speak boldly, without fear. These truths ought to be frequently inculcated, and pressed home upon the consciences of men; and when once men are affected with a sense of redeeming love, that sense will powerfully convince them of the vanity of the world; and make them esteem the honour, wealth, and pleasures of it as dross or dung so that they may win Christ.

"As for *moral* subjects they are necessary to be discoursed on: but then I humbly conceive we are to speak of moral virtues as *Christians*, and not like Heathens. And if we would indeed do honour to our Saviour, we should take all fitting occasions to make men observe the essence and perfection of the moral virtues taught by Christ and his apostles, far surpassing all that was pretended to by the very best of the Heathen philosophers. All *their* morality was defective in *principle* and *direction;* was intended only to regulate the outward actions, but never reached the heart; or, at the highest, it looked no farther than the temporal happiness of mankind. 'But moral virtues, evangelized or improved into Christian duties, have partly a view to promote the good of human society here, but chiefly to qualify the observers of them for a much more blessed and more enduring society hereafter.' I cannot stay to enlarge on this vast subject; nor indeed (considering whom I write to) is it needful: yet one thing I cannot forbear adding, which may carry some weight with his admirers; and that is, the very wise and just reply which Mr. *Locke* made to one that desired him to draw up a system of morals. 'Did the world,' said he, 'want a rule, I confess there could be no work so necessary, nor so commendable: but the Gospel contains so perfect a body of *ethics*, that *reason* may be

excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in *Revelation* than in herself.'

"That you may continue steadfast in the faith, and increase more and more in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ! that holiness, simplicity, and purity, (which are different words signifying the same thing) may recommend you to the favour of God incarnate! that his Spirit may dwell in you, and keep you still (as now,) under a sense of God's blissful presence! is the hearty prayer of, dear son, your affectionate mother and most faithful friend,

"S. W."

With respect to the angelic nature my creed is different from that of Mrs. Wesley. I believe *man*, as he came from the hands of God, was much higher in the excellence and perfection of his nature than angels. *Man was created in the image and likeness of God.* This is not said of angels nor archangels; and it appears to me that it was the superior excellence of this nature that caused Jesus Christ to take upon him the nature of *man*, and not the nature of angels.

The last of her letters I shall give the reader in this place. It is one written to her son John near the close of this year, on the happiness resulting from a close and constant communion with God. She had a few months before buried the husband of her youth; and was now, as I collect, on a visit to her daughter Emily, who had taken up a school at *Gainsborough*, about twelve miles from Epworth.

"*Gainsborough, Nov.* 27, 1735.

"——— God is Being itself! the I Am! and therefore must necessarily be the Supreme Good! He is so infinitely blessed, that every perception of his blissful presence imparts a vital gladness to the heart. Every degree of approach toward him is, in the same proportion, a degree of happiness. And I often think that were he always present to our mind, as we are present to him, there would be no pain, nor sense of misery. I have long since chose him for my only good! my all! my pleasure, my happiness in this world, as well as in the world to come! And although I have not been so faithful to his grace as I ought to have been; yet I feel my spirit adheres to its choice, and aims daily at cleaving steadfast unto God. Yet one thing often troubles me, that notwithstanding I know that *while* we are present with the body we are absent from the Lord; notwithstanding I have no taste, no relish, left for any thing the world calls pleasure, yet I do not long to go home as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me: and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son; so I beg you likewise to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best! Your loving mother,

"Susanna Wesley."

We have now seen,—1. The plan this extraordinary woman adopted in the nursing and bringing up of her children; and, 2. The pains she took with her son John, when at the university, to instil into him those heavenly truths which he afterward with such clearness, strength, and effect, declared to the world. 3. We shall find from what follows, that

she endeavoured to embody all her knowledge and experience, and form them into a regular system for the future edification of her family.

Mrs. Wesley not only examined the grounds of the controversy between the Church and the Dissenters with conscientious carefulness, but she examined in a similar way the evidences of *natural and revealed religion;* and under every *article* set down the reasons which determined her to receive the *Bible* as a revelation from God. On these subjects I have several things in her own hand writing, which shall be introduced in their proper place: but her master piece is entirely lost. A letter of her's to her son Samuel, dated Oct. 11, 1709, will illustrate the above particulars:—

"——— There is nothing I now desire to live for but to do some small service to my children; that as I have brought them into the world, I may, if it please God, be an instrument of doing good to their souls. I had been for several years collecting from my little reading, but chiefly from my own *observation* and experience, some things which I hoped might be useful to you all. I had begun to correct and form all into a little manual, wherein I designed you should have seen what were the particular reasons which prevailed on me to believe the being of a God, and the grounds of natural religion; together with the motives that induced me to embrace the faith of *Jesus Christ*, under which was comprehended my own private reasons for the truth of revealed religion. And because I was educated among the *Dissenters*, and there was something remarkable in my leaving them at so early an age, not being full *thirteen*, I had drawn up an account of the whole transaction, under which I had included the main of the controversy between *them* and the *Established Church*, as far as it had come to my knowledge; and then followed the reasons which had determined my judgment to the preference of the *Church of England*. I had fairly transcribed a great part of it, when you, writing to me for some directions about receiving the sacrament, I began a short discourse on that subject, intending to send them all together: but before I could finish my design, the flames consumed both this and all my other writings. I would have you at your leisure to do something like this for yourself, and write down what are the principles on which you build your faith: and though I cannot possibly recover all I formerly wrote, yet I will gladly assist you what I can in explaining any difficulty that may occur."

We have already seen that the parsonage house at Epworth was three parts consumed July 31, 1702. But a more severe conflagration took place on the 9th Feb. 1709, by which the whole house and the property were totally destroyed, the family escaping with their lives, almost by miracle; the particulars of which calamity shall be detailed in the life of Mr. J. Wesley.

But the severest loss, at least to posterity, then sustained, was the destruction of all the family papers. All Mr. Wesley's writings and correspondence, and the still more important writings of Mrs. Wesley, such as those mentioned above, beside many papers and other matters relative to the Annesley family, and particularly Dr. Annesley himself; for as Mrs. Susanna Wesley was his most beloved child, he had en-

trusted to her many invaluable documents. This information I have received from a particular and learned friend, who received it from Mr. John Wesley himself.

After the last fire the family were scattered to different parts; the children were divided among neighbours, relatives, and friends, till the house could be rebuilt. Mr. Matthew Wesley, the surgeon, took *two*, *Susan* and *Mehetabel*, with whom their mother corresponded, in order to instruct them in divine matters, and to confirm them in the truths they had already received. Having lost the fruits of her former labour on the evidences of revealed religion, &c, she began her work *de novo*; and in a long letter to her daughter *Susan* went over the most important parts of the same ground, and produced a treatise on the chief articles of the Christian faith, taking for her groundwork the Apostles' Creed.

This invaluable paper I rejoice to be able to lay before the reader, as one of the most precious relics of this extraordinary woman. And it will be considered the more important, as itself was saved from a *fire*, not less ruinous than that in which its predecessor was consumed. It was written but a few months after that to Samuel, already mentioned:—

"*Epworth, Jan.* 13, 1709–10.

"DEAR SUKEY,—Since our misfortunes have separated us from each other, and we can no longer enjoy the opportunities we once had of conversing together, I can no other way discharge the duty of a parent, or comply with my inclination of doing you all the good I can, but by writing.

"You know very well how I love you. I love your body; and do earnestly beseech almighty God to bless it with health, and all things necessary for its comfort and support in this world. But my tenderest regard is for your immortal soul, and for its spiritual happiness; which regard I cannot better express, than by endeavouring to instil into your mind those principles of knowledge and virtue that are absolutely necessary in order to your leading a good life here, which is the only thing that can infallibly secure your happiness hereafter.

"The main thing which is now to be done is, to lay a good foundation, that you may act upon *principles*, and be always able to satisfy yourself, and give a reason to others of the faith that is in you: for any one who makes a profession of religion, only because it is the custom of the country in which they live, or because their parents do so, or their worldly interest is thereby secured or advanced, will never be able to stand in the day of temptation; nor shall they ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. And though perhaps you cannot at present fully comprehend all I shall say; yet keep this letter by you, and as you grow in years, your reason and judgment will improve, and you will obtain a more clear understanding in all things.

"You have already been instructed in some of the first principles of religion: that there is one, and but one God; that in the unity of the Godhead there are three distinct persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that this God ought to be worshipped. You have learned some prayers,

your Creed and Catechism, in which is briefly comprehended your duty to God, yourself, and your neighbour. But, Sukey, it is not learning these things by heart, nor your saying a few prayers morning and night, that will bring you to heaven; you must *understand* what you *say*, and you must *practise* what you *know:* and since *knowledge* is requisite in order to *practise*, I shall endeavour (after as plain a manner as I can) to instruct you in some of those fundamental points, which are most necessary to be known, and most easy to be understood. And I earnestly beseech the great Father of spirits to guide your mind into the way of truth.

"Though it has been generally acknowledged, that the being and perfections of God, and a great part of man's duty toward him, as that we should love him, and pray to him for what we want, and praise him for what we enjoy; as likewise much of our duty toward ourselves and neighbour are discoverable by the light of nature; that is, by that understanding and reason which are natural to man: yet considering the present state of mankind; it was absolutely necessary that we should have some revelation from God to make known to us those truths upon the knowledge of which our salvation depends, and which unassisted reason could never have discovered. For all the duties of natural religion, and all the hopes of happiness which result from the performance of them, are all concluded within the present life: nor could we have had any certainty of the FUTURE STATE, of the being of SPIRITS, of the *immortality* of the *soul*, or of a *judgment* to come.

"And though we may perceive that all these have by nature a strong *bent* or *bias* toward *evil*, and a great averseness from good and goodness; that our understandings, wills, and affections, &c, are extremely corrupted and depraved; yet how could we have known by what means we became so, or how sin and death entered into the world? Since we are assured that whatever as absolutely perfect as God is could never be the author of *evil;* and we are as sure that whatever is corrupt or impure must necessarily be offensive and displeasing to the most holy God, there being nothing more opposite than *good* and *evil.* Nay, farther, sin is not only displeasing to God, as it is contrary to the purity of his divine nature; but it is the highest affront and indignity to his sacred majesty imaginable.

"By it his most wise and holy *laws* are contemned and violated, and his *honour* most impiously treated; and therefore he is in *justice* obliged to punish such contempt, and to vindicate the honour of his own laws: nor can he, without derogating from his infinite perfections, pardon such offenders, or remit the *punishment* they *deserve*, without full satisfaction made to his justice.

"Now I would fain know which way his justice could be satisfied, since it is impossible for a *finite being like man* to do it; or how the nature of man should be renewed, or he again be admitted into the favour of God; or how reason could suggest that our weak endeavours and petitions should be acceptable instead of perfect obedience, unless some others were substituted in our stead, that would undergo the punishment we have deserved, and thereby satisfy *divine justice*, and purchase pardon and favour with God, the *merit* of whose perfect obe-

dience should atone for the imperfection of ours, and so obtain for us a *title* to those glorious rewards, to that eternal happiness to which we must acknowledge ourselves utterly unworthy, and of which we must have despaired without such a Saviour.

"Or how should we have had any certainty of our salvation unless God had revealed these things unto us? The *soul* is *immortal*, and must survive all time, even to eternity; and consequently it must have been miserable to the utmost extent of its duration, had we not had that sacred treasure of knowledge which is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament; a treasure infinitely more valuable than the whole world, because therein we find all things necessary for our salvation. There also we find many truths, which though we cannot say it is absolutely necessary that we should know them, (since it is possible to be saved without that knowledge,) yet it is highly convenient that we should; because they give us great light into those things which are necessary to be known, and solve many doubts which could not otherwise be cleared.

"Thus we collect from many passages of Scripture, that before God created the *visible world*, or ever he made man, he created a higher rank of *intellectual beings*, which we call *angels* or *spirits;* and these were those *bright morning* stars mentioned in *Job*, which sang together; those *sons of God which shouted for joy when the foundations of the earth were laid.* To these he gave a law or rule of action, as he did afterward to the rest of his creation; and they being *free agents*, having a principle of liberty, of choosing or refusing, and of acting accordingly, as they must have, or they could not properly be called either good or evil; for upon this principle of freedom or liberty the principle of election or choice is founded; and upon the *choosing* good or evil depends the being virtuous or vicious, since liberty is the formal essence of moral virtue, that is, it is the *free choice* of a rational being that makes them either good or bad: nor could any one that acts by necessity be ever capable of rewards or punishments.

"The angels, I say, being *free agents*, must, I think, necessarily, be put on some trial of their obedience; and so consequently were at first only placed in a *state of probation* or *trial.* Those who made a good use of their *liberty*, and chose to obey the law of their Creator, and acquiesced in the order of the Divine wisdom, which had disposed them in several ranks and orders subservient to each other, were by the Almighty *fiat* confirmed in their state of blessedness; nor are they now capable of any defection.

"But those accursed spirits that rebelled against their Maker, and aspired above the rank in which his providence had placed them, were for their presumption justly excluded the celestial paradise; and condemned to perpetual torments, which were the necessary consequences of their apostasy.

"After the fall of the angels, and perhaps to supply their defects, it pleased the Eternal Goodness to *create Adam*, who was the first general head of mankind; and in him was virtually included the whole species of *human nature.* He was somewhat inferior to the angels, being composed of two different natures, *body* and *soul.* The former was

material, or *matter* made of the earth; the latter *immaterial*, or a spiritual substance, created after the image of God. And as man was also a *rational free agent* like the angels, so it was agreeable to the Eternal Wisdom to place him likewise in a state of probation; and the trial of his obedience was, *not eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil*, and the *penalty* of his *disobedience* was *death*.

"This trial was suited to the double or mixed nature of man; the *beauty*, *scent*, and *taste*, of the fruit was the *trial* of their *senses* or *appetites*; and the virtue of it being not only *good for food*, *but also to be desired to make one wise*, was the *trial* of their *minds*; and by this God made proof of our *first parents*, to see whether they would deny their sensual appetites, and keep the body in due subjection to the mind; or whether they would prefer the pleasures of sense, and thereby dethrone their reason, break the covenant of their obedience, and forfeit the favour of God and eternal happiness; and whether they would humbly be content with that measure of knowledge and understanding which God thought best for them, or boldly pry into those things which he had forbidden them to search after.

"Now the devil envying the happiness of our *first parents*, being grieved that any less perfect beings should possess the place he had lost, took occasion from the reasonable *trial* God had proposed to Adam, to attack the woman by a subtle question, *Yea, hath God said, that ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?* Hath he created this beauteous world, this great variety of creatures, for your use and enjoyments, and made these delicious fruits which he himself hath pronounced *good*, and yet forbidden you to taste of them? To which she replied, *We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.* Upon which the malicious tempter boldly presumed to give the lie to his Maker. *Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat*, &c.

"Thus pride and sensuality ruined our first parents, and brought them and their *posterity* into a state of *mortality*. Thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin, thus was human nature corrupted at its fountain; and as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, so of consequence the children of guilty Adam must be corrupt and depraved. Any one who will make the least reflection on his own mind, may soon be convinced of this great truth, that not only the body is weak and infirm, subject to divers diseases, liable to many ill accidents, and even to death itself, but also the superior powers of the soul are weakened; as the apostle expresses it,—*at enmity with God.*

"The understanding, which was designed chiefly to be exercised in the knowledge and contemplation of the superior Being, is darkened; nor can it, without the Divine assistance, discern the radiant glories of the Deity. And though it should naturally press after truth,

as being its proper object; yet it seldom, and not without great difficulty, attains to the knowledge of it; but is subject to *ignorance*, which is the sin of the understanding, because it generally proceeds from our natural indisposition to search after truth. *Error* is the sin or defect of the *judgment*, mistaking one thing for another, not having clear and distinct apprehensions of things; for which reason it is frequently guilty of making *wrong determinations*. Not *choosing* or *not inclining* to *good;* or *adhering to* and *preferring evil* before it, is the sin of the *will*. A readiness in receiving vain, impure, corrupt ideas or images, and a *backwardness* in receiving good and useful ideas, is the sin of the *imagination* or fancy: and a facility in retaining evil and vain ideas, and a neglect of, or a readiness to let slip those which are good, is the sin or defect of the *memory*.

"Loving, hating, desiring, fearing, &c, what we should not love, hate, desire, fear, &c, at all in the least degree; or when the object of such passions are lawful, to love, hate, desire, &c, more than reason requires; or else not loving, hating, desiring, &c, when we ought to love, hate, desire, &c; in short, any *error* either in *defect* or *excess*, either too *much* or too *little*, is the vice or sin of the *passions* or *affections* of the soul.

"Now if we consider the infinite, boundless, incomprehensible perfections of the ever-blessed God, we may easily conceive that evil, that sin, is the greatest contradiction imaginable to his most holy nature; and that no evil, no disease, pain, or natural uncleanness whatever, is so hateful, so loathsome to us, as the corruptions and imperfections of the soul are to him. He is *infinite purity* absolutely separated from all mortal imperfection. The divine *intellect* is all brightness, all perfect; was never, and can never be capable of the least ignorance. He is TRUTH, nor can he be weary or indisposed in contemplating that great attribute of his most perfect nature: but has a constant steady view of truth.

"And as he fully comprehends at once all things past, present, and to come; so all objects appear to him simple, naked, undisguised in their natures, properties, relations, and ends, truly as they are; nor is it possible that he should be guilty of *error* or *mistake;* of making any false judgment or wrong determination.

"He is *goodness*, and his most holy will cannot swerve or decline from what is so. He always *wills* what is absolutely best; nor can he possibly be deceived or deceive any one.

"The *ideas* of the Divine mind are amiable, clear, holy, just, good, useful; and he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. His love, desire, &c, though boundless, immense, and infinite, are yet regular, immutable, always under the direction of his unerring wisdom, his unlimited goodness, and his impartial justice.

"But who can by searching find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection? What angel is worthy to speak his praise, who dwelleth in the inaccessible light, which no man can approach unto? And though he is always surrounded by thousands, and tens of thousands of those pure and happy spirits; yet are they represented to us as veiling their faces, as if conscious of too much imperfection and

weakness to behold his glory. And if he charged his angels with folly, and those stars are not pure in his sight;—how much less man that is a worm, and the son of man that is a worm?

"And as we are thus corrupt and impure by nature; so are we likewise the children of wrath, and in a state of damnation; for it was not only a *temporal death*, with which God threatened our first parents if they were disobedient; but it was also a *spiritual death*; an eternal separation from Him who is our *life*; the consequence of which separation is our eternal misery.

"But the infinite goodness of God, who delighteth that his mercy should triumph over his justice, though he provided no remedy for the fallen angels; yet man being a more simple kind of creature, who perhaps did not sin so maliciously against so much knowledge as those apostate spirits did; he would not suffer the whole race of mankind to be ruined and destroyed by the fraud and subtilty of Satan: but he laid help upon one that is mighty, that is able and willing to save to the uttermost all such as shall come unto God through him. And this Saviour was that seed of the woman, that was promised should bruise the head of the serpent, break the power of the devil, and bring mankind again into a salvable condition. And upon a view of that satisfaction which Christ would make for the sins of the whole world was the penalty of Adam's disobedience suspended, and he admitted to a second trial; and God renewed his covenant with man, not on the former condition of perfect obedience, but on condition of faith in Christ Jesus, and a sincere though imperfect obedience of the laws of God. I will speak something of these two branches of our duty distinctly.

"By faith in Christ is to be understood an assent to whatever is recorded of him in Holy Scripture; or is said to be delivered by him, either immediately by himself, or mediately by his prophets and apostles; or whatever may by just inferences, or natural consequences, be collected from their writings. But because the greater part of mankind either want leisure or capacity to collect the several articles of faith, which lie scattered up and down throughout the Sacred Writ, the wisdom of the CHURCH hath thought fit to sum them up in a short form of words, commonly called THE APOSTLES' CREED, which, because it comprehends the main of what a Christian ought to believe, I shall briefly explain unto you: and though I have not time at present to bring all the arguments I could to prove the being of God, his divine attributes, and the truth of revealed religion; yet this short paraphrase may inform you what you should intend when you make the solemn confession of our most holy faith; and may withal teach you that it is not to be said after a formal customary manner, but seriously, as in the presence of the almighty God, who observes whether the *heart* join with the *tongue*, and whether your mind do truly assent to what you profess when you say,

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

I do truly and heartily assent to the being of a God, one supreme independent power, who is a Spirit infinitely wise, holy, good, just, true, unchangeable.

"I do believe that this God is a necessary self-existent being; necessary, in that he could not but be, because he derives his existence from no other than himself, but he always is

THE FATHER.

And having all life, all being in himself, all creatures must derive their existence from him; whence he is properly styled the Father of all things, more especially of all spiritual natures, angels and souls of men; and since he is the great *parent* of the universe, it naturally follows that he is

ALMIGHTY.

And this glorious attribute of his omnipotence is conspicuous in that he hath a right of making any thing which he willeth, after that manner which best pleaseth him, according to the absolute freedom of his own will; and a right of possessing all things so made by him as he pleaseth: nor can his almighty infinite power admit of any *weakness*, *dependence*, or *limitation*; but it extendeth to all things; is boundless, incomprehensible, and eternal. And though we cannot comprehend, or have any adequate conceptions of what so far surpasseth the reach of human understanding, yet it is plainly demonstrable that he is *omnipotent* from his being the

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,

Of all things visible: nor could any thing less than almighty power produce the smallest, most inconsiderable thing out of nothing. Not the least spire of grass, or most despicable insect, but bears the divine signature, and carries in its existence a clear demonstration of the Deity. For could we admit of such a wild supposition as that any thing could *make* itself, it must necessarily follow that a thing had being before it had a being, that it could *act* before it was, which is a palpable contradiction: from whence among other reasons we conclude, that this beautiful world, that celestial arch over our heads, and all those glorious heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars, &c, in fine, the whole system of the universe, were in the beginning made, or created out of nothing, by the eternal power, wisdom, and goodness of the ever-blessed God, according to the counsel of his own will; or, as St. Paul better expresses it, Colos. i, 16: 'By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him.'

AND IN JESUS.

Jesus signifies a *Saviour*; and by that *name* he was called by the angel *Gabriel* before his birth, for to show us that he came into the world to save us from our sins, and the punishment they justly deserve; and to repair the damage human nature had sustained by the fall of Adam; that as in Adam all died, so in Christ all should be made alive; and so he became the second general head of all mankind. And as he was promised to our parents in paradise; so was his coming signified by the various types and sacrifices under the law, and foretold by the prophets long before he appeared in the world.

"And this *Saviour*, this Jesus, was the promised Messiah, who was so long the hope and expectation of the Jews, the

CHRIST,

which in the original signifies *anointed*. Now among the Jews it was a custom to *anoint* three sorts of persons, prophets, priests, and kings; which anointing did not only show their designation to those offices, but was also usually attended with a special influence, or inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to prepare and qualify them for such offices. Our blessed Lord, who was by his almighty Father sanctified, and sent into the world, was also *anointed*, not with *material* oil, but by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him, to signify to us that he was our *prophet*, *priest*, and *king*; and that he should first, as our PROPHET, fully, clearly, reveal the will of God for our salvation, which accordingly he did. And though the Jews had long before received the law by Moses; yet a great part of that law was purely *typical* and *ceremonial*; and all of it that was so was necessarily vacated by the coming of our Saviour: and that part which was *moral*, and consequently of perpetual obligation, they had so corrupted by their misrepresentations and various traditions, that it was not pure and undefiled, as God delivered it on Mount Sinai, which occasioned the words of our Lord, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil:' to accomplish the predictions of the prophets concerning himself; and to rescue the moral law from those false glosses they had put on it. Though the rest of the world were not altogether without some precepts of morality; yet they lay scattered up and down, in the writings of a few wiser and better than the rest: but morality was never collected into a complete system, till the coming of our Saviour; nor was life and immortality brought fully to light till the preaching of the Gospel.

"He was also our PRIEST, in that he offered up himself a sacrifice to Divine justice in our stead; and by the perfect satisfaction he made, he did *atone* the displeasure of God, and purchase eternal life for us, which was forfeited by the first man's disobedience.

"And as he is our *prophet* and *priest*, so likewise he is our KING, and hath an undoubted right to govern those he hath redeemed by his blood; and as such he will conquer for us all our spiritual enemies, sin and death, and all the powers of the kingdom of darkness; and when he hath perfectly subdued them, he will actually confer upon us, eternal happiness. This satisfaction and purchase that Christ hath made for us is a clear proof of his *divinity*, since no mere man is capable of meriting any thing good from God; and therefore we are obliged to consider him in a state of equality with the Father, being

HIS ONLY SON.

"Though we are all children of the almighty Father, yet hath he one only Son, by an eternal and incomprehensible generation, which *only Son* is Jesus the Saviour; being equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead; but inferior to the Father as touching his manhood. God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God; begotten, not made. And this only Son of God we acknowledge to be

OUR LORD;

In that he is co-equal and co-essential with the Father, and by him were all things made. Therefore since we are his *creatures*, we must, with the Apostle St. Thomas, confess him to be *our Lord* and *our God*. But beside this right to our allegiance, which he hath by creation, he hath redeemed us from death and hell, and he hath purchased us with his own blood: so that upon a *double account*, we justly call him Lord, namely, that of *creation* and *purchase*. And as the infinite condescension of the eternal Son of God in assuming our nature was mysterious, and incomprehensible, surpassing the wisest of men or angels to conceive how such a thing might be; so it was requisite and agreeable to the majesty of God, that the conception of his sacred person should be after a manner altogether differing from ordinary generations; accordingly it was he

WHICH WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST;

Whose miraculous conception was foretold by the angel, when his blessed mother questioned how she who was a *virgin* could conceive. *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.* And as all the sacrifices which represented our Saviour under the law, were to be without spot or blemish; so likewise Christ, the great Christian sacrifice, was not only infinitely pure and holy, not only in his Divine, but also in his human nature, he was perfectly immaculate, having none but God for his Father, being

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

Whose spotless purity no age of the catholic Church hath presumed to question. That the promised Messiah should be born of a virgin is plain from Jer. xxxi, 22, 'The Lord hath created a new thing upon the earth; a woman shall compass a man.' And from Isaiah vii, 14, 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.' And this *seed of the woman* must necessarily have assumed our nature, or he could never have been our Jesus, the Saviour of the world; for the Divine nature of the *Son* of God is infinitely happy, utterly incapable of any grief, pain, or sense of misery. Nor could its union with humanity any way defile or pollute it or derogate the least from its infinite perfection; so it was only as *man* that he

SUFFERED

those infirmities and calamities incident to human nature.

"What transactions passed between the almighty Father and his eternal Son concerning the redemption of the world we know not: but we are sure that by an express agreement between them, he was from eternity decreed to *suffer* for mankind. And in several places of the Old Testament it was written of the Son of man, that he must *suffer* many things. And the Spirit of Christ that was in the prophets testified before hand the *sufferings* of Christ; particularly in Isaiah liii, we have

a sad, but clear, description of the *sufferings* of the Messiah. Indeed, his whole life was one continual scene of misery. No sooner was he born, than he was persecuted by Herod, and forced to flee into Egypt, in the arms of a weak virgin, under the protection of a foster-father. And when he returned into his own country he for thirty years lived in a low condition, probably employed in the mean trade of a carpenter, which made him in the eyes of the world despicable, of no reputation. And when after so long an obscurity he appeared unto men, he entered upon his ministry with the severity of forty days' abstinence.

"Behold the eternal Lord of nature transported into a wild and desolate wilderness, exposed to the inclemency of the air, and tempted by the *apostate spirits!*

"The almighty Being, who justly claims a right to the whole creation, was himself hungry, and athirst; often wearied with painful travelling from place to place. And though he went about doing good; and never sent any one away from him, who wanted relief, without healing their diseases, and casting out those evil spirits which afflicted them; yet was he despised, and rejected of men! The possessor of heaven and earth, the sovereign disposer of all things, from whose bounty all creatures receive what they enjoy of the necessary accommodations of life, was reduced to such a mean estate, that the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, yet the Son of man had not where to lay his head! All his life he was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief; yet his greatest sufferings were

UNDER PONTIUS PILATE,

Who was at that time the Roman governor of Judea under *Tiberius*, the emperor of Rome. His office was that of a procurator, whose business it was not only to take an account of the *tribute* due to the emperor, and to order and dispose of the same to his advantage; but by means of the seditious and rebellious temper of the Jews, they were farther trusted with some of the supreme power among them; a power of life and death, which was a signal instance of Divine providence, and a clear proof of the predictions of the prophets, which had long before foretold that the Messiah should suffer after a manner that was not prescribed by the law of Moses: and this circumstance of time is mentioned, to confirm the truth of our Saviour's history.

"And now behold a mysterious scene of wonders indeed! The immaculate Lamb of God, who came to save the world from misery, under the greatest, most amazing apprehensions of his approaching passion, 'He began to be sorrowful,' saith St. Matthew; 'To be sore amazed, and very heavy,' saith St. Mark. His soul was pressed with fear, horror, and dejection of mind; tormented with anxiety, and disquietude of spirit, which he expressed to his disciples in these sad words, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death!' See him retire to a solitary garden at a still melancholy hour of the night. Behold him prostrate on the ground, conflicting with the wrath of his almighty Father. He perfectly knew what God is, the severe purity of the Deity; and was absolutely conformed to his will.

"He knew the evil of sin in its nature and consequences; the perfect

justice, wisdom, and goodness, of the Divine laws. He understood the inexpressible misery man had brought upon himself, by the violation of them; and how intolerable it would be for man to sustain the vengeance of an angry God. And perhaps he was moved with extreme concern and pity, when he foresaw that notwithstanding all he had already done, and was then about to suffer for his salvation, there would be so many that would obstinately perish! He had a full prospect of all he had yet to undergo; that the conflict was not yet over, but that the dregs of that bitter cup still remained; that he must be forsaken of his Father in the midst of his torments, which made him thrice so earnestly repeat his petition, that if it were possible that cup might pass from him. But the full complement of his sufferings we may suppose to be, he did at that time actually sustain the whole weight of that grief and sorrow, which was due to the justice of God for the sins of the whole world. And this we may believe caused that inconceivable agony, when his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground.

"And though his torments were so inexpressibly great, yet the Son of man must suffer many things. He must be *betrayed* by *one disciple*, *denied* by *another*, and *forsaken* by *all*. That as he had suffered in his soul by the most intense grief and anguish, so he had to suffer in his body the greatest bitterness of corporeal pains, which the malice and rage of his enemies could inflict upon it. And now the sovereign Lord and Judge of all men is haled before the tribunal of his sinful creatures. The pure and unspotted Son of God who could do no wrong, neither could guile be found in his mouth, accused by his presumptuous slaves of no less a crime than blasphemy. And though the witnesses could by no means agree together, and he was so often declared innocent by Pilate, an infidel judge; yet still the rude and barbarous rabble, being instigated by the envy and malice of the chief priests and elders, persist in demanding that he should be condemned.

"And when, in compliance with their usual custom of having a malefactor released at their feast, Pilate in order to save him proposed his release instead of Barabbas, who was a seditious murderer, yet they persisted in their fury, and preferred the murderer before the Prince of life and glory; nor would they be satisfied till he

WAS CRUCIFIED,

To which ignominious death the Romans commonly condemned their greatest malefactors; and it was accounted so vile and so shameful among them, that it was deemed a very high crime to put any freeman to death after such a dishonourable manner: and as the shame was great, so it was usually accompanied with many previous pains. They were first cruelly scourged; and then compelled to bear their cross on their bleeding wounds, to the place of crucifixion; all which the meek and patient Jesus underwent cheerfully for his love toward mankind. 'The ploughers ploughed on his back, and made long their furrows.' But there were other painful circumstances which attended and increased the sufferings of our Saviour. They had not only accused him of blasphemy, but of treason and sedition: 'We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying

that he himself was Christ, a king;' which, as it moved Pilate to contemn him, so it moved the rude soldiers to insult him by their mock ensigns of royalty. 'They arrayed him in a purple robe, and put a reed in his hand, and they bowed the knee before him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews.' And that crown of thorns, which they platted and put on his head, not only expressed the scorn of his tormentors, but did, by the piercing of his sacred temples, cause exquisite pain. That blessed face, which angels rejoice to behold, they buffetted and spit upon; nor was any circumstance of cruelty, which their witty malice could suggest to torment him, omitted by those inhuman rebels, till, wearied with their own barbarity, and impatient of his living any longer, they put his own clothes on him again, and led him away to crucifixion.

"And now let us, by faith, attend our Lord to his last scene of misery. Let us ascend with him to the top of Mount Calvary, and see with what cruel pleasure they nail his hands and feet to the infamous wood; which, having done, they raise him from the earth, the whole weight of his body being sustained by those four wounds.

"But though the corporeal pains occasioned by the thorns, the scourging, by the piercing those nervous and most sensible parts of his most sacred body, were wrought up to an inexpressible degree of torture; yet were they infinitely surpassed by the anguish of his soul when there was (but after what manner we cannot conceive, but it is certain that there was,) a sensible withdrawing of the comfortable presence of the Deity, which caused that loud and impassioned exclamation, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!* And now it is *finished:* the measure of his sufferings is completed; and he, who could not die but by his own voluntary act of resigning life, gave up his pure and spotless soul into the hands of his almighty Father. And though stupid man could look insensibly on the mysterious passion of his blessed Redeemer, yet *nature* could not so behold her dying Lord, but by strong commotions expressed her sympathy.

"The *sun*, as if ashamed and astonished at the barbarous inhumanity and ingratitude of man, withdrew his influence; nor would he display the brightness of his beams when the great Son of God lay under the eclipse of death. The foundations of the solid earth were shaken, the rocks rent, and the graves were opened; and the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; signifying that all, both Jews and Gentiles, have free admission into the holy of holies, into the haven of presence, through the blood of Jesus; which extorted a confession of his divinity even from his enemies; for when the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus saw the earthquake and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, *Truly, this was the Son of God.*

"Now, though crucifixion does not involve necessarily in it certain death, but that if a person be taken from the cross he may live; yet, since it is evident that the Messiah was to *die*, and that for that cause he was born and came into the world that he might, by the grace of God, suffer death for every man, so we are bound to believe that he was truly

DEAD;

That there was an actual, real separation of his soul and body.—And for a confirmation of this article it is added,—

AND BURIED;

And as his *death* was foretold, so likewise his *burial* was typified by the Prophet Jonah; for as he was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so was the Son of man three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. And though by the Roman law those who were crucified were not allowed the favour of a *grave*, but were to remain on the cross, exposed to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; yet it was in the power of the magistrate to permit a burial; and the providence of God had so ordered it, that those very persons who had caused him to be crucified, should petition for his being taken down from the cross: for the law of Moses required—that 'if a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that night.' And therefore they begged of Pilate that the body should be taken down from the cross; and this was the first step toward our Saviour's burial. 'And when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph, of Arimathea, an honourable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly to Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And he gave the body unto Joseph; and he brought fine linen, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in the sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, wherein never man before was laid; and rolled a stone at the door of the sepulchre, and departed.'

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

That our blessed Lord did actually descend into hell seems very plain from St. Peter's exposition of that text in the Psalms,—*Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption;* when, having mentioned this passage, he thus explains it:—'He, (that is, David,) seeing this before, (namely, the incarnation of the Son of God,) spake of his resurrection; that his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption:' which is a clear proof that his soul did really descend into hell, after it was separated from his body. But though he underwent the condition of a sinner in this world, and suffered and died as a sinner; yet being perfectly holy, and having, by virtue of the union of the Deity to his human nature, fully satisfied the strictest demands of Divine justice, we are not to suppose that he either did or could suffer the torments of the damned; therefore we may reasonably conclude, that his *descent* into *hell* was not to suffer, but to triumph over principalities and powers; over the rulers of the kingdom of darkness, in their own sad regions of horror and despair: and for this reason, and in this sense, are we to understand his descent into hell. And as his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption; but having by his own almighty power loosed the pain of death, because it was impossible that he should be holden of it,—

THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

Friday, on which he suffered, and the first day of the week, on which he rose, being included in the number of the *three* days. And this first

day of the week the *apostles* and *primitive Christians* have ever since observed as the *Sabbath.*

"That as the Jews, who will not believe in any greater deliverance than that out of *Egypt*, still keep the *seventh* day, and the Turks *Friday*, in memory of Mohammed's flight from *Mecca*, whom they esteem a greater prophet than Christ or Moses; so all Christians are distinguished from all the rest of the world by their observance of the *first* day, in commemoration of our Saviour's rising from the dead, and his finishing the great work of man's redemption on that day.

"Thus, we believe that as Christ died for our sins, was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures; so—

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

"He had for forty days after his resurrection remained upon earth, during which time he appeared frequently to his disciples, ate and drank with them, showed them his hands and his feet, which visibly retained the marks of his crucifixion, to convince them that it was the same body which was nailed to the cross; that it was the same Jesus which suffered for our offences, that was raised for our justification; and that by his so doing we might have a sure and certain hope of our own resurrection from the dead. And when he had spoken to his disciples and blessed them, he parted from them and ascended into the highest heaven, where he still remainns,

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

"God is a Spirit; nor hath he any body, so cannot properly be said to have any parts, such as eyes, ears, hands, &c, as we see bodies have; therefore we may suppose that the right hand of God signifies his exceeding great and infinite power and glory.

"And Christ is said to sit down on the right hand of God in regard of that absolute power and dominion which he hath obtained in heaven, according as he told the Jews,—'Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power.' After all the labour and sorrow, the shame, and contempt. and torments, he suffered in this world, he resteth above in a permanent state of endless glory and unspeakable felicity;—and

FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"All that shall be found *alive* at his *coming*, as well as those that have died since Adam, shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to be by him judged according to what they have done on earth, to be by him determined and sentenced, and finally disposed to their eternal condition. Those that have done well he shall receive into everlasting habitations, to remain for ever with him in eternal blessedness; and those that have done evil he shall condemn to the kingdom of darkness, there to remain in insupportable misery for ever, with the devil and his angels.

"And as we must thus profess to believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, so we must every one truly and heartily say,—

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST;—

"That he is a person of a real and true subsistence, neither created nor begotten, but proceeding from the Father and the Son:—true and eternal God, who is essentially holy himself, and the author of all holiness in us, by sanctifying our natures, illuminating our minds, rectifying our wills and affections: who co-operateth with the word and sacraments, and whatever else is a mean of conveying grace into the soul. He it was that spoke by the prophets and apostles, and it is he who leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, assures us of our adoption, and will be with

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

to the end of the world. The catholic Church is composed of all congregations of men whatever, who hold the faith of Jesus Christ and are obedient to his laws, wherein the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly delivered by such ministers as are regularly consecrated and set apart for such ordinances, according to Christ's institution. And as this Church is called *holy* in respect of its *author*, Jesus, ——— *end*, glory of God, and salvation of souls, institution of the ministry, administration of the sacraments, preaching of the pure word of God; and of the members of this Church, who are renewed and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and united to Christ, the supreme head and governor of the Church.

"It is styled catholic, because it is not, like that of the Jews, confined to one place and people; but is disseminated through all nations, extendeth throughout all ages, even to the end of the world. And as there is but one head; so the members, though many, are one body, united together by the same spirit, principally by the three great Christian virtues, faith, hope, and charity. For as we hold the same principles of faith, do all assent to the same truths once delivered to the saints; so have we the same hopes and expectations of eternal life which are promised to all. And as our Lord gave the same mark of distinction to all his disciples,—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another;' so this universal love which is diffused throughout the whole body of Christ is the union of charity; and the same ministry and the same orders in the Church make the unity of discipline. But since Christ hath appointed only one way to heaven; so we are not to expect salvation out of the Church which is called catholic, in opposition to heretics and schismatics. And if an angel from heaven should preach any other doctrine than Christ and his apostles have taught, or appoint any other sacraments than Christ hath already instituted, let him be accursed.

"And as the mystical union between Christ and the Church, and the spiritual conjunction of the members with the head, is the fountain of that union and communion which the saints have with each other, as being all under the influence of the same head; so death, which only separates bodies for a time, cannot dissolve the union of minds; and therefore it is not only in relation to the saints on earth, but including also those in heaven, we profess to hold

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Accordingly we believe that all saints, as well those on earth as those in heaven, have communion with God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; with the blessed angels, who not only join in devotion with the *Church triumphant* above, but are likewise sent forth to minister to those who are the heirs of salvation while they remain in this world. And perhaps we do not consider as we ought to do, how much good we receive by the ministration of the holy angels; nor are we sufficiently grateful to those guardian spirits that so often put by ill accidents, watch over us when we sleep, defending us from the assaults of evil men and evil angels. And if they are so mindful of our preservation in this world, we may suppose them much more concerned for our eternal happiness: 'There is joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth:'—they are present in our public assemblies, where we in a more especial manner hold communion with them; and it is there we join with all the company of the heavenly host in praising and admiring the supreme Being whom we jointly adore. What knowledge the saints in heaven have of things or persons in this world we cannot determine, nor after what manner we hold communion with them it is not at present easy to conceive.

"That we are all members of the same mystical body of Christ we are very sure; and do all partake of the same vital influence from the same head, and so we are united together; and though we are not actually possessed of the same happiness which they enjoy, yet we have the same Holy Spirit given unto us as an earnest of our eternal felicity with them hereafter. And though their faith is consummated by vision, and their hope by present possession, yet the bond of Christian charity still remains; and as we have great joy and complacency in their felicity, so no doubt they desire and pray for us.

"With the saints on earth we hold communion by the word and sacraments, by praying with and for each other; and in all acts of public or private worship we act upon the same principles and the same motives, having the same promises and hopes of

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS,

Through Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant, who gave his life a sacrifice by way of compensation and satisfaction to Divine justice, by which God became reconciled to man, and cancelled the obligation which every sinner lay under to suffer eternal punishment; and he hath appointed in his Church *baptism* for the first remission, and *repentance* for the constant forgiveness of all following trespasses. And now have we confidence toward God, that not only our souls shall be freed from the guilt and punishment of sin by faith in Jesus: but also our bodies may rest in hopes of

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY,

That the same almighty power which raised again our blessed Lord, after he had lien three days in the grave, shall again quicken our mortal bodies; shall reproduce the same individual body that slept in the dust, and vitally unite it to the same soul which informed it while on earth,

The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth; 'they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation,' John v, 28, 29. 'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it, and death and hell (that is, the grave) delivered up the dead that were in them,' Rev. xx, 13. There shall be a general rendezvous of every particular atom which composed the several bodies of men that ever lived in the world; and each shall be restored to its proper owner, so as to make the same numerical body, the same flesh and blood, &c, which was dissolved at death. And though the bodies of saints shall be glorified heavenly bodies; yet they shall be of the same consistence and figure, but only altered and changed in some properties. And though at the first view it may seem hard to conceive how those bodies which have suffered so many various transmutations, have either been buried in the earth, devoured by beasts, consumed by fire, or swallowed up in the sea, have been dissolved into the smallest atoms, and those atoms perhaps scattered throughout the world, have fructified the earth, fed the fishes, and by that means become the food of animals and other men, and a part of their nourishment, till at last the same particles of matter belong to several bodies: how, I say, the same numerical atoms should at last rally and meet again, and be restored to the *first owner*, make up again the same *first body*, which so long since was consumed, may seem difficult, if not altogether impossible, to determine.

But since God hath declared that he will raise the dead, we have no manner of reason to question whether he *can* do it, since *Omnipotence* knows no difficulty: and that almighty power which first made us of nothing, out of no pre-existing matter, can easily distinguish, and perceive, and unmix from other bodies, our scattered atoms, and can re-collect and unite them again, how far soever they may be dispersed asunder. He can observe the various changes they undergo in their passages through other bodies; and can so order it, that they shall never become any part of their *nourishment;* or if they should be adopted into other men, he can cause them to yield them up again before they *die*, that they may be restored to their right owners; and having collected these ——— particles, he can readily dispose them into the same order—rebuild the same beauteous fabric, consisting of the same flesh and bones, nerves, veins, blood, &c, and all the several parts it had before its dissolution; and by reuniting it to the same soul, make the same living man.

"But though the body shall be in substance the same after its resurrection as it was before its death; yet it shall greatly differ in its qualities. 'It was sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' They shall not retain the same principles of corruption and mortality which they had before; they shall never die. The bodies of the *damned* shall eternally remain in the most inconceivable torments; while those of the *blessed* shall meet the Lord in the air when he comes to judgment, and afterward ascend with him into heaven, there to enjoy

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

By everlasting life is not only meant that we shall die no more; for in this sense the damned shall have everlasting life as well as the saints: they shall always have a being, though in intolerable torments; which is infinitely worse than none at all.

"But we are to understand by the life everlasting a full and perfect enjoyment of solid inexpressible joy and felicity,—*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for those that love him.*

"The soul shall be perfectly sanctified, nor shall it be possible to sin any more. All its faculties shall be purified and exalted: the understanding shall be filled with the beatific vision of the adorable Trinity; shall be illuminated, enlarged, and eternally employed and satisfied in the contemplation of the sublimest truths. *Here* we see as in a glass,—have dark and imperfect perceptions of God: but *there* we shall behold him as he is, shall know as we are known. Not that we shall fully comprehend the Divine nature, as he doth ours; that is impossible; for he is infinite and incomprehensible, and we though in heaven shall be finite still; but our apprehension of his being and perfections shall be clear, just, and true. *We shall see him as he is:* shall never be troubled with misapprehensions or false conceptions of him more: those dark and mysterious methods of Providence which *here* puzzle and confound the wisest heads to reconcile them with his justice and goodness shall be *there* unriddled in a moment; and we shall clearly perceive that all the evils which befall good men in this life were the corrections of a merciful Father; that the furnace of affliction, which now seems so hot and terrible to nature, had nothing more than a lambent flame, which was not designed to consume us; but only to purge away our dross, to purify and prepare the mind for its abode among those blessed ones that passed through the same trials before us into the celestial paradise. And we shall for ever adore and praise that infinite power and goodness which safely conducted the soul through the rough waves of this tempestuous ocean to the calm haven of peace and everlasting tranquillity. Nor shall we have the same *sentiments there* which we had *here:* but shall clearly discern that our afflictions *here* were our choicest mercies. Our *wills* shall no longer be averse from God's, but shall be for ever lost in that of our blessed Creator's. No conflicts with unruly passions; no pain or misery shall ever find admittance into that heavenly kingdom.

"God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away; when we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon us, nor any heat; for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of water. Far be from us to think that the grace of God can be purchased with any thing less precious than the BLOOD of JESUS: but if it could, who that has the lowest degree of faith would not part with all things in this world to obtain that love for our dear Redeemer which we so long for,

and sigh after. *Here* we cannot watch one hour with Jesus, without weariness, failure of spirits, dejection of mind, worldly regards which damp our devotions, and pollute the purity of our sacrifices.

"What Christian here does not often feel and bewail the weight of corrupt nature; the many infirmities which molest us in our way to glory? And how difficult is it to practise as we ought that great duty of self-denial; to take up our cross, and follow the Captain of our salvation, without ever repining or murmuring? If shame or confusion could enter those blessed mansions,—how would our souls be ashamed and confounded at the review of our imperfect services, when we see them crowned with such an unproportionable reward? How shall we blush to behold that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that is conferred upon us for that little, or rather *nothing*, which we have done or suffered for our Lord? That God who gave us being, that preserved us, that fed and clothed us in our passage through the world; and what is infinitely more, that gave his only Son to die for us; and has by his grace purified and conducted us safe to his glory!

"O, *blessed* GRACE! mysterious love! how shall we then adore and praise what we cannot here apprehend aright! How will love and joy work in the soul! But I cannot express it, I cannot conceive it.

"I have purposely omitted many arguments for the *being of God*, the *Divine authority of Scripture*, the *truth of revealed religion*, or *future judgment*. The last article I have left very imperfect, because I intend to write *on all these subjects* for the use of my children when I have more leisure. I shall only add a few words to prepare your mind for the *second part* of my discourse, *Obedience to the Laws of God*, which I shall quickly send you.

"As the defilement of our natures is the source and original of all our actual iniquities and transgressions of the laws of God; so the first regular step we can take toward amendment is to be deeply sensible of, grieved and humbled for, our original sin. And though (I believe) the *damning guilt* of that sin is washed away by baptism, by those who die before they are capable of known and actual transgressions; yet experience shows us that the *power* of it does still survive in such as attain to riper years; and this is what the apostle complains of in Romans vii.

"This is the *carnal nature;* that law in our members, which wars against the law of the mind, and brings into captivity to the law of sin.

"And when the work of conversion or regeneration is begun by the Holy Spirit, yet still corrupt nature maintains a conflict with Divine grace: nor shall this enemy be entirely conquered, till death shall be swallowed up of victory; till this mortal shall have put on immortality.

"I cannot tell whether you have ever seriously considered the lost and miserable condition you are in by nature: if you have not, it is high time to begin to do it; and I shall earnestly beseech the Almighty to enlighten your mind, to renew and sanctify you by his Holy Spirit, that you may be his child by adoption here, and an heir of his blessed kingdom hereafter!

"S. W."

Epworth, Jan. 13, 1709–10.

I believe this exposition of the Creed to be entirely *original;* and that it contains many fine passages and just definitions, every careful reader will at once discern. The *introduction* is excellent; as is also what she says on *Almighty—Christ—Suffered under Pontius Pilate—Crucified—Catholic Church—Communion of Saints—Resurrection—and the Life Everlasting.* Of our Lord's *descent into hell* she speaks as commentators in general do. On the doctrine of *forgiveness of sins* she will be found less satisfactory than on most other points: she was much better acquainted with this doctrine afterward.

Under the article *Holy Ghost* she not only shows that it is by *his influence* that the soul is *enlightened*, and the heart purified, and that his *continual co-operation* with the *word* and *sacraments* is necessary in order to make them effectual; but she also hints at that doctrine which her *sons* preached with such great unction and success, and which is a *standard article* in the creed of every Methodist, *viz. The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit in the souls of genuine believers.* Her words are strong and pointed. "It is he that leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, *assures us of our adoption*, and will be with the *holy catholic Church* to the end of the world."

Where she touches upon them, she does not make the necessary distinction between justification and sanctification; but in effect confounds them, as did most of the writers in *that* and the *preceding age.* Nor have I met with the proper definition of each, and its description as a *separate* independent work, but in the writings of Mr. John Wesley and the Methodists. *Justification*, as implying an act of God's infinite mercy, blotting out the *guilt of sin* on account of the sacrificial offering of Jesus Christ;—and *sanctification*, as implying the *purification of the heart* by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit;—must necessarily be *distinct:* and in no case does the *pardon of guilt* necessarily imply the *total*, nor indeed *partial*, *destruction* of the *nature* and *in-being* of *sin.*

From the conclusion of this exposition we find Mrs. Wesley adopting an article *not in the creed itself*, but which is in most people's creeds at present, *viz.* "that inward sin will not be destroyed till death." A more popular and a more uncomfortable article never entered into the composition of any creed. The Methodists believe and teach, that by the power of God sin may be destroyed in a moment: and that there is no need of *death* to save from sin, when *the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all unrighteousness.* Since the whole salvation of man comes through the blood of the cross, there can be no necessity to wait till *death* separates soul and body, to have sin separated from the soul. It is the duty of every man *at all times* "perfectly to love God, and worthily to magnify his name:" but this can never be done till the very *thoughts of the heart are cleansed by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit.* God, therefore, who has made it our duty *thus* to love and magnify him, is every moment willing to confer on the justified soul that grace by which alone it can thus love and magnify him. There is not one text in the Bible, fairly and honestly understood, that says we cannot be cleansed from all sin till we come to die; and there is not one *promise* in the Bible that we shall be made *holy* in the article of death. But this is not the place to discuss doctrines; yet I thought it

necessary to make a few remarks on the preceding articles, lest any should suppose that *all* the sentiments in this (in the main) excellent exposition of the Creed were those of the Methodist body. In this respect also Mrs. Wesley saw clearer before she died.

In the conclusion, she promises her daughter a *second part*, or *Obedience to the Laws of God;* that a right faith might be accompanied with a suitable holy practice. This part I have not seen: but as it was to contain farther proof of the being of God, and the authenticity of Divine revelation, I suppose her *meditations* and *reflections* contained the heads of it. Dr. Whitehead has preserved some of these in his Life of Mr. Wesley. I have several others in her own handwriting, in my own collection, which I shall insert as the only substitute for the *second part* above promised.

Though Mrs. Wesley had always lived a strictly religious life; fearing God, and, according to her age and light, working righteousness; yet as she found *family cares* accumulating, she found also the necessity of more grace to enable her to act her part well in those new and trying relations of wife and mother. When she was thirty years of age, or about the year 1700, she formed the resolution to spend an hour morning and evening in private retirement and devotion. In this she acted from a deep sense both of its propriety and necessity; and was ever after faithful to her engagement; suffering nothing to break in on those consecrated hours, but what arose from absolute necessity, and was therefore unavoidable.

Those who imagine they can encounter the cares of life with just the same measure of grace which was sufficient for them in a single state, will find themselves greatly mistaken. For to every situation in life peculiar and suitable grace is requisite. Most new-married people, even among those who are religious, think nothing of this. Hence it is often found that the new-married pair soon decline in the divine life; and instead of getting forward, either go halting in the heavenly road, or turn back to the world. Mrs. Wesley was fully aware of this, and provided timely against the evil.

Perhaps the reader, if personally concerned, will also lay the subject to heart.

From Mrs. Wesley's private papers I find that not only *morning* and *evening*, but *noonday*, had its time of private devotion. In her retirement, when the world and worldly cares were shut out, and her mind was at full liberty to converse with itself and with its Maker, she thought deeply on many subjects connected with her spiritual profiting, and often wrote down her thoughts. These, in several cases, she digested into discourses and letters for the benefit of her family. I shall make no apology for laying before the reader several examples taken from her own manual. In the original there are no dates.

MORNING.

"Such a time devoted. Whenever company or business inclines you to quit your retirement, and either to omit or cursorily perform accustomed exercises; and you, instead of resisting, comply with such inclinations, you may observe that you are always guilty of some *sin* or

error, that upon reflection gives you more pain than the *profit* or *pleasure* gave you *satisfaction*. Therefore, make it your care to conquer your inclination to any company at such times: nor let any trivial business divert you; for no business, unless it cannot *be laid aside* or *suspended*, without sin, can be of equal, much less of greater, importance, than caring for the soul."

EVENING.

"That man who will readily believe an ill report of you never was, or at least is not now, your *friend*. *Seneca*, a Heathen, could say, 'In some cases I will not believe a man against himself. I will give him, however, time to recollect himself: nay, sometimes, I will allow him counsel too.' But Christians, bad Christians, are rarely so candid. He is a *friend* indeed, who is proof against calumny: but he is a *rare Christian* that will not believe a man against himself.

"*This is eternal life to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.* But what is it to know God? Or, what is that knowledge of God on which eternal life depends?"

NOON.

"What can human reason do, or how far can the light of reason direct us to find out the knowledge of the Most High? From the primordials of the universe we collect that there is one supreme, eternal, consequently self-existent, Being, who gave being to all things: since to *act* presupposes *existence*; for nothing can *act before it be*. That this being must possess, by way of eminence, all the perfections we discern in the creatures, reason tells us: for nothing can impart that to another, which it has not to impart."

EVENING.

"And as creation demonstrates omnipotence; so that infers wisdom, justice, truth, purity, goodness, &c. For all these perfections are intellectual powers; and were God deficient in one, he could not be *omnipotent*. That he is a *Spirit* unbodied, undetermined, immense, filling heaven and earth, all the imaginary spaces beyond them;—most simple, (pure,) uncompounded, and absolutely separated and free from whatever pollution a spirit is capable of being defiled with;—immutable, incapable of change or alteration for the better or worse;—perfectly free, knowing no superior, no equal, that may impel, allure, or persuade him, but acting always spontaneously according to the counsel of his own will,—we may discover by the light of nature."

MORNING.

"This is to know God, as a *man*, as a *reasonable creature:* but this is not *that knowledge* that leadeth us to eternal life. That is a knowledge of *another kind:* the one we attain in a *scientifical method*, by a long train of *arguments*, for which the bulk of mankind want either capacity or leisure; the *other*, by frequent and fervent application to God in prayer. The *one* is an effect of reason assisted by human learning, peculiar to a few of the more noble and refined sense:—God

perceived, known to the understanding as the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe. The *other* is *reason acting by the influence and direction of the Holy Spirit*:—God known to the *heart*, the *will*, and its *affection*, not merely as the author of our being, but as he is exhibited to us under the character of the healer and repairer of the lapse and misery of human nature; a Saviour, him whom our soul loveth."

NOON.

"To know God only as a *philosopher*: to have the most sublime and curious speculations concerning his essence, his attributes, his providence; to be able to demonstrate his being from all or any of the works of nature; and to discourse with the greatest elegancy and propriety of words, of his existence or operations; will avail us nothing, unless at the same time we know him *experimentally*; unless the *heart* perceive and know him to be its supreme good, its only happiness: unless the soul *feel* and *acknowledge* that she can find no repose, no *peace*, no *joy*, but in *loving*, and *being beloved by him*; and does accordingly rest in him as the centre of her being, the fountain of her pleasure; the origin of all virtue and goodness; her light, her life, her strength, her all; every thing she wants or wishes in this world, and for ever!—In a word, HER LORD, HER GOD!

"Thus, let *me* ever know thee, O God! I do not despise nor neglect the light of reason, nor that knowledge of thee which by her conduct may be collected from this goodly system of created beings: but this speculative knowledge is not the knowledge I want and wish for."

MORNING.

"It is very likely that your humour last night was rather the effect of *fancy* and *passion* than of a *clear sound judgment*. If otherwise—why did you feel uneasiness at another person being out of humour? Was it not *pride* made you resent contradiction? or from what other principle could that reluctance flow, which you felt in obeying a trivial command, which perhaps might proceed from peevishness; yet the matter being *indifferent*, obedience was unquestionably your duty. A wise person ought seldom, or indeed never, when authority is not disputed or contemned, do acts of *power*; because they are shocking to human nature; which, if not fortified and strengthened by religion, is apt in such cases to throw off all subjection, and rebel against even lawful government. But though you should meet with high instances, which the pride of man will throw in your way; yet take care not to swerve from your duty. Look upon every such act as a call of Divine Providence to exercise the virtues of meekness and humility.

"When you can bear severe reflections, unjust censures, contemptuous words, and unreasonable actions, without perturbation, without rendering evil for evil; but with an equal temper can clearly discern, and cheerfully do, your duty; you may hope that God hath given you some degree of *humility* and *resignation*."

EVENING.

"The philosophy of the whole world hath not sufficient force to con-

quer the propensions of corrupt nature. Appetites and passions will bear sway, maugre all our fine speculations; till our minds are enlightened by some higher principle, by virtue of which light it discerns the moral turpitude of those things in which before it placed its supreme happiness, and the beauty of that virtue and holiness that it was accustomed to despise."

MORNING.

"You commit your soul morning and evening to Jesus Christ, as he is the Saviour of the world: then, observe what he saith unto you, resolutely obey his precepts, and endeavour to follow his example in those things wherein he is exhibited to us as a *pattern* for our imitation. No circumstances or time of life can occur, but you may find something either spoken by our Lord himself, or by his Spirit in the prophets or apostles, that will direct your conduct, if you are but faithful to God and your own soul."

EVENING.

"Two great obstacles in the way of Christian perfection: the first ———. What says our Lord by his Apostle St. John?—*Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* That man will as certainly be damned whose affections are fixed on sensual pleasures, riches, or honours, though he never enjoy any, or a very inconsiderable proportion of them, as he that having them all in his power, indulges himself the satisfaction of his most criminal desires. For 'tis the *heart* God requires; and he that suffers his heart (his affection) to centre on any thing but God, be the object of his passion *innocent* or *otherwise*, does actually make that thing HIS *God*, and in so doing forfeits his title and pretensions to eternal happiness."

MORNING.

"Another great impediment is *deep adversity*, which often affects the mind too much, and disposes to anxious, doubtful, and unbelieving thoughts. Though there be no direct murmurings, no repinings at the prosperity of others; no harsh reflections on Providence, but a constant acknowledgment of the justice and goodness of God—that he punishes less than our iniquities deserve—and does always in the midst of judgment remember mercy; yet if you think *severely* or *unjustly* of *men*; if you are too much dejected, or disposed to peevishness, covetousness, or negligence in affairs; if you work too much or too little; are presumptuous or desponding, wholly omit to implore the Divine blessing and assistance on honest prospects and endeavours; or are too solicitous and earnest in prayer for *external blessings*; if the thoughts of your circumstances invade your *privacies*, or disturb your *rest*; if any little access of trouble have power to *ruffle your temper*, and indispose or distract your mind in your addresses to Heaven, in reading, meditation, or any other spiritual exercise; you are certainly in the power of the world, guilty of immoderate anxious care.

"Then observe what your Lord saith by his apostle,—*Be careful*

(anxiously) *for nothing*. And what he saith *himself*,—*Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought, &c*, and remember that he ranks *cares of this life* with *surfeitings* and *drunkenness*, which are mortal, damning sins."

MORNING.

"The great difficulty we find in restraining our appetites and passions from excess often arises from the liberties we take in indulging them in all those instances wherein there does not at first sight appear some moral *evil*. *Occasions of sin* frequently take their rise from *lawful enjoyments;* and he that will always venture to go to the *utmost bounds of what he may*, will not fail to step beyond them sometimes; and then he uses his liberty for a cloak of his licentiousness. He that habitually knows and abhors the sins of intemperance, will not stay too long in the company of such as are intemperate; and because God is pleased to indulge us a glass for refreshment, will therefore take it when he really needs none, it is odds but this man will transgress; and though he should keep on his feet, and in his *senses*, yet he will perhaps *raise more spirits* than his *reason* can command; will injure his health, his reputation or estate; discompose his temper, violate his own peace, or that of his family; all which are evils which ought carefully to be avoided.

"It holds the same in all other irregular appetites or passions; and there may be the same temptations in other instances from whence occasions of sin may arise; therefore be sure to keep a strict guard, and observe well lest you use lawful pleasures unlawfully. '*Fly from occasions of evil!*'"

NOON.

"The Christian religion is of so complicated a nature, that unless we give up ourselves entirely to its discipline, we cannot steadfastly adhere to any of its precepts. All virtues are closely bound together; and break but one link of the golden chain, you spoil the whole contexture. As *vices* are often made necessary supports to each other; so *virtues* do mutually strengthen and assist virtues. Thus temperance and chastity, fortitude and truth, humility and patience, divine charity and charity toward man; all virtues of what denomination soever reciprocally cherish and invigorate one another."

MORNING.

"Philosophy and morality are not sufficient to restrain us from those sins that our constitution of body, circumstances of life, or evil custom, strongly dispose us to. Nature and appetite will be too hard for their precepts, unless a man be determined by *a law within himself*. They may teach him caution, and give check to his vicious inclinations in *public:* but will never carry him to an inward and universal *purity*. This is only to be effected by the power of religion, which will direct us to a serious application to God in fervent prayer. Upon which we shall feel a disengagement from the impressions sensual objects were wont to make on our minds, and an inward strength of disposition to resist them.

"Good men who felt, upon their frequent applications to God in prayer, a freedom from those ill impressions that formerly subdued them, an inward love to virtue and true goodness; an easiness and delight in all the parts of holiness, which was fed and cherished in them by a seriousness in prayer, and did languish as that went off; had as real a perception of an inward strength in their minds, that did rise and fall with true devotion, as they perceived the strength of their bodies increased or abated according as they had or wanted good nourishment.

"This replied to Lord R——'s objections against answers of prayer, which he supposes a *fancy*, and an effect of a *heat in nature*;—that it had effect only by diverting the thoughts."

EVENING.

"The mind of man is naturally so corrupted, and all the powers thereof so weakened, that we cannot possibly aspire vigorously toward God, or have any clear perception of spiritual things without his assistance. Nothing less than the same almighty power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead can raise our souls from the death of sin to a life of holiness. *To know God experimentally*, is altogether supernatural, and what we can never attain to but by the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ. By virtue of what he has done and suffered, and is now doing in heaven for us, we obtain the Holy Spirit, who is the best instructer, the most powerful teacher, we can possibly have; without whose agency all other means of grace would be ineffectual. How evidently does the *Holy Spirit* concur with the *means of grace!* And how certainly does he assist and strengthen the soul, if it be but sincere and hearty in its endeavours to avoid any evil or perform any good! To have a good desire, a fervent aspiration toward God, shall not pass unregarded.

"I have found *by long experience* that it is of great use to accustom one's self to enter into *solemn engagements* with God against any particular sin: but then I would have them never made for a longer time than from *morning till night*, and from *night till morning*; that so the impression they make on the mind may be always fresh and lively. This was many years tried with good success in the case of ———. Glory be to thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"Give God the praise for any well spent day. But I am yet unsatisfied, because I do not enjoy enough of God: I apprehend myself at too great a distance from him; I would have my soul more closely united to him by faith and love. I can appeal to his *omniscience*, that I would love him above all things. He that made me knows my desires, my expectations. My joys all centre in him, and that it is he himself that I desire; it is his favour, it is his acceptance, the communications of his grace, that I earnestly wish for more than any thing in the world; and that I have no relish or delight in any thing when under apprehensions of his *displeasure*. I rejoice in his essential glory and blessedness: I rejoice in my relation to him, that he is my *Father*, my *Lord*, and my *God*. I rejoice that he has power over me, and desire to live

in subjection to him: that he condescends to punish me when I transgress his laws, as a father chasteneth the son whom he loveth. I thank him that he has brought me so far; and will beware of despairing of his mercy for the time which is yet to come, but will give God the glory of his free grace."

MORNING.

"It is too common with me upon receiving any light, or new supply of grace, to think, Now I have gained my point, and may say, *Soul, take thine ease.* By which means I think not of *going any farther:* or else fall into dejection of spirit upon a groundless fear that I shall soon lose what I have gained, and in a little time be never the better for it. Both these are *sins.* The first proceeds from immoderate love of *present ease* and *spiritual sloth:* the other from want of faith in the all-sufficiency of my Saviour.

"We must never take up our rest on this side of heaven, nor think we have enough of God, till we are perfectly renewed and sanctified in body, soul, and spirit; till we are admitted into that blessed region of pure and happy spirits, where we shall enjoy the beatific vision according to the measure of our capacities! Nor must we out of a pretended *humility*, because we are unworthy of the least mercy, dare to dispute or question the sufficiency of the merits of Jesus Christ. It was impossible for God incarnate to undertake more than he was able to perform."

MORNING.

"Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more *mercies* than *afflictions*, and much more *pleasure* than *pain.* I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered *much pain*, and *great bodily infirmities:* but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation; insomuch that I cannot say, I had better have been without this affliction, this disease, this loss, want, contempt, or reproach. All my sufferings, by the admirable management of omnipotent goodness, have concurred to promote my spiritual and eternal good. And if I have not reaped that advantage by them which I might have done, it is merely owing to the perverseness of my own will, and frequent lapses into present things, and unfaithfulness to the good Spirit of God; who, notwithstanding all my prevarications, all the stupid opposition I have made, has never totally abandoned me. Glory be to thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"If to *esteem* and have the *highest reverence* for THEE; if constantly and sincerely to acknowledge THEE the *supreme*, the only *desirable good*, be to love thee,—*I* DO *love* THEE!

"If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to

desire thee, thy favour, thy acceptance, *thyself*, rather than any or all things thou hast created, be to *love thee*,—*I* DO *love thee!*

"If to rejoice in thy essential majesty and glory! if to feel a vital joy overspread and cheer the heart at each perception of thy blessedness, at every thought that thou art God, and that all things are in thy power, that there is none superior or equal to thee, be to *love* thee,—I *do* LOVE THEE."

In these reflections and meditations the reader will see something of the *mind*, the *spirit*, the *heart*, and the *piety*, of Mrs. Susanna Wesley.

In another of her meditations she mentions the following among the many mercies which God had bestowed upon her:—

"Born in a Christian country; early initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion; good example in parents, and in several of the family; good books and ingenuous conversation; preserved from ill accidents, once from violent death; married to a religious, orthodox man; by him first drawn off from the *Socinian* heresy, and afterward confirmed and strengthened by B. B——." Probably *Bishop Bull.*

When Mr. Wesley was from home, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to keep up the worship of God in her own house. She not only prayed *for*, but *with*, her family. At such times she took the spiritual direction and care of the children and servants on herself; and sometimes even the *neighbours* shared the benefit of her instructions. This in one case led to consequences little expected, which form a remarkable trait in the character of this extraordinary and excellent woman. The account was first published by Mr. John Wesley, who remarks that "his mother, as well as her father and grandfather, her husband, and her three sons, had been in her measure a preacher of righteousness." The whole account, as transcribed by Dr. Whitehead from the original letters, I shall give below.

Her husband sometimes attended the sittings of *convocation;* and on these occasions was obliged to reside in London for a *length of time* that was often injurious to his parish, and at an *expense* that was inconvenient to his family. From his own account we find that three years' attendance cost him 150*l.*; and as a curate cost him from 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and the rectory was worth but about *fourscore*, the family in such years must have been greatly distressed, as the whole proceeds of the rectory must have been thus unnecessarily and unprofitably consumed. They had the living of *Wroote* at this time; but that seldom paid more than its own expenses. As there was no absolute necessity that Mr. W. should attend those convocations, his doing it in such circumstances was far from being *prudent*, as it was the cause of much family embarrassment. About the end of 1711, or the beginning of 1712, Mr. W. appears to have spent a considerable time in London on this business; and the care of the parish devolved on a person of the name of *Inman*, the curate, who appears to have been but indifferently qualified for his charge.

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to pay more particular attention to her children, especially on the Lord's day

in the evening, as there was then no service in the afternoon at the Church. She read *prayers* to them, and also a *sermon*, and *conversed* with them on religious and devotional subjects. Some neighbours happening to come in during these exercises, being permitted to stay, were so pleased and profitted as to desire permission to come again. This was granted: a good report of the meeting became general; many requested leave to attend; and the house was soon filled, more than two hundred at last attending; and many were obliged to go away for want of room. As she wished to do nothing without her husband's knowledge and approbation, she acquainted him with their meeting, and the circumstances out of which it arose. While he approved of her zeal and good sense, he stated several objections to the continuance of the meeting which will be best seen in her answer, dated Epworth, Feb. 6, 1712, in which she says:—

"I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, *first*, that it will look *particular; secondly*, my *sex;* and *lastly*, your being at present in a *public station and character*. To all which I shall answer briefly.

"As to its looking *particular*, I grant it does: and so does almost every thing that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be *Christians*.

"To your *second*, I reply, that as I am a *woman*, so I am also *mistress* of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon *you* as head of the family, and as their *minister;* yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him, or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?

"As these and other such like thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the *Lord's day*, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to Church, but that likewise we are obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion; I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family, especially in your absence, when having no afternoon's service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

"This was the beginning of my present practice: other people coming in and joining with us was purely accidental. Our lad told his parents —they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it, begged

leave also; so our company increased to about *thirty*, and seldom exceeded *forty* last winter; and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

"Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish missionaries, which having never seen, I ordered her to read it to me. I was never, I think, more affected with any thing than with the relation of their travels; and was exceeding pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure; and I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for his glory; that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world to advance the honour of their master, *Jesus*. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind; though I am not a *man* nor a *minister* of the Gospel, and so cannot be employed in such a worthy employment as they were; yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for his glory, and did really desire the *salvation of souls*, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner *in some things*; I might pray more for the *people*, and speak with more *warmth* to those with whom I have an opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children; and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On *Monday* I talk with *Molly*; on *Tuesday* with *Hetty*; *Wednesday* with *Nancy*; *Thursday* with *Jacky*; *Friday* with *Patty*; *Saturday* with *Charles*; and with *Emily* and *Sukey* together, on *Sunday*.

"With those few neighbours who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately than *before*. I chose the best and *most awakening sermons* we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since this our company has increased every night; for I dare deny none that asks admittance. Last Sunday, I believe we had above two hundred, and yet many went away for want of room.

"But I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of *me* as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, It may be; who can tell? With God all things are possible. I will resign myself to him: or, as *Herbert* better expresses it,—

> Only since God doth often make
> Of *lowly matter* for *high uses* meet,
> I throw me at his feet;
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some *mean stuff*, whereon to show his skill:
> Then is *my* time.

"And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

"Your *third* objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not on any *worldly design*. We banish all temporal concerns from our *society*: none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them

with our reading or singing: we keep close to the business of the day; and as soon as it is over, they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do, who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so.—Therefore why any should reflect upon *you*, let your *station* be what it will, because your *wife* endeavours to draw people to the Church, and to restrain them by reading and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person *read*. Alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without *spelling* a good part of it;—and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a *voice* strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present: for those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world, but because of my *sex*. I doubt if it be proper for *me* to present the prayers of the people to God.

"Last Sunday, I fain would have dismissed them before prayers but they begged so earnestly to stay, that I durst not deny them."

How forcible are right words! Who could overthrow or withstand this reasoning? The people were perishing for lack of knowledge; and it is most evident from the circumstances that a dispensation of the Gospel was given to this eminent woman, to teach and instruct them in the absence of their legal pastor. She was faithful; and the consequence was, a number of people were edified, and perhaps not a few reclaimed, that long ere this have welcomed her into everlasting habitations, and will be her crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Wesley felt the power of the wisdom by which she spoke; and cordially gave his approbation to her conduct: she went on her way rejoicing, and great good was done. But a worthless man, *Inman*, who was curate of the parish, and a few *like himself*, filled with envy, and perhaps even a worse principle, wrote to Mr. Wesley, highly complaining of these transactions, and stating that Mrs. Wesley had turned the parsonage house into a conventicle, &c; that the Church was likely to receive great scandal by these irregular proceedings; and that they ought not to be tolerated any longer. Mr. Wesley was alarmed; his high Church principles rose up against his better judgment, and he wrote to his wife desiring her to discontinue the meetings. She received this high testimony of disapprobation with that firmness which belongs alone to conscious rectitude; and returned an *answer* to her husband, which bears all the marks of her energetic mind, deep piety, ardent zeal, and submissive respect to the authority of her spouse.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 25, 1712.

"Some days since I received a letter from you, I suppose dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer, because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider before you determine in a matter of such great importance.

"I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on by the senseless clamours of two or three of *the worst of your parish* to condemn *what you so lately approved.* But I shall tell you my thoughts in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than *three* or *four* persons who are against our meeting, of whom *Inman* is the chief. He and *Whitely* I believe may call it a *conventicle:* but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And what does their calling it a *conventicle* signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? or do you think that what *they* say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and by the blessing of God may do much more? If its being called a *conventicle,* by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it, did really make it *one,* what you say would be somewhat to the purpose: but it is plain in fact that this one thing has brought more people to Church, than ever any thing did, in so short a time. We used not to have above *twenty* or *twenty-five* at evening service, whereas we have now between *two and three hundred:* which are more than ever came before to hear *Inman* in the morning.

"Beside the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people toward *us,* so that we now live in the greatest amity imaginable; and what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behaviour on the Lord's day; and those who used to be playing in the streets now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to almighty God.

"Another reason for what I do is, that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore have no other way of doing them good: but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is, charity to their souls.

"Some families who seldom went to Church, now go constantly; and one person who had not been there for *seven* years, is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

"There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now I beseech you weigh all these things in an impartial balance: on the *one side,* the honour of almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; *on the other,* (if folly, impiety, and vanity may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight) the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me have your *positive determination.*

"I need not tell you the consequences, if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily perceive what prejudice it may raise in the minds of these people against *Inman* especially, who has had so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the Church: but if it be laid aside, I doubt they will never go to hear

him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town. But if this be continued till you return, which now will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time that they may love and delight in his public worship, so as never to neglect it more.

"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you *desire me* to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience. But send me your *positive command*, in such *full* and *express terms*, as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment, for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Though I find no farther record of these transactions yet I take it for granted that this letter was decisive, and Mrs. Wesley's meetings continued till her husband returned to Epworth. They would then be given up in course; and when discontinued it could be little cause of rejoicing to any serious mind; as it is most evident that God had done more in a *few months* by this *irregular* ministry than he had done by that of the *rector* and his *curates* for eighteen years before!

It is worthy of remark that Mrs. Wesley terms the people that composed these meetings *our* SOCIETY; and the meetings were conducted much after the manner of the *Methodists' society meetings* at this day; especially those of the Sabbath evenings; when, after the preaching, the *society*, and often *any other serious person*, is permitted to stay to a second meeting, in which such exhortations are given relative to personal and family religion, as could not with propriety be brought before a mixed congregation, where perhaps the bulk of the people are unawakened, and consequently incapable of profiting by instructions relative to the life and power of godliness.

This is not the *first* instance in which the *seeds* of that great work, since called *Methodism*, were sown in and by the original members of this remarkable family.

For my own part I should ever feel myself disposed to bow with profound respect to that rare dispensation of Providence and grace which should, in similar circumstances, with *as clear and distinct a call*, raise up a woman of such talents and piety to *labour in the Gospel*, where the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and so snatch the brands from eternal burning.

Who so prejudiced as not to see that God put no honour on *Inman* the curate; but chose *Susanna Wesley* to do the work of the evangelist? The abundance of gracious fruit which sprang from this seed proved that the master sower was JESUS, the Lord of the harvest. Lord, thou wilt send by whomsoever thou pleasest; and wilt hide pride from man, in order to prove that the excellency of the power is of thee!

By these very means all those persons who had been soured against Mr. Wesley for the part that he had taken in an unpopular election, now became the friends of his family; so that, to use Mrs. Wesley's words, *they lived together in the greatest amity imaginable.*

The good sense, piety, observation, and experience of Mrs. Wesley,

qualified her to be a wise counsellor in almost every affair in life, and a sound spiritual director in most things that concerned the salvation of the soul. Her sons, while at Oxford, continued to profit by her advices and directions, as they had done while more immediately under her care. They sought and had, not only her advice and counsel, but also her approbation in the little society they had formed at the university, and that moral strictness of life which they had adopted. While she excited them to proceed and persevere, she taught them prudence and caution. The following letter to her son John, at Oxford, some time after he had paid them a visit at Epworth, cannot be read by any person without profit :—

" *Epworth, Oct.* 25, 1732.

" DEAR JACKY,—I was glad to hear you got safe to Oxford ; and would have told you so sooner had I been at liberty, from pain of body and other severer trials not convenient to mention. Let every one enjoy the present hour : age and successive troubles are sufficient to convince any reasonable man that it is a much wiser and safer way to deprecate great afflictions, than to pray for them ; and that our Lord well knew what was in man when he directed us to pray, *Lead us not into temptation.* I think Heretic Clark, in an exposition on the Lord's prayer, is more in the right than Castaniza, concerning temptations. His words are as follow :—'We are encouraged to glory in tribulation, and to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, &c.' Nevertheless, it is to be carefully observed, that when the Scripture speaks on this manner concerning rejoicing in temptations, it always considers them under this view, as being experienced, and already in great measure overcome. For otherwise, as to temptations in general, temptations unexperienced, of which we know the danger but not the success, our Saviour teaches us to pray, *Lead us not into temptation :* and again, *Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.* Our nature is frail ; our passions strong ; our wills biassed ; and our security, generally speaking, consists much more certainly in *avoiding* great temptations, than in *conquering* them. Wherefore we ought continually to pray that God would be pleased to order and direct things in this probation state, *as not to suffer us to be tempted above what we are able ; but that he would with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.* Our Lord directed his disciples *when they were persecuted in one city to flee into another ;* and they who refuse to do it when it is in their power, lead themselves into temptation, and tempt God."

At this time both the brothers, John and Charles, were in a bad state of health, owing to excessive study, and extraordinary abstinence. They had consulted Dr. Huntington on the subject, and transmitted his opinion to their mother. To this she refers in the following part of the above letter :—

" I don't know how you may have represented your case to Dr. Huntington ; I have had occasion to make some observation in consumptions, and am pretty certain that several symptoms of that distemper are beginning upon you ; and that unless you take more care than

you do, you will put the matter past dispute in a little time. But take your own way; I have already given you up, as I have some before, which once were very dear to me. Charles, tho' I believe not in a consumption, is *in* a fine state of health for a man of two or three-and-twenty, that can't eat a full meal, but he must presently throw it up again! It is a great pity that folks should be no wiser, and that they can't fit the mean in a case where it is so obvious to view that none can mistake it that do not do it on purpose."

They had also given their mother an account of their religious meetings, and of the society known afterward by the name of *Methodists;* and that it had from the beginning her cordial approbation will appear by the following extract from the same letter:—

"I heartily join with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions, which are intended for God's glory; and am glad to hear that Mr. Clayton and Mr. Hall have met with desired success. May you still in such good works go on and prosper. Tho' absent in body, I am present with you in spirit; and daily recommend and commit you all to Divine Providence. You do well to wait on the bishop, because it is a point of prudence and civility; tho' (if he be a good man) I cannot think it in the power of any one to prejudice him against you.

"Your arguments against horse races do certainly conclude against masquerades, balls, plays, operas, and all such light and vain diversions, which, whether the gay people of the world will own it or no, do strongly confirm and strengthen the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; all which we must renounce, or renounce our God and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say it is impossible for a person to have any sense of religion, who frequents those vile assemblies: but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements.

"'The Life of God in the Soul of Man' is an excellent good book, and was an acquaintance of mine many years ago: but I have unfortunately lost it. There are many good things in Castaniza, more in Baxter; yet are neither without faults, which I overlook for the sake of their virtues. Nor can I say of all the books of divinity I have read, *which* is the best; one is best at one time, one at another, according to the temper and disposition of the mind.

"Your father is in a very bad state of health; he sleeps little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit: but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs Divine service on the Lord's day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Every body observes his decay but himself; and people really seem much concerned for him and his family.

"The two girls being uneasy in the present situations, do not apprehend the sad consequences which in all appearance must attend his death, so much as I think they ought to do; for, as bad as they think their condition now, I doubt it will be far worse when his head is laid. Your sisters send their love to you and Charles, and my love and blessing to you both. Adieu."

Letters from Mrs. Wesley to others of her children will be noticed in their proper places.

Mr. Wesley, though he had lately sunk much, was not so near death, as Mrs. Wesley dreaded. He lived about *three* years after this.

It will be necessary to introduce some other letters of Mrs. Wesley on the subject of the doctrines and conduct of her sons John and Charles, because the late Rev. Samuel Badcock, in a letter to Mr. John Nichols, dated South Moulton, Dec. 5, 1782, and published by Mr. N. first in No. xx, of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and afterward in his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v, p. 217, &c, and since copied by others, speaking of Mrs. *Wesley*, says, "She lived long enough to deplore the extravagancies of her two sons John and Charles. She considered them as *under strong delusions to believe a lie*; and states her objections to their enthusiastic principles (particularly in the matter of *assurance*) with great strength of argument, in a correspondence with their brother Samuel." This calumny, for it is one, may be easily rebutted. Mr. John Wesley answers it thus, quoting the first paragraph about *deploring their extravagancies*, &c,—"By vile misrepresentations she was deceived for a time, but she no sooner heard them speak for themselves, than she was thoroughly convinced they were in no delusion, but spoke the words of truth and soberness. She afterward lived *with me* several years, and died rejoicing and praising God."

That what Mr. Wesley states here of his mother is true, I can prove by the most unexceptionable testimonies from under her own hand. Dr. *Whitehead* has treated the subject well. I shall give some extracts in his own words.

"When her two sons Mr. John and Charles Wesley began to preach the doctrine of justification by faith, in 1738, and many professed to be so justified, and to know the time when this change in their state took place; she mentions their notions as new, in a letter she wrote to her son Samuel, in March this year; (1738;) though it must be acknowledged that she had not then conversed with them on the subject, and therefore did not know what doctrines they taught, but by *report*. It has indeed been said that 'she lived long enough to deplore the extravagancies of her sons;' and this assertion was founded on the letter above mentioned. But what she says on this subject has only a reference to dreams, visions, or some extraordinary revelation, which some persons pretended to have had; and in which they had received the knowledge of their justification; at least this was *reported* of several: but she no where charges her *sons* with teaching *this* as the way of justification.

"But as this letter has been both misrepresented and misunderstood, and it might be thought Mr. Wesley's friends wished to *conceal* it, because it speaks so pointedly against the conduct of her sons, I shall give the whole of it, and subjoin a few remarks.

'*Thursday, March* 8, 1738–9.

'DEAR SON,—Your two double letters came safe to me last Friday. I thank you for them, and have received much satisfaction in reading

them. They are written with good spirit and judgment, sufficient I should think to satisfy any unprejudiced mind, that the reviving these pretensions to dreams, visions, &c, is not only vain and frivolous as to the matter of them, but also of dangerous consequence to the weaker sort of Christians. You have well observed, 'that it is not the method of Providence to use extraordinary means to bring about that for which ordinary ones are sufficient.' Therefore the very *end* for which *they pretend* that these new revelations are sent seems to me one of the best arguments against the truth of them. As far as I can see, *they plead* that these visions, &c, are given to assure some particular persons of their adoption and *salvation*. But this end is abundantly provided for in the Holy Scriptures; wherein all may find the rules by which we must live here and be judged hereafter so plainly laid down, 'that he who runs may read;' and it is by these laws we should examine ourselves, which is a way of God's appointment, and therefore we may hope for his direction and assistance in such examination. And if, upon a serious review of our state, we find that *in the tenor of our lives* we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the Gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong reasonable and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.

'This is the assurance we ought to aim at, which the apostle calls, *the full assurance of hope*, which he admonishes us to *hold fast unto the end*. And the consequence of encouraging fanciful people in this new way of seeking assurance, (as all do that hear them tell their silly stories, without rebuke,) I think must be turning them out of God's way into one of their own devising. You have plainly proved that the Scripture examples, and that text in *Joel*, which they urge in their defence, will not answer their purpose, so that they are unsupported by any authority human or Divine; (which you have well observed;) and the credit of their relations must therefore depend on their own single affirmation, which surely will not weigh much with the sober, judicious part of mankind.

'I began to write to *Charles* before I last wrote to you, but could not proceed; for my chimney smoked so exceedingly, that I almost lost my sight, and remained well nigh blind a considerable time. God's blessing on eye water I make cured me of the soreness: but the weakness long remained. Since, I have been informed that Mr. Hall intends to remove his family to London, hath taken a house; and I must (if it please God I live) go with them, where I hope to see Charles: and then I can fully speak my sentiments of *their new notions*, more than I can do by writing; therefore I shall not finish my letter to him.

'You have heard, I suppose, that *Mr. Whitefield* is taking a progress through these parts to make a collection for a house in Georgia for orphans, and such of the natives' children as they will part with to learn our language and religion. He came hither to see me, and we talked about your brothers. I told him I did not like their way of living, wished them in some place of their own, wherein they might

regularly preach, &c. He replied, I could not conceive the good they did in London; that the greatest part of our clergy were asleep, and that there never was a greater need of *itinerant preachers* than now. Upon which a gentleman that came with him said, that my son Charles had converted him, and that my sons spent all their time in doing good. I then asked Mr. Whitefield if my sons were not for making some *innovations* in the Church; which I much feared. He assured me they were so far from it, that they endeavoured all they could to reconcile Dissenters to our communion; that my son John had baptized five adult Presbyterians in our own way on St. Paul's day, and he believed would bring over many to our communion. His stay was short, so I could not talk with him so much as I desired. He seems to be a very good man, and one who truly desires the salvation of mankind. God grant that the wisdom of the serpent may be joined to the innocence of the dove!

'My paper and sight are almost at an end; therefore I shall only add, that I send you and yours my hearty love and blessing.

'Service to Mrs. *Berry*. I had not an opportunity to send this till Saturday the 17th ult. Love and blessing to *Jacky Ellison*.

'Pray let me hear from you soon. We go in April.

From Mrs. WESLEY, Epworth.

'For the Rev. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon.'

"1. I have now laid before the reader every word of this so celebrated letter; and beg him carefully to observe, that it is not against her *sons*, properly speaking, but against the persons who in *dreams* and *visions* professed to have received an assurance of God's love to their souls. Such are the persons whom she means when she says, *they pretend—they plead—fanciful people—who tell their silly stories—and whose relations must depend on their own single affirmation*, &c, &c. In none of these does she refer to her *sons* at all: but she refers to them, when she blames those *for not rebuking them, who hear them tell such stories*.

"2. When Mrs. Wesley wrote this letter she had had no interview with her sons, and had only *heard* of what were called extravagancies which were produced under their preaching; and this she had from her prejudiced son *Samuel*, who had his information from the letter of a Mrs. *Hutton*, at whose house they had lodged at Westminster; and this letter is so perfectly weak and nonsensical, that it would be an insult to the reader to lay it seriously before him.

"On this most stupid and foolish letter Mr. Samuel founded all the philippics on the conduct of his brothers, which he detailed in his letter to his mother; and I am sorry to say, after looking over the whole of the evidence, that so bigoted was Mr. Samuel, that he *readily* caught at any thing that appeared to vilify that part of the conduct of his brothers, because they preached *extempore*, and because when excluded from the churches in London, they would dare to preach in any part of that diocess; which he roundly asserts was downright *schism*; and he might with as much reason have called it *downright burglary*. His

prejudiced representations and misrepresentations should weigh nothing on the question. Beside, his expositions of the *texts* he quotes as the scriptures adduced by his brothers to vindicate their ministry, and account for their effects, are far from being legitimate.

"3. At this time Mrs. Wesley's knowledge of the *plan of salvation* was by no means clear and distinct; of this one passage in her letter is a sufficient proof. In the place where she shows the mode people should adopt in order to find a rational assurance of their salvation, she says, 'If upon a serious review of our state we find in the tenor of our lives, we have, or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the Gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.'"

Now, who that knows properly the way in which a sinner is to come to God through Christ for the remission of his sins, can suppose that Mrs. W. was acquainted with *that way* when she wrote this? It simply amounts to *salvation by works, through the merits of Christ.* But suppose any man *examining the tenor of his life* by Mrs. Wesley's rule in order to *infer* salvation from it, finds that HE *has* NOT *fulfilled the conditions of the Gospel covenant*, (and every man that makes the inquiry with an honest mind in the fear of God will find this;)—what is he *then* to do? His condition on this ground is *hopeless.* He has fulfilled *no conditions;* for he *is* and *has been* a *sinner*, and is under the curse of God's law. Where shall his trembling soul fly for mercy? To the blood of the covenant—to him who justifies the *ungodly;* and he is to seek for mercy through that blood *alone.* And what peace can his conscience feel, or what assurance can he have that his sins are blotted out—that he is passed from death unto life—till God adopts him into the heavenly family; and because he is *then* a son, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father! No salvation by *induction* or *inference* can satisfy a guilty conscience, which feels the wrath of God abiding on it; nothing but the *witness from God's Spirit in our own spirit*, that we are the children of God, can appease the terrors of an awakened sinner, give rest to a troubled heart, or be a foundation on which the soul can build a *rational* and *Scriptural* hope of eternal life. Mrs. Wesley herself was obliged to come at last simply to *the blood of Jesus Christ which was shed for her;* and then she received without any reference to her past righteousness, the full witness of God's Spirit that she was born from above. And though I conceive her to have been long before this in a state of favour with God, on the broad ground that he who feareth God and worketh righteousness, according to his light, is accepted of him; yet she had not the satisfying evidence of her own salvation, till she came, as above stated, to that sacrificial death by which pardon was purchased for a guilty world. As soon as she conversed with her sons, and heard them speak for themselves, she was convinced that their doctrine was both rational and Scriptural, and saw the wickedness of the charges that were brought against them. At this very time in which she wrote the letter she

heard *Mr. George Whitefield* speak for *himself;* and though he was much less argumentative than her son *John*, and could not give that clear description of the hope that was in him as her son could have done, yet she was fully convinced that he was right—that he was *a very good man—one who truly desired the salvation of mankind;* and satisfied of his *dovelike innocence*, prayed that he might have *wisdom* sufficient to guard it.

She had doubted and feared concerning her sons, because she was misled by her *son Samuel*, who was misled by *Mrs. Hutton*, who was misled by her *total want of capacity* to judge of such matters; and who was horribly offended with Mr. John Wesley, because she said *he had converted two of her children.* That is, he had become the instrument in the hand of God of awakening their conscience, and leading them to "the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world."

In reference to *Mrs. Hutton*, who wrote so virulently against his conduct, to *Mr. Samuel*, representing him as little less than a maniac,—

> "The very head and front of his offending
> Had this extent, no more.—"

We shall probably see more on this subject when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley.

"The following extracts from three of her letters to Mr. *Charles Wesley* will show us her opinion of the doctrine and conduct of her sons more clearly than any thing which has yet appeared in print:—

'*Oct.* 19, 1738.

'It is with much pleasure I find your mind is somewhat easier than formerly, and I heartily thank God for it. The spirit of man may sustain his infirmity:—but a wounded spirit who can bear? If this hath been your case, it has been sad indeed. But blessed be God who gave you convictions of the evil of sin, as contrary to the purity of the Divine nature, and the perfect goodness of his law. Blessed be God, who showed you the necessity you were in of a Saviour to deliver you from the power of sin and Satan, (for Christ will be no Saviour to such as see not their need of one,) and directed you by faith to lay hold of that stupendous mercy offered us by redeeming love. Jesus is the only physician of souls: his blood the only salve that can heal a wounded conscience.

'It is not in wealth, or honour, or sensual pleasure, to relieve a spirit heavy laden and weary of the burthen of sin. These things have power to increase our guilt, by alienating our hearts from God: but none to make our peace with him; to reconcile God to man, and man to God; and to renew the union between the Divine and human nature.

'No, there is none but Christ, none but Christ, who is sufficient for these things. But, blessed be God, he is an all-sufficient Saviour! and blessed be his holy name, that thou hast found him a Saviour to thee, my son! O let us love him much, for we have much to be forgiven.

'I would gladly know what your notion is of justifying faith, because you speak of it as a thing you have but lately received.'

"The second letter is dated Dec. 6, 1738. In it she says:—

'I think you are fallen into an odd way of thinking. You say that till within a few months you had no spiritual life, nor any justifying faith.

'Now this is as if a man should affirm he was not alive in his infancy, because, when an infant, he did not know he was alive. All then that I can gather from your letter is, that till a little while ago, you were not so well satisfied of your *being a Christian as you are now*. I heartily rejoice that you have now attained to a strong and lively hope in God's mercy through *Christ*. Not that I can think that you were totally without *saving faith* before: but it is one thing to have faith, and another thing to be sensible we have it. Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and the gift of God: but to feel or be inwardly sensible that we have true faith, requires a farther operation of God's Holy Spirit. You say you have peace, but not joy in believing: Blessed be God for peace! May this peace rest with you! Joy will follow, perhaps not very closely: but it will follow faith and love. God's promises are *sealed* to us, but not *dated:* therefore patiently attend his pleasure; he will give you joy in believing. Amen.'

"From these letters we see that Mrs. Wesley was so far from deploring the extravagance of her sons, that she rejoiced in their Christian experience, and praised God for it. She thought them mistaken in judging of their former state, but not in their notions of justifying faith itself; for she says in the letter last mentioned,—

'My notion of justifying faith is the same with yours; for that trusting in Jesus Christ, or the promises made in him, is that special act of faith to which our justification or acceptance is so frequently ascribed in the Gospel. This faith is certainly the gift of God, wrought in the mind of man by the Holy Spirit.'

"The two Mr. Wesleys professed to know the time when they received justifying faith; and they taught that others might know the time of their justification. On this head she observes:—

'I do not judge it *necessary* to know the exact time of our conversion.'

"From which it appears that she did not think this part of their doctrine erroneous or extravagant: she was only afraid lest this circumstance should be made a *necessary criterion* of conversion, which she thought might hurt the minds of weaker Christians.

"These letters, therefore, are a full confutation of Mr. *Badcock's* assertion.

"The third letter is dated Dec. 27, 1739, after she had come to reside chiefly in London. Here she enjoyed the conversation of her sons alternately; the one being always in town, while the other was in the country. She now attended on their ministry, conversed with the people of the society, and became more perfectly acquainted with their whole doctrine, and seems heartily to have embraced it. Charles was in *Bristol* when she wrote this letter to him. She observes:—

'You cannot more desire to see me, than I do to see you. Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call *son Wesley*, since my dear *Sam* is gone home, has just been with me, and much revived my spirits.

Indeed I have often found that he never speaks in my hearing without my receiving some spiritual benefit. But his visits are seldom and short; for which I never blame him, because I know he is well employed; and, blessed be God! hath great success in his ministry. But, my dear Charles, still I want either him or you. For indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child, and want continual succour. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." I feel much comfort and support from religious conversation when I can obtain it. Formerly I rejoiced in the absence of company; and found the less I had of creature comforts, the more I had from God. But, alas! I am fallen from that spiritual converse I once enjoyed. And why is it so? Because I want faith. God is an omnipresent, unchangeable Good, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning: the fault is in myself; and I attribute all mistakes in judgment, and all errors in practice, to want of faith in the blessed Jesus. O, my dear, when I consider the dignity of his person, the perfection of his purity, the greatness of his sufferings, but above all his boundless love, I am astonished and utterly confounded; I am lost in thought. I fall into nothing before him! O how inexcusable is that person who has knowledge of these things, and yet remains poor and low in faith and love! I speak as one guilty in this matter.

'I have been prevented from finishing my letter. I complained I had none to converse with me on spiritual things; but for these several days I have had the conversation of many good Christians, who have refreshed in some measure my fainting spirits; and though they hindered my writing, yet it was a pleasing, and I hope not an unprofitable interruption they gave me. I hope we shall shortly speak face to face; and I shall then, if God permit, impart my thoughts more fully. But then, alas! when *you* come, your brother leaves me! yet that is the will of God, in whose blessed service you are engaged; who has hitherto blessed your labours, and preserved your persons. That he may continue so to prosper your work, and protect you both from evil, and give you strength and courage to preach the true Gospel in opposition to the united powers of evil men and evil angels, is the hearty prayer of, dear Charles, your loving mother,

'SUSANNA WESLEY.'

"This letter gives full evidence that Mrs. Wesley cordially approved of the conduct of her sons; and was animated with zeal for the success of their labours. She continued in the most perfect harmony with them till her death: attending on their ministry, and walking in the light of God's countenance, she rejoiced in the happy experience of the truths she heard them preach."—*Dr. Whitehead's Life*, vol. i, pp. 49–54.

It appears from all we have seen of Mrs. Wesley that she was a woman of real experience in the things of God. But it does not appear that she had a clear notion of *justification* as distinct from sanctification; on the contrary she seems to have confounded them together. The consequence was, that her knowledge of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law, was not so clear as it might have been; and this hindered her from enjoying that full

assurance of her state, and the peace and joy consequent upon it, which otherwise she would have had.

To have denied the *witness of God's Spirit*, or *the assurance of our adoption*, Mrs. Wesley must have strangely forgotten herself; for it was one part of her creed, and one point in the Apostles' Creed, according to her own exposition, that believing in the Holy Ghost implies believing *that he assures us of our adoption.* See her letter to her daughter Susan, already inserted.

As to the doctrine of *assurance*, (or *the knowledge of our salvation by the remission of sins;* or, in other words, that a man who is justified by faith in Christ Jesus *knows that he is so, the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God,*) against which such a terrible outcry has been made, I would beg leave to ask, What is Christianity without it? A mere system of ethics; an authentic history; a dead letter. It is by the operations of the Holy Spirit in the souls of believers that the *connection* is kept up between heaven and earth. The grand principle of the Christian religion is, to reconcile men to God by Christ Jesus; to bring them from a state of *wrath* to *reconciliation* and *favour* with God; to *break* the *power*, *cancel* the *guilt*, and *destroy* the *very being of sin;*—for Christ was manifested that he might destroy the work of the devil. And can this be done in any human soul, and it know nothing about it, except by *inference* and *conjecture?* Miserable state of Christianity indeed, where no man knows that he is born of God. This *assurance of God's love* is the birthright and common privilege of all his children. It is a general experience among truly religious people: they take rest, rise up, work, and live under its influence. By it they are carried comfortably through all the ills of life, bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, triumph in redeeming grace, and die exulting in Him whom they know and feel to be the God of their salvation.

Nor is this confined to *superannuated women*, as Mr. Southey (vol. i, p. 291) charitably hopes Mrs. Wesley was, when she professed to receive the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. *Men* also as learned as Mr. *Badcock*, as philosophical as Mr. Southey, as deeply read in men and things as Bishop *Lavington*, and as sound divines at least as the rector of *Manaccan*, have exulted in the same testimony, walked in all good conscience before God, illustrated the doctrine by a suitable deportment, and died full of joyful anticipation of an eternal glory! Alas, what a dismal tale do those men tell, who not only strive to *argue* against the doctrine, but endeavour to turn it into *ridicule*. They tell us, that *they* are *not* reconciled to God!

Mr. Badcock's sneers at the *matter of assurance* as he calls it, and the *extravagancies* of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, were little in character. He was a learned man, an able critic, and generally allowed to be *mild* and *liberal*. But who can reconcile this general, and probably well deserved character, with the concluding part of the paragraph above referred to? "Their brother Samuel exerted his best powers to reclaim them from their wanderings, but in vain! The *extravagant* and *erring spirit* could not be reduced to *its own confine*. It had burst its bonds asunder, and ran violently down the steep."

This was still less in character, when we consider Mr. Badcock a

Dissenting minister, for such he was in 1782, when he wrote the above letter, and for many years before; though he afterward conformed, and entered the Church, in the year 1786; and his creed with respect to the *doctrine* of *assurance*, as existing in the *Assembly's Catechism*, must have been the same, in *words* at least, with that of Mr. Wesley.

For the reader's amusement I shall note the place.

"Quest. 31. What are the benefits which *in this life* do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?

"Answer. *Assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost*, increase of grace, and perseverance therein unto the end."

And the following scriptures are quoted to establish these assertions: *Being justified by faith, we have* PEACE *with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have* ACCESS *by faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and* REJOICE *in* HOPE *of the glory of God. And hope maketh not ashamed, because* THE LOVE OF GOD IS SHED ABROAD IN OUR HEARTS BY THE HOLY GHOST WHICH IS GIVEN UNTO US, Rom. xiv, 1, 2, 5. *For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness,* PEACE *and* JOY *in the* HOLY GHOST, Rom. xiv, 17. *These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God,* THAT YE MAY KNOW YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE, 1 John v, 13.

Here then is the "*matter of assurance*," which the Methodists *have* preached, *do* preach, and I hope *will* preach, as long as they have a name to live upon the earth. And these scriptures are full to the point; and fully prove that every sinner, who by hearty repentance and true faith returns unto the Lord, through Christ Jesus, receives remission of sins, and has the witness in himself.

Perhaps the most *irregular* part of Mr. Wesley's conduct was his employing *lay preachers*, persons *without any ordination* by the *imposition of hands;* and the fullest proof that we can have of Mrs. Wesley's approving *most heartily every thing in doctrine and discipline of her sons*, was her *approval* of *lay preaching*, or, to use the words of her father-in-law, John Wesley of Whitchurch, "the preaching of gifted men, without episcopal ordination." This began in her time; and she repeatedly sat under the ministry of the first man, Mr. *Thomas Maxfield*, who attempted to officiate among the Methodists in this hitherto unprecedented way.

It was in Mr. Wesley's absence that Mr. Maxfield began to preach. Being informed of this new and extraordinary thing, he hastened back to London to put a stop to it. Before he took any decisive step, he spoke to his mother on the subject, and informed her of his intention. She said, (I have had the account from Mr. Wesley himself,) "My son, I charge you before God, beware what you do; for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were!" The unction of God that attended the preaching convinced her that the preacher's call was from Heaven. This was one of the *last things* that a person of such *high Church principles* might be expected to accede to. And this fact, with what is related above, will for ever obliterate the calumny cast upon this blessed woman, that *she lived long enough to deplore the extravagancies of her sons.*

Nor will the great body of the Methodist preachers forget that Mrs.

Wesley, the mother of their founder, was the *patroness* and first encourager of the *lay preachers!*

Mr. *Thomas Maxfield* was the *first* lay preacher; Mr. *Thomas Richards*, the *second;* and Mr. *Thomas Westall* the *third.* The *former* and *latter* I knew:—but who will be the *last*, who *without* any ordination by the *imposition of hands*, shall officiate as an itinerant preacher in the Methodist connection? That they will *soon* have recourse to this Scriptural rite may be safely conjectured; and that they should never have been without it may be successfully argued. Their mode of admission into the ministry, it must be granted, is sufficiently solemn and efficient: but they have no authority to dispense with a Scriptural and apostolic rite.

After the death of Mr. Samuel Wesley, in 1735, the family were all scattered, and the household goods and property sold, as the premises must be cleared for a new incumbent; a heavy and distressing inconvenience in the discipline of the Church of England, which extends from the lowest vicar to the metropolitan of the whole empire.

Previously to this, some of the sisters had been married; two were with their uncle Matthew; others were settled as *governesses* and *teachers* of youth, for which they appear to have been well qualified; and one (Emily) had taken up a school at Gainsborough. With her Mrs. Wesley appears to have sojourned awhile, before she went to live with her sons John and Charles; where, free from cares and worldly anxieties, with which she had long been unavoidably encumbered, she spent the evening of her life in comparative ease and comfort.

Of her last moments her son John gives the following account:—

"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18, (1742,) and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity: but she had no doubts nor fear; nor any desire, but as soon as God should call, *to depart and be with Christ.*

"Friday 23.—About three in the afternoon I went to see my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside: she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'

"Sunday, August 1.—Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterward spoke was, *I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God, and the books were opened. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works.* It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.

"We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:—

Here lies the body of Mrs. SUSANNA WESLEY, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. SAMUEL ANNESLEY—

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies:
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The *cross* exchanging for a *crown*.

True daughter of affliction she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known.
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my love.'
'I come!' her dying looks replied,
And lamblike, as her Lord, she died."

The reader, who has carefully considered the preceding memoirs, is most certainly prepared for a widely different *epitaph* from the preceding. It is trite, bald, and inexpressive. Her *passive* character may be said to be given: she was a *daughter of affliction;* and suffered with the highest resignation to the will of God, and the dispensation of his providence. But, as she says herself, if she had much affliction and pain, she had still more intervals of ease and health; and she even adduces her own case, where afflictions and trials abounded, as a proof that the blessings of life are more numerous than its ills and disadvantages; and calculates that on a fair estimate this will be found to be the case with every individual.

The second and third stanzas are incautiously expressed: they seem to intimate that she was not received into the Divine favour till she was *seventy* years of age! For my own part, after having traced her through all the known periods of her life, and taking her spiritual state from her own nervous and honest pen, I can scarcely doubt that she was in the Divine favour long before that time; according to that text, *He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.* And though she lived in a time when the spiritual privileges of the people of God were not so clearly defined, nor so well understood as they are at present; yet she was not without large communications of the Divine Spirit, heavenly light, and heavenly ardours, which often caused her to sit "like cherub bright, some moments on a throne of love." She had the faith of God's elect; she acknowledged the truth which is according to godliness. Her spirit and life were conformed to this truth; and she *was* not, as she *could* not be, without the favour and approbation of God.

But there is a *fact* that seems to stand against this, which is alluded to in the second and third stanzas, *viz.* that "in receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when her son-in-law, Mr. *Hall*, presented

her the cup with these words,—*The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for* THEE, she felt them strike through her heart; and she then knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her all her sins." That Mrs. Wesley did *then* receive a powerful influence from the Holy Spirit I can readily believe, by which she was mightily confirmed and strengthened, and had from it the clearest evidence of her *reconciliation to God;* but that she had been in a *legal state*, or, as some have understood that expression, was seeking *justification by the works of the law* until *then*, I have the most positive facts to disprove.

Mr. Samuel Wesley's ministry was strong and faithful: but it was not *clear* on the point of *justification by faith*, and the *witness of the Spirit.* I can say this from the most direct evidence,—several of his own MS. sermons now before me. To *know that we are of God, by the Spirit which he has given us*, he, and most in his time, believed to be the privilege of a *few*, and but of a *few:* hence the people were not exhorted to *follow on to know the Lord;* and although several, and among them most undoubtedly Mrs. *Wesley*, had a measure of the *thing*, felt its effects, and brought forth the fruits of it, yet they knew not its *name.* Mrs. Wesley had long before laid her burthen at the foot of the cross; she had received Christ crucified as her only Saviour; she herself shows she had trusted in nothing but *the infinite merit of his sacrificial death and intercession;* she *was* justified by faith, for she had *peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, gloried even in tribulation*, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God; for *the love of God was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost that was given to her:* but having little or no acquaintance with deeply religious people, and her husband not holding out this blessing as the *privilege of all true believers*, she knew not precisely her own state; and because she did not know how to hold fast the *consolations* which she had received, she often, like many others, fell into doubts and fears which brought her into temporary bondage. But, in general, her mountain stood strong.

After her husband's death, when she came to sit under the *clear ministry* of her sons *John* and *Charles*, and to converse with many pious and sensible members of the society, her mind became more *enlightened* in spiritual things; she saw the privileges of the people of God, expected much in the means of grace, and received a *fresh*, full, and clear evidence of her acceptance at the time mentioned above.

She had then what the Methodists rightly call *the abiding witness of the Spirit*, and very probably an application of that *blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness.* That she had long served God as *a master* under the *spirit of fear*, without *that love* which springs from a consciousness of *his love*, (*We love him because he first loved us,*) I am ready enough to grant. This is, less or more, the lot and experience of all: but that *legal night* did not last to her *seventieth* year. She was long before that in the Divine favour, and *felt* her blessedness, though she could not give it its appropriate name; nor did she feel its *fulness* because she had not the advantage of a clear ministry on the subject of salvation by faith.

I do not argue that a person may be *justified* and *not know it*, or *feel the alteration in his state.* I think this is a dangerous doctrine; because

I am satisfied that it is the privilege of every believer to *know* he is in the Divine favour. But I contend, a person may be justified, have peace and joy in believing, and feel the burthen of guilt taken away from the conscience, and for a time not know the precise name of that state of grace in which he stands. I have known a very striking case of this kind, where the person, having little acquaintance with religious people, after a long night of grief, darkness, and distress, felt and was astonished at the moral change which had taken place in his mind, but knew not by what name to call it. His burthen of guilt, and he had felt it very heavy, was taken away: he felt no condemnation, he rejoiced in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh, and brought forth all the fruits of faith; and it was a considerable time after this change had taken place before he knew what God had done for his soul; though he felt and exulted in the blessedness he had received.

But to return. What is an *epitaph?* or what *should* an *epitaph* be? A strongly condensed abridgment of the *life* of the deceased; and if a pious person be the subject, the epitaph should be a pointed exhibition of the *grace* that was in him, and his *faithfulness* to that grace; and all this so recommended that the *living* might lay it to heart, and be excited to a practical emulation. But how little of this is found in the above epitaph! We are not even told that she was the wife of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth! Perhaps *modesty* in the sons prevented them from speaking in her praise: if so, it was very ill-judged. Had I a muse of the strongest pinion, I should not fear to indulge it in its highest flights in sketching out the character of this superexcellent woman. Mr. *Southey* has very properly criticised this epitaph: but he mistakes when he says that "her sons represent her as if she had lived in ignorance of real Christianity during the life of her excellent husband." They do not, they could not, do it. They well knew she had a profound knowledge of Christianity, *nor was she indebted to her husband's teaching* for this: but the epitaph represents her as being to that time destitute of the *knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins.* A man may have *a full knowledge of real Christianity* without this: but he cannot without it have an *experimental knowledge of its saving power.* However, she had *both*, long before that time. And so fully acquainted was she with the *Christian system*, and the *evidences* of its Divine origin, that she even *taught wisdom among those that were perfect*, those that were deeply instructed in all human learning. How Mr. John Wesley could consent to permit such an epitaph to be inscribed on her headstone, (for he certainly never composed it,) I cannot comprehend. In the late edition of Mr. Wesley's works the whole account is very reprehensibly omitted in the *Journal*, and only referred to as being entered in vol. i, p. 41, and in this place only the first verse of the epitaph is given. Probably the editor was as much displeased with it as either Mr. *Southey* or myself.

Mrs. Wesley's character will be best seen in the preceding memoirs. She appears to have had the advantage of a *liberal education*, as far as Latin, Greek, and French enter into such an education. She had read much, and thought much; and thus her mind was *cultivated.* Both *logic* and *metaphysics* had formed a part of her studies; and these

acquisitions without *appearing*, for she studiously endeavours to conceal them, are *felt* to great advantage in all her writings.

She had a strong and vigorous mind, and an undaunted courage. She feared no difficulty; and in search of truth, at once looked the most *formidable objections* full in the face; and never hesitated to give any enemy all the vantage ground he could gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or precepts of the religion of the Bible. She was not only graceful, but *beautiful*, in her person. Her sister *Judith*, painted by Sir *Peter Lely*, is represented as *a very beautiful woman*. One who well knew both said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being so beautiful as Mrs. Wesley."

As a *wife* she was affectionate and obedient, having a sacred respect for *authority* wherever lodged. As the *mistress* of a *large family*, her management was exquisite in all its parts; and its success beyond comparison or former example. As a *Christian* she was modest, humble, and pious. Her religion was as *rational* as it was *Scriptural* and *profound*. In forming her *creed* she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock; and the storms and adversities of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through life, and it was unimpaired in death. She was a tender *mother*, a wise and invaluable *friend*. Several of her children were eminent; and HE, who excelled all the rest, owed, under God, at least *one half of his excellencies* to the instructions of his *mother*. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a *woman*, I would not hesitate to say she was an able divine!

I have traced her life with much pleasure, and received from it much instruction; and when I have seen her repeatedly grappling with gigantic adversities, I have adored the grace of God that was in her, and have not been able to repress my tears. I have been acquainted with many pious females, I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few: but such a woman *take her for all in all*, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such a one *Solomon* has described in the last chapter of his *Proverbs;* and to her I can apply the summed-up character of his accomplished housewife, *Many daughters have done* virtuously: *but* SUSANNA WESLEY *has excelled them all.*

CHILDREN OF THE REVEREND SAMUEL WESLEY.

WHERE the male issue fails, the records of any private family may soon be lost; in most cases, neither public nor private interest is promoted by keeping up the memorial.

Though it is little more than thirty years since the founder of the Methodists died, all knowledge of that part of the family that had no public eminence is almost completely obliterated. Out of the nineteen children of Mr. Samuel Wesley, the names of only *eleven* can be recovered; and of most even of these little or nothing is known.

It is customary in many country parishes to keep the registers at the *parsonage house*, because of the damp of the church and vestry. This

was the case at the parsonage house at Epworth; and when it was burned down in 1709, all these records perished in the flames; so that the genealogy of all the children born in Epworth previously to this catastrophe is lost. I have inquired upon the *spot*, and also extended those inquiries to *South Ormsby* and *Wroote;* and all that I can collect will be given under each name.

SAMUEL WESLEY, JUNIOR.

Of the eighteen or nineteen children which Mrs. Wesley had, *Samuel* was undoubtedly the eldest, as he was born in London or its vicinity before his father's removal to *South Ormsby*, which was probably in the beginning of 1693. Mr. Wesley appears to have married Miss S. Annesley in 1690; and his son Samuel was born either near the close of that year or the beginning of the next. This date may be collected from his *epitaph*, which states his death to have taken place, "Nov. 6, 1739, in the 49th year of his age." He must therefore have been born in 1690, or in the beginning of 1691. Whether he was baptized among the *Dissenters*, or in some parochial Church in London, I cannot learn: the probability is, that he was thus dedicated to God by his grandfather, Dr. Annesley.

I have already mentioned, in the memoirs of Mrs. Wesley, that Samuel did not speak till he was between four and five years of age, which was a great grief to the family, as they feared he was born dumb. But one day having retired out of sight, as was his frequent custom, to amuse himself with a favourite cat, hearing his mother anxiously calling him, he crept out from under a table, and said, "Here I am, mother," to the great surprise and comfort of all the family.

In 1704, when about fourteen years of age, he was sent to Westminster school; and was admitted king's scholar in 1707.

This school through the extraordinary abilities of Dr. Busby, its late master, then only a few years dead, had acquired the highest celebrity of any school in Europe. In it Dr. Busby had his education; and, after completing his studies at Oxford, he became its head master in 1640. He superintended it for fifty-five years; during which time, by his skill, diligence, deep learning, and exact discipline, he bred up the greatest number of eminent men in Church and state, that ever at one time adorned any age or nation. He died in 1695, when almost ninety years of age.

Where Dr. Busby found *animation*, he knew there was *brain;* and proper cultivation would produce and extend *intellect;* and the apparent stupidity or dullness of the subject was neither a bar to his expectations, or a hinderance to his ultimate success. He had to operate on minds of various descriptions, from that of the flippant witling, down to that of the heavy lumpish lad, whose intellect seemed irrecoverably enveloped in hebitude. To Dr. Busby's plans, science, and discipline, every thing yielded: and no *dunce* nor unlearned man was ever turned out of Westminster school during his incumbency.

When Mr. Wesley entered this school, all Dr. Busby's plans were in full operation; and the elementary books which this great master

had composed for this institution were of such a character as at once to smooth the path of learning, till then sufficiently rugged, and lay the foundation of a correct classical taste and profound literature.—In the present age humane and learned men have been endeavouring, so to speak, to find out *a royal road to geometry:* difficulties have been professedly lessened, till at last the foundations of science have been laid upon the *sands*. Profound literature is rarely to be met with. We have still, it is true, the splendour and brilliancy of gold; but on examination we frequently find a mass of inferior metal; and even the *surface*, though completely covered, yet not *deeply* gilt.

Mr. Wesley availed himself of the valuable advantages put within his reach, and became a *thorough scholar*. He had naturally a strong and discerning mind, which soon shone conspicuous for its correct classical *taste*. Of this these memoirs shall exhibit ample proof.

We have already seen what care Mrs. Wesley took to cultivate the minds of her children; and form them, as far as human influence and teaching can extend, to religion and piety. As the blessing of God will never be wanting to render such parental cares efficient, she saw in every case that her labour was not in vain. As Samuel was her first-born, she felt it her duty in a peculiar manner to dedicate him to the Lord. Hence she was especially concerned for his highest interest; and her anxious cares were not lessened on his removal to Westminster. Thoroughly apprehensive of the dangers to which he would be exposed in a public school, far removed from the eye of his parents, she endeavoured by a very judicious and pious correspondence to maintain the good impressions which had been made on his mind; and to show him that the new engagements into which he was proposing to enter required such a steadiness and purity of conduct as could not be obtained but by a heart decidedly fixed on God, and making him the end of all its operations and designs. As his parents had dedicated him to the work of the ministry, so it became the object of his own choice; and his literary pursuits were in the main directed to this end.

A letter, written to him by his mother in October, 1709, refers to all these circumstances; and contains such excellent counsels and advices, conceived with so much piety and judgment, and expressed with so much energy and dignity of language, as could not fail to make them profitable to the son; and must render them useful to all in similar circumstances, who may have the opportunity to read them.

"I hope that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the *first fruits* are Heaven's by an unalienable right; and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication imports? Consider well, what separation from the world! what purity! what devotion! what exemplary virtue! are required in those who are to guide others to glory. I say *exemplary;* for low common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world; your light must so shine

before men, that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven. For my part, I cannot see with what face clergymen can reprove sinners, or exhort men to lead a good life, when they themselves indulge their own corrupt inclinations, and by their practice contradict their doctrine. If the *holy Jesus* be indeed their Master, and they are really his *ambassadors*, surely it becomes them to live like his disciples; and if they do not, what a sad account must they give of their stewardship.

"I would advise you, as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with him who is the *Alpha* and *Omega;* and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little, if not less, liberty than you have now. I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion: not that I always spent so much; but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no farther. So in all things else; appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, &c. But above all things, my dear *Sammy*, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's day. In all things endeavour to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself,—Why do I this or that? Why do I pray, read, study, or use devotion, &c? By which means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions as becomes a reasonable creature, and a good Christian."

Such a mother at the head of a numerous family was a public blessing. I have before observed that Methodism is under the highest obligations to this excellent woman; and the extent of the obligations to the *mother* has not yet been duly estimated by the followers of the *son*.

About this time an accident occurred, which, with the total destruction of the parsonage house at Epworth, and all the family property, had nearly proved fatal to the family itself, the whole of which had been saved almost by miracle. The fire (of which we shall see a particular account when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley) took place on February 9, 1709. Samuel, who was then at Westminster school, had received only a confused account of this catastrophe; and, among other inaccurate intelligence, had heard that one of the children was either lost or had perished in the flames. On this occasion he wrote the following letter to his mother, which marks much solicitude and dutiful affection.

"MADAM,—Had not my grandmother told me, the last time I was there, that you was near lying-in, at which time I thought it would be in vain to write what you would not be able to read, I had sent you letters over and over again before this. I beg therefore you would not impute it to any negligence, which sure I never can be guilty of

while I enjoy what you gave me—*life*. My father lets me be in profound ignorance as to your circumstances at Epworth; and I have not heard a word from the country since the first letter you sent me after the fire, so that I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations for fear of being jeered out of my life. They ask me whether my father intends to leave Epworth? whether he is rebuilding his house? whether any contributions are to be expected? what was the lost child, a boy or a girl? what was its name? whether my father has lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved? To all which I am forced to answer—I can't tell—I don't know—I have not heard. I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an ignoramus. If you think my *Cowley* and *Hudibras* worth accepting, I shall be very glad to send them to my mother, who gave them me. I hope you are all well, as all are in town.

"Your most affectionate son,

"SAM. WESLEY.

"*June* 9, *St. Peter's Coll. Westmr.*"

As he had the reputation of being a good and accurate scholar, he was taken occasionally by Dr. *Thomas Sprat*, bishop of Rochester, and one of the prebends of Westminster, to read to him in the evenings at his seat at Bromley, in Kent. Bishop Sprat had at that time the reputation of being one of the first scholars in England, learned in almost all arts and sciences, and a poet of the first order. To almost any young man of learning and genius the friendship and conversation of such a person as Bishop Sprat would have been invaluable. But Mr. Wesley was so intent on his own classical studies, and withal short-sighted, and of a feeble voice, that he esteemed this service rather as a bondage than a privilege. The bishop's studies were nothing similar to his own; and he considered the time he was obliged to spend at *Bromley* as totally lost. From this place he wrote a Latin letter to his father, Aug. 1710, full of complaints, but ill justified by their cause. Dr. Whitehead has preserved a fragment, which I shall transcribe. Speaking of the bishop, he says:—

"*Ille mihi et in sacris, et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus: studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus pro virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a scholâ me detraxit, non modo nullam ad utilitatem sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis speciem me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipulis elegit ut perlegerem ei noctu libros: me raucum, me μυσπα. Gaudeo vos valetudine bonâ frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionem oro. Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis. Aviam ultimus festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detincor.*"

"He (the bishop) will always be exceedingly troublesome to me both in sacred and profane learning; for he obliges me to interrupt those studies to which I had applied myself with all my might. Spending my last year in this college, where being a senior, I do not need the hospitality of friends, he has taken me away both from my studies

and from school, not only without any benefit, but without even the appearance either of utility or pleasure. To-day he is from home, else I should not have had time to write this letter. He chose me from all the scholars; me, who am both hoarse and short-sighted, to read books to him by night! I am glad that you enjoy good health. I beg yours and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother* in the last holidays: in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an *unfriendly* friend."

Mr. Wesley was but young at this time; and might be said to have scarcely finished his common school exercises. He had hitherto conversed merely with school books; and had not read those authors by whose assistance he might have formed and ornamented his style: hence his Latinity in the preceding letter, though grammatically correct, is that of a school boy who translates Latin into English, being governed simply by the idiom and phraseology of his mother tongue. He was now about twenty years of age; and was only beginning to study the Greek and Latin authors *critically*, and to relish their beauties. His Latin compositions both in prose and verse, which were the fruits of his maturer age, show how solidly he had built on the good foundation which was laid at Westminster school.

That he retained both at Westminster and Oxford the good impressions he had received from his religious education there is abundant proof. In December, 1710, he wrote to his mother. The following extract from his letter gives, as Dr. Whitehead justly observes, a pleasing view of his simplicity, and of his serious attention to the state of his own heart, and the first motions of evil:—

"I received the sacrament (says he) the first Sunday of this month. I am unstable as water: I frequently make good resolutions, and keep them for a time; and then grow weary of restraint. I have one grand failing, which is, that having done my duty, I undervalue others; and think what wretches the rest of the college are, compared with me! Sometimes in my relapses I cry out, *Can the Æthiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots? then may you also do good who are accustomed to do evil.* But I answer again,—*With men this is impossible: but with God all things are possible. Amen.*"

Mrs. Wesley answered this letter in the same month. I shall lay the whole of her excellent letter before the reader.

"*Thursday, Dec.* 28, [1710.]

"Dear Sammy,—I am much better pleased with the beginning of your letter than with what you used to send me: for I do not love *distance* or ceremony; there is more of love and tenderness in the name of *mother* than in all the *complimental titles* in the world.

"I intend to write to your father about your coming down: but yet it would not be amiss for you to speak of it too. Perhaps our united desires may sooner prevail upon him to grant our request; though I do not think he will be averse from it at all.

* The *grandmother* whom he mentions here was the widow of John Wesley, A. M., of Whitchurch, and niece of Dr. Thos. Fuller. See some account of this eminent historian and divine, in the Life of the Rev. J. Wesley, vicar of Whitchurch.

"I am heartily glad that you have already received, and that you design again to receive, the holy sacrament; for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the strengthening and refreshing the mind than the frequent partaking of that blessed ordinance.

"You complain that you are unstable and inconstant in the ways of virtue. Alas! what Christian is not so too? I am sure that I, above all others, am most unfit to advise in such a case; yet since I cannot but speak something, since I love you as my own soul, I will endeavour to do as well as I can; and perhaps while I write I may learn, and by instructing you I may teach myself.

"*First.* Endeavour to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible, of the awful and constant presence of the great and holy God. Consider frequently, that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our beds and about our paths, and spies out all our ways; and whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause and say to yourself, What am I about to do? God secs me. Is this my avowed faithfulness to my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier? Have I so soon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it easier for the eternal Son of God to die for me, than it is for me to remember him? For what end came he into the world, but to satisfy the justice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal salvation. What, cannot I watch one hour with that Jesus that veiled his native glory with our nature, and condescended so low as to make himself of no reputation, by putting on the form of a servant, that he might be capable of conferring the greatest benefit upon us that man could receive, by his suffering such a shameful and cursed death upon the cross for our redemption? O, Sammy, think but often and seriously on Jesus Christ; and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith.

"*Secondly.* Consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those who persevere in the paths of virtue. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for such as love and serve him faithfully.' And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquillity. Could we but once attain to a strong and lively sense of spiritual things; could we often abstract our minds from corporeal objects, and fix them on heaven; we should not waver and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment: but the soul would be naturally aspiring toward a union with God, as the flame ascends; for he is alone the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions toward him.

"*Thirdly.* Meditate often and seriously on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity, of this present state of things. Alas! had we all that the most ambitious craving souls can desire; were we actually possessed of all the honour, wealth, strength, beauty, &c, that our car-

nal minds can fancy or delight in;—what would it signify if God should say unto us, *Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.* Look back upon your past hours, and tell me which of them afford you the most pleasing prospect; whether those spent in play or vanity, or those few that were employed in the service of God? Have you not in your short experience often found Solomon's observations on the world very true? Has not a great part of your little life proved, on reflection, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on a death bed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life; and made large promises of amendment if it would have pleased God to have spared them: but none that ever lived, or died, repented of a course of piety and virtue. Then why should you not improve the experience of those who have gone before you, and your own also, to your advantage? And since it is past dispute that the ways of virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and that life is only short at best and uncertain, and that this little portion of time is all we have for working out our salvation; for as the tree falls, so it must lie; as death leaves us, judgment will certainly find us; have a good courage, eternity is at hand. Lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you; and run with patience and vigour the race which is set before you: and if at any time present objects should make so great an impression on your senses as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech him, that since he for our sake suffered himself to be under the state of temptation, he would please to succour you when you are tempted; and in his strength you will find yourself enabled to encounter your spiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through HIM who hath loved us.

"I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best: but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to very few to choose their company. Yet, lest the comparing yourself with others that are worse may be an occasion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well sometimes to entertain such thoughts as these:—

"Though I know my own birth and education, and am conscious of having had great advantages,—yet how little do I know of the circumstances of others? Perhaps their parents were vicious, or did not take early care of their minds, to instil the principles of virtue into their tender years, but suffered them to follow their own inclinations till it was too late to reclaim them. Am I sure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and strong impulses of the Holy Spirit, as I have had? Do they sin against as clear conviction as I do? Or are the vows of God upon them as upon me? Were they so solemnly devoted to him at their birth as I was? You have had the example of a father who served God from his youth; and though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet surely earnest prayers for many years, and some little good advice, have not been wanting.

"But if, after all, self-love should incline you to partiality in your own case, seriously consider your own many failings which the world

cannot take notice of, because they were so private; and if still, upon comparison, you seem better than others are, then ask yourself, Who is it that makes you to differ? and let God have all the praise, since of ourselves we can do nothing. It is he that worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and if at any time you have vainly ascribed the glory of any good performance to yourself, humble yourself for it before God, and give him the glory of his grace for the future.

"I am straitened for paper and time, therefore must conclude—God Almighty bless you, and preserve you from all evil. Adieu."

The next year, 1711, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford; where his diligence was exemplary, and his profiting great.

The anonymous author of his Life, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of his poems, 1743, says, "In both these places (Westminster and Oxford) by the sprightliness of his compositions, and his remarkable industry, he gained a reputation beyond most of his contemporaries, being thoroughly and critically skilled in the learned languages, and master of the *classics* to a degree of perfection perhaps not very common in this last mentioned society, so justly famous for polite learning." With these qualifications he was sent for, from the university, to officiate as one of the ushers in Westminster school; and soon after, under the direction of Bishop Atterbury, then dean of Westminster, entered into holy orders. His attachment to this unfortunate prelate (who by his continual opposition to Sir *Robert Walpole's* measures became obnoxious to the government; and was at last on *frivolous* pretences, whether true or false, banished for life) prevented his preferment in the Church. And it proceeded farther; for through this same attachment he was prevented from obtaining the vacant chair of under-master in Westminster school; for which he was eminently qualified by learning, judgment, habit, and experience, after he had officiated as head usher for about twenty years. It was denied him on the frivolous pretence, that he was a *married* man! This was to him a severe disappointment, as he fully expected the place. But though he quitted the school in disgust, he made a very pious use of this dispensation of Divine Providence, as may be seen by the following verses, written on this occasion, dated January 22, 1732, and which I believe have never been published.

Oppress'd, O Lord, in thee I trust,
To thee insulted flee:
Howe'er in *mortals* 'tis *unjust*,
'Tis *righteousness* in *thee*.

To God why should the *thankless* call
His blessings to repeat?
Why should the unthankful for the *small*,
Be trusted with the *great*.

To thee my soul for mercy flies,
And pardon seeks on high:
For earth, its mercy I despise,
And justice I defy.

Grant me, O Lord, with holier care,
And worthier thee, to live!
Forgive my foes, and let them dare
The injured to forgive.

Thy grace, in death's decisive hour,
Though undeserved, bestow!
O, then, on me thy mercy shower,
And welcome judgment now.

These verses fully express the disappointment, its injustice, and the feelings it produced. As he had reason to believe that the *ministry* was at the bottom of this transaction, we need not wonder at the severe epigrams with which he assailed the *Walpolian* administration.

We shall have occasion to refer to these afterward.

While at Oxford, he appears to have entered a good deal into Biblical criticism; and particularly into the controversy excited by Mr. *Whiston*, who, having laboured himself into the Socinian scheme, endeavoured by writing and publishing to support it to the uttermost of his power.

Mr. S. Wesley had written a discourse on the *larger epistle of Ignatius*. This epistle Mr. Whiston had attacked as interpolated by the *Athanasians;* and in his *Primitive Christianity Revived*, (4 vols. 8vo.,) had endeavoured not only to weaken the evidence of our Lord's divinity, but to inundate the Church with spurious writings which he wished to prove of equal authority with those of the New Testament, and necessary to complete the canon of the Christian revelation.

How these things affected the mind of Mr. Wesley may be seen in a letter sent to *Robert Nelson, Esq.*, author of the *Fasts and Festivals* of the English Church, dated Oxford, June 3d, 1713, when he had been about two years at the university. He says:—

"I hoped long ere this to have perfected, as well as I could, my *Dissertation on Ignatius*, and gotten it ready for the press, when I came to town this year. But I found myself disappointed; at first for some months by my affairs in the *East India House;* and since by my *charity hymns*, and other matters. I think I told you some time since, that I had laid materials together for a *second discourse* on that subject, directly against Mr. Whiston's objections to the shorter and genuine copy of *Ignatius;* whereas my former was chiefly against the *larger;* because I then thought, if that were proved interpolated, it would be readily granted that the other was the genuine. But having found, when Mr. *Whiston's* four volumes came out, that he had in the first of them laid together many objections against the *shorter epistles*, I set myself to consider them; and having now got Archbishop *Usher*, Bishop *Pearson*, and Dr. *Smith*, on that subject, and as carefully as I could perused them, I found that many of Mr. Whiston's objections were taken from *Daille*, a few from the writings of the *Socinians* and modern *Arians*, though most of them from his own observations. These latter being new, and having not appeared when Bishop *Pearson* and the others wrote, could not be taken notice of then; and being now published in the English language, may seduce some well meaning

persons, and persuade them that the true *Ignatius* was of the same opinion with the *Arians*, (whereas I am sure he was as far from it as light is from darkness,) and that the rather, because there has been no answer, that I know of, published to them, though they were printed in the year 1711. I know many are of opinion that it is best still to slight him, and take no notice of him. This, I confess, is the most easy way; but cannot tell whether it will be safe in respect to the common people, or will tend so much to the honour of our Church and nation. Of this however I am pretty confident, that I can prove all his objections, whether general or particular, against the *shorter copy*, to be notoriously false. Such as that, pp. 86, 87, *that the smaller so frequently calls Christ God;* which he says was done to serve the turn of the *Athanasians*, and cannot in reason be supposed to be an omission in the *larger*, but must be an interpolation in the *smaller;* whereas I find that the smaller calls him God but *fifteen* times, the *larger*, *eighteen;* and if we take in those to *Antioch*, and *Tarsus*, *twenty-two* times, for an obvious reason.

"Again, he says, p. 64, 'That serious exhortations to practical, especially domestic duties, are in the *larger* only, being to a surprising degree omitted in the *small*.' But I have collected above one hundred instances wherein these duties are most pressingly recommended in the *smaller*. But what he labours for most, is to prove that the first quotations in *Eusebius* and others of the ancients are agreeable to the *larger*, not the *smaller*. Whereas on my tracing and comparing them all, as far as I have had opportunity, I have found this assertion to be a palpable mistake, unless in one quotation from the *Chronicon Alexandrinum*, or *Paschale*. I would glady see *Montfaucon*, *Causa Marcelli*, St. Basil *contra Marcellum*, Observations on Pearson's *Vindiciæ*, and some good account of the Jewish *Sephiroth;* because I think the *Gnostics*, *Basilidians*, and *Valentinians*, borrowed many of their *Æons* from them, since they have the same names; and this might perhaps give farther light to the famous ΣΙΓΗ of *Ignatius;* for the clearing whereof Bishop *Pearson*, Dr. *Bull*, and *Grotius*, have so well laboured."

Mr. Wesley mentions two dissertations here which he had drawn up and at least made ready for publication on the authenticity of the *smaller*, and interpolations of the *larger* epistles attributed to Ignatius. Whether these were ever put to press, I have not been able to learn.

He speaks also of *charity hymns*, which I have not seen; and of his business at the *East India House*, which I suppose was in the affairs of his uncle, *Samuel Annesley*, who was then in the Company's service at *Suratt*, as we have already seen in the short memoir of his life.

If Mr. Wesley had any *patron*, it was Dr. Francis *Atterbury*, dean of Westminster, and *bishop of Rochester;* who succeeded Doctor Thomas Sprat in that see, in the year 1713. The disgrace of this prelate blasted all Mr. Wesley's prospects of preferment in the Church. His history is so nearly connected with that of Mr. Wesley as to render it necessary to say a few words of a man whose quarrel with the ministry led to his own banishment, and agitated the whole nation.

Bishop Atterbury was a very high Churchman; he was prolocutor in the upper house of convocation, and determined in the support of the highest privileges of his order. During the rebellion in Scotland, when the pretender's declaration was dispersed in England, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops in and near London, published "A declaration of their abhorrence of the rebellion; and an exhortation to be zealous in the discharge of their duties to King George." This Bishop Atterbury refused to sign, because of certain reflections cast on the high Church party in it. This, together with his general opposition to the measures of ministry, served to lay him under suspicion. In August, 1722, he was apprehended under an accusation of being concerned in a plot in favour of the pretender, and committed to the tower. A paper which one of the messengers who arrested him pretended to have found concealed in the bishop's premises, and which the bishop protested against as being *forged*, was the principal evidence against him. On the 23d March, 1723, a bill was brought into the house of commons, "for inflicting certain pains and penalties on Francis, lord bishop of Rochester." As he reserved his opposition to the bill till it should come before the upper house, of which he was a member, it easily passed the commons; and on the 9th of April it was sent up to the house of lords, and on May the 11th he was permitted to *plead for himself*. This he did in a masterly speech, in which he demonstrated the utter improbability and falsity of the accusation. It was in vain. The *king* did not like him, and the *ministry* were determined on his downfall: he was therefore condemned; for the bill was passed on the 16th by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three. On the 27th the king confirmed it; and on the 18th of June he was put on board of the *Aldborough* man of war, and conveyed to Calais under the sentence of perpetual banishment. He went afterward to Paris, where he was obliged to live *very privately*, no Englishman being permitted to associate or converse with him without a special license from the secretary of state, the fees of whose office were oppressively high! He died at Paris, February 15, 1732; and his body was brought over to England on May 12th following, and interred in Westminster abbey.

Thus Mr. Wesley lost his chief friend and patron; whose cause, because he considered it the cause of truth, he continued invariably to support and vindicate, though he was satisfied from the complexion of the times, that this would be an insuperable bar to his promotion.

The following extracts of letters from the bishop during his exile will show in what light he was viewed by his patron, now no longer able to do him service. They were occasioned by that fine poem which Mr. Wesley wrote and printed in his collection, on the death of *Mrs. Morice*, his lordship's daughter:—

"*April* 24, 1730.

"I have received a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for—your Elegy upon the Death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help, an impulse upon me to thank you under my own hand, the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear

you, for this good deed and good work.—As a poet and as a man I thank you, I esteem you."

"*Paris*, *May* 27, 1730.

"I am obliged to Wesley for what he has written on my dear child; and take it the more kindly, because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him. Though if ever I am, I will; for he has shown an invariable regard for me all along, in all circumstances; and much more than some of his acquaintances, who had ten times greater obligations."

"*Paris*, *June* 30, 1730.

"The verses you sent me touched me very nearly; and the *Latin* in the front of them as much as the English that followed.*

"There are a great many good lines in them; and they are writ with as much *affection* as *poetry*. They came from the *heart* of the author, and he has a share of mine in return; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it."

This was no mean praise from so great a man, and so good a judge. The reflection made by the anonymous author of a Sketch of his Life, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of his poems, is worthy to be preserved here.

"It may be thought, (says he,) and perhaps truly enough, that his attachment to this great unfortunate prelate hindered him from rising higher in the world: but as it was what he always gloried in; so, it is obvious to remark, that it would be for the credit of human nature, if such examples were more frequent; and that *great men* did oftener find upon the vicissitudes of fortune such firmness and fidelity from those they had obliged."

Mrs. *Morice*, on whom this elegy was written, was so affected at her father's troubles and disgrace, that she sunk into a lingering disorder, from which she never recovered. As she found her end approaching, she earnestly desired to be taken to France, to have one interview with her father before she died: she had her desire, and survived the interview only a few hours! The sorrowful tale is thus pathetically related by Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope:—

"The earnest desire (says he) of meeting one I dearly loved called me to *Montpelier*; where, after continuing *two months* under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to *Tholouse*; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not with great spirit and courage ventured all night up the *Garonne* to see me, which she had above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterward; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both; and such as on her part every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks

* ——— *Heu! nunc misero mihi demum*
Exilium infelix! nunc alte vulnus adactum.

of duty and love than she had done in all her lifetime, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all: a reflection on 'the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever.' Not many minutes after that, she laid her head on her pillow in a sleeping posture—

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion! and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none but those which *reason* and *religion* furnish me; and those I lay hold on as fast as I can. I hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it."

Mrs. *Morice* died in 1729; and it was supposed that her dissolution hastened that of her persecuted father. All the preceding circumstances are admirably wrought up in the elegy mentioned above.

When all things are considered, we need not wonder at the severity of the following epigrams, with which Mr. Wesley assailed Sir *Robert Walpole* and his friends:—

When patriots sent a bishop 'cross the seas,
They met to fix the pains and penalties:
While true blue blood-hounds on his *death* were bent,
Thy mercy, *Walpole*, voted *banishment!*
Or forced thy sov'reign's orders to perform,
Or, proud to *govern*, as to *raise* the *storm*.
Thy *goodness* shown in such a dangerous day,
He only who receiv'd it can repay:
Thou never justly recompens'd canst be,
Till banish'd *Francis* do the same for *thee*.

Tho' some would give *Sir Bob* no quarter,
But long to hang him in his garter;
Yet sure he will deserve to have
Such mercy as in power he gave:
Send him abroad to take his ease,
By act of *pains and penalties:*
But if he e'er comes here again,
Law, take thy course, and hang him then.

Four shillings in the pound we see
And well may rest contented,
Since war, *Bob* swore 't should never be,
Is happily prevented.

But he, now absolute become,
May plunder *every penny;*
Then blame him not for taking *some*,
But thank for leaving *any*.

Let H—— his treasure now confess,
Display'd to every eye:

'Twas base in H—— to sell a peace,
But great in Bob to buy.

Which most promotes Great Britain's gain
To all mankind is clear;
One sends our treasure 'cross the main,
One brings the foreign here.

But if 'tis fit to give rewards
Or punishments to either,
Why make them both together *lords*,
Or hang them both together.

At scribblers poor, who rail to eat,
Ye wags give over jeering;
Since gall'd by *Harry*, *Bob* the Great
Has stoop'd to pamphleteering.

Would not one champion on his side
For love or money venture?
Must knighthood's mirror, spite of pride,
So mean a combat enter?

To take the field his weakness shows,
Tho' well he could maintain it;
Since H—— no honour has to lose,
Pray how can Robin gain it?

Worthy each other are the two:
Halloo! Boys, fairly start ye;
Let those be hated worse than you
Whoever strive to part ye.

A steward once, the Scripture says,
When ordered his accounts to pass,
To gain his master's debtors o'er,
Cried, for a *hundred* write *fourscore*.

Near as he could Sir Robert, bent
To follow Gospel precedent,
When told a *hundred* late would do,
Cried, I beseech you, sir, take *two*.
In merit which should we prefer,
The *steward* or the *treasurer*?
Neither for justice car'd a fig:
Too proud to beg, too old to dig;
Both bountiful themselves have shown,
In things that never were their own:
But here a difference we must grant,
One *robb'd the rich* to keep off want;
T' other, vast treasures to secure,
Stole from the *public* and the *poor*.

Among the family papers a Latin ode has been found, with its translation, both by Mr. Wesley, and on the same subject. As I believe these have never been published, I shall insert them also:—

EPITAPHIUM VIVI.

Juxta quiescit, credite Posteri!
Contemptor auri, propositi tenax

Risûsque, vir severus, æquè
Dedecoris, Decorisque risor.

Quem nec Popelli nec Procerum favor
Perstrinxit unquam, quem neque percutit
Famæve mendacis susurrus,
Vel fremitus minitantis aulæ.

Curâ solutus, Rege beatior;
Motus per omnes invariabilis;
Amicus Harlæi cadentis,
W——i dominantis hostis.

ANNAM *parentem qui patriæ ratus,*
Semperque eandem, *semper amabilem;*
Solvebit extinctæ perennem,
Parva licet pia dona, laudem.

Non exulantis Præsidis immemor,
Qui lege latâ fugerat Angliam,
Ultraque fortunâ probati
Patris amans, et amatus illi.

Quos sprevit omnes, tutus ab hostibus,
Hic dormit infra, nec cineri nocet,
Seu Lector irridere malis
Seu tetricam caperare frontem.

S. WESLEY.

Englished by the Same.

A man who slighted gold, lies here;
True to his laughter and his aim;
Yet even in his mirth severe,
He laughed at glory and at shame.

Who counted vulgar favour light,
And smiles of lords; who held as sport
The whispers of defaming spite,
The thunder of a threatening court.

Stranger to care, than kings more blest,
Unmov'd however parties go;
A friend to *Harley* in distress,
To *Walpole*, when in power, a foe.

Who ANNE (her country's parent) thought
Still, lovely princess! *still the same;*
And praises to her ashes brought,
An humble off'ring to her fame.

Not mindless of the *prelate* great,
By statute sent across the main;
A father, tried in either state,
He loved, and was beloved again.

Safe from the foes he ne'er could fear,
Unhurt in dust he lays him down;
Whether you praise him with a sneer,
Or sourly blame him with a frown.

The fourth stanza relates to *Lines on the death of Queen Anne*, which will be found at the end of this memoir; and the fifth to Bishop Atterbury. Both copies are in Mr. Wesley's own handwriting, and undoubtedly of his own composing.

The *bishop* himself was not less severe on his persecutor, than his friend Mr. S. Wesley was. Witness the following lines *On Sir Robert Walpole, by Bishop Atterbury.*

Three Frenchmen, grateful in their way,
Sir Robert's glory would display.
Studious by *sister arts* to advance
The honour of a *friend to France;*
They consecrate to *Walpole's* fame
Picture, and verse, and anagram.
With *mottos* quaint the print they dress,
With *snakes*, with *rocks*, with *goddesses*,
Their lines beneath, the subject fit
As well for *quantity* as *wit.*
Thy glory, *Walpole*, thus enroll'd,
E'en *foes* delighted may behold.
For ever sacred be to THEE,
Such *sculpture* and such *poetry!*

"It is not a little to Mr. Wesley's honour that he was one of the projectors, and a careful and active promoter, of the *first infirmary* set up at *Westminster*, for the relief of the sick and needy, in the year 1719; and he had the satisfaction to see it greatly flourish from a very small beginning, and to propagate by its example, under the prudent management of other good persons, many pious establishments of the same kind in distant parts of the nation." (*Account of Mr. S. Wesley, by a Friend.*)

Among Mr. S. Wesley's letters I find one to his brother John, which contains some curious family matters; particularly respecting a project of the latter to draw the character of every branch of the family, the commencement of which he had submitted to his brother for his approbation. Whether this project was ever completed I cannot tell; or if so, whether the document exists; if it do, it is not in any place to which I have had access.

"*Dean's Yard, Nov.* 18, 1727.

"DEAR JACK,—I am obliged to you for the beginning of the portrait of our family; how I may judge when I see the whole, tho' I may guess nearly within myself, I cannot positively affirm to you. There is, I think, not above one particular in all the character which you have drawn at length that needs farther explanation;—when you say *you can bring ear-witnesses to attest*, whether that *attestation* relates only to—money sent—or to that bed. That bed too?—Jealousy naturally increases with age, of which I think one of the best uses we can make is, to guard against it betimes, before the habit grows strong.

"I hope your being in the country, as it is some inconvenience to you, so it will be a considerable help one way or other to friends at *Wroote*, else I shall be tempted to wish you at Oxford; as I heartily do my brother *Charles*, though it is too late to tell him so now, since he cannot possibly save this term, unless he be there already.

"You send me no account of your negotiation with the dean for his absence; but I don't blame you since you filled every corner of your own paper with much more important matters than any thing his lordship can say or do, even tho' Charles's studentship were to depend upon it, as I hope it will not.

"I hope I shall send a letter with your receipt and certificate this evening; and with orders once more to inquire of Mr. Tooke whether he has asked you leave to be absent the greater part of the quarter, or the whole, as it may happen.

"My wife and I join in love and duty; and beg my father's and mother's blessing. I would to God they were as easy in one another, and as little uneasy in their fortunes as *we* are! In that sense perhaps you may say I am, *Tydides melior patris;* tho' I believe there is scarce more work to be done at *Wroote* than here, tho' we have fewer debts to discharge. Next Christmas I hope to be as clear as I have hoped to be these seven years. Charles is, I think, in debt for a letter: but I don't desire he should imagine it discharged by setting his name in your letter, or interlining a word or two. I must conclude, because my paper is done, and company come in.

"I am your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. Wesley."

What all this letter relates to will be best seen by other parts of the general history.

Mr. Wesley being disappointed of the under-mastership at Westminster, to which he had every kind of title, we need not wonder that Dean's Yard could no longer have attractions for him. His health in it had been greatly impaired by a conscientious and rigorous fulfilment of his duties, and by his close and intense study: he was therefore the more easily persuaded to accept a situation in the country.

About the year 1732, there happened to be a vacancy in the head-mastership of the free school at Tiverton in Devonshire. Without any solicitation on his part, he was invited thither. He accepted it, and held the situation till his death.

This school was founded by Mr. *Peter Blundell*, (a clothier of that town,) in 1619; who handsomely endowed it for a *master* and *usher;* and gave two *fellowships* and two *scholarships* to *Sidney* college, *Cambridge*, and one *fellowship* and two *scholarships* to *Baliol* college, *Oxford*, for scholars here educated. The founder of this institution Mr. Wesley has commemorated in the following lines:—

ON MR. PETER BLUNDELL,

Founder of the Grammar School in Tiverton, Devon.

Famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Exempt from sordid and ambitious views,
Blest with the *art* to *gain*, and *heart* to *use*,
Not satisfied with life's poor span alone,
Blundell through ages sends his blessings down.
Since worth to raise, and learning to support
A patriarch's lifetime had appeared too short:

While letters gain esteem in wisdom's eyes,
Till justice is extinct, and mercy dies,
His alms perpetual not by time confined,
Last with the *world*, and end but with *mankind*.

In the year 1733, having solicited his brother John to stand godfather for one of Mrs. Wright's children, and receiving a refusal on the ground that it would be impossible for him to discharge the duties imposed on him in accepting that office, &c, he wrote again pressing the subject. From this letter I shall make the following extract, as it is highly characteristic of the man, and his summary mode of reasoning:—

"——— Your reasons for not standing for Hetty's child are good; and yet were they as good again, there is one against them that would make them good for nothing, *viz.* the child will hardly be christened at all, unless you and I stand. *E malis minimum.*

"The charge need not fright, for I'll lay down. Tell me as soon as you can your answer to this paragraph. Some in Johnson's hold the matter to be *indifferent*, and so excuse themselves. I'll find a *representative* for you as well *as pence*, if you do but give me my commission. Write soon. I am, dear J., your affectionate, &c,

"S. WESLEY.

"*June* 21, 1733."

As the affairs of *Georgia* are in a certain way connected with all the branches of the Wesley family, it will be necessary here to give some account of that settlement.

Georgia is the most southern of the United States of America; bounded on the east by the *Atlantic* ocean, on the south by the *Floridas*, on the west by the *Mississippi*, and on the north-east and north by *South Carolina* and *Tennessee*. The settlement of a colony there was first proposed in 1732, for the accommodation of poor people in Great Britain and Ireland, by several very humane and opulent men; and King George II. granted them letters patent June 9, 1732, for legally carrying into execution their benevolent design; and the place was called *Georgia* in honour of the British king. In November, 1732, one hundred and sixteen settlers embarked for that colony, under the superintendence of Mr. *James Oglethorpe*, who chose *Savannah* for the *place* of settlement, where he built a fort, &c. Three years afterward Mr. *Oglethorpe*, having returned to England, re-embarked with five hundred and seventy adventurers, among whom were one hundred and thirty *Highlanders*, and one hundred and seventy *Germans*.

As there was an intimacy between Mr. *Oglethorpe* and the *Wesley family*, he proposed to Mr. John Wesley to accompany him as *chaplain* to the colony, and missionary to the Indians; and he took Mr. Charles Wesley as his *secretary*. It was in company with part of the above adventurers that the two brothers, with Mr. *Oglethorpe*, embarked aboard the *Symmonds* at Gravesend, Oct. 14, 1735, and sailed for Georgia. See Mr. John Wesley's *Journal* for the full account.

While his brothers John and Charles were in *Georgia*, Mr. Samuel Wesley kept up with them an affectionate and instructive correspondence.

To *Charles*, who began to feel himself out of his place by being in *Frederica*, where he had some most grievous crosses to bear, of which he bitterly complained to his brother, as well as of that want of regeneration, of which he was now fully convinced, he wrote the following letter:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, Sept.* 21, 1736.

"DEAR CHARLES,—To make full amends for my not hearing from you at first, I have received four letters from you within this month, of each of which according to their dates. To that of *April* 8, *Frederica*, eight at night, I answer thus:—I own the will of God in your being in America, that is, the order of his providence: but I do not see that it was the will of God in another sense, as it is the rule of your action. Before I confess that, I must have a text either plainly or probably applied. You seem to be under severe trials; and I might with full as much justice, quote, *Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God*, as ever you could do, *He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.* It was God's will too that I should come hither;—how else am I here? For who hath resisted his will in that sense? I am in a *desert* as well as you, having no conversable creature but my wife, till my mother came last week; at which that I am no more grieved is perhaps my fault. Your fearing a cure of souls is no argument against your fitness for it, but the contrary. What 'indelible character' means, I do not thoroughly understand: but I plainly know what is said of him *who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back.* Your wishing yourself out of the reach of temptation is but wishing yourself in heaven.

"That you had lived eighteen years *without God* I either do not understand, or I absolutely deny. My wife loses none of your love, if repaying it in kind be putting it to the right use.

"To yours of *April* 28.—'You repent not of obedience to Divine Providence.' I hope not; and I hope I never persuaded you to disobedience. I am sure coming back to England will not be looking back from the plough, while you can exercise your ministry here. *Jack's* passions, if I know any thing of him, never were of the same kind as yours. I advised *him* to go—not *you*; nor will ever consent to your staying.

"Never spare unburthening yourself to me: why you should have waited even years for that purpose—Jack can tell.

"That 'sister *Emily* ever retracted her consent' she utterly denies, for she says she never *gave* it. By that I see I did no more than was absolutely necessary, when I used the strongest terms to express my meaning; lest I might have been brought in for being passive at least; though I never *would*, *should*, or *could*, have consented.

"I own I cannot rejoice in your affliction any more than in my own: it is not for the present joyous but grievous. God grant a happy end and meeting! I use a holiday, *St. Matthew's day*, to converse with you. Why may not the same man be both *publican* and *apostle!*

"However, if you can get hither, you may keep your *apostleship*, though not your *receipt of customs.*

"To yours of *May* 5.—I heartily wish you joy of the danger being over. I would send what you write for: but your next letter gives me hopes of your being here, before the cargo could come to you. *Allix* I had sent for to London, before your letters reached me. *Lawrence* I do not altogether approve of, but begin to doubt; though that should be no reason against my sending it. What the books are, P. 100, I comprehend not: but I suppose they are recommended in some P. 100 I have not seen; perhaps in a *journal* that was to come to me by a safe hand, but has never arrived at all. I wish you joy of *amor sceleratus habendi*. I can say little of *Phil*, but that she wants you. Br. *Hall's* is a black story. There was no great likelihood of his being a favourite with *me*: his tongue is too *smooth* for my *roughness*, and rather inclines me to suspect than believe. Indeed I little suspected the horrid truth: but finding him on the reserve, I thought he was something like *Rivington*, and feared me as a jester; which is a sure sign either of *guilt* on the one hand, or pride on the other. It is certainly true of that marriage; *it will not, and it cannot come to good*. He is now at a curacy in Wiltshire, near Marlbro'. I have no correspondence with Kez: I did design it after reading yours; but the hearing she is gone to live with *Patty* and her husband made me drop my design.

"Yours from *Savannah*, *May* 15, is your last and best letter, because it brings news that you design to come back as soon as you can. The sooner the better, say I; for I know Mr. O. will not leave the place, till he thinks it for the public good so to do.

"*September* 28. So long have I been forced to stay for time to transcribe, (most wretched work,) and to go on, which is pleasant enough. I have had a sort of a *ship journal of Jack's*, ending at his being upon the coast; but have had nothing of that kind since his landing. Glad shall I be of a full and authentic account, which I begin to perceive I shall hardly have till I see you.

"If Jack will continue Kezzy's allowance, should she come hither, she might pay me for her board, which I cannot afford to *give* her, be a great comfort to her mother, and avoid the hazard of strong temptations either to discontent on the one hand, or what is much worse on the other. If this comes to your hand before you sail for England, I wish you would bring Jack's resolution upon that point: but except he will engage to continue the stipend, I must not take her in; for I can do no more than I can do. Supposing that he intends to spend his life in India, which seems most probable,—why or wherefore should he refuse the *fifty pounds?* If *he* is not poor,—does he know none that is? There appears much more danger of *pride* in refusing it, than there can be of *avarice* in accepting so small a sum.

"*Michaelmas day.* This *third* time I am come to go on with my writing; but must be somewhat shorter than my paper would admit, because of going to church. My mother sends her love and blessing to you and Jack; and bids me to tell you she hopes to see you again in England, without any danger of a second separation.

"My wife and I join in love; and *Phil*, according to her years, in duty. I heartily pray God to prosper you in public and private where you are; and to give you a safe voyage back, and a long and happy

abode here! I am, dear Charles, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"*Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon,*
"*September* 29, 1736.

"My hearty love and service to Mrs. O——."

Mr. *Charles Wesley*, according to the purpose referred to in the preceding letter, sailed from *Boston*, October 25, 1736, and landed at Deal on the 31st of December following. His brother *John* continued about a year longer; he arrived in England January 30, 1738. Being both fervent in spirit, they on their return powerfully proclaimed repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and strongly insisted on the necessity of *being born again*, and of having *the witness of God's Spirit* with theirs, that they were thus born of God. At first, all the churches in London were open to them; and the people flocked together to see and hear two weather-beaten missionaries, whose skin appeared as if tanned by their continual exposure to the suns and winds of summer and winter on the continent of America. God attended their preaching with the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Multitudes were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and many obtained that faith in Christ by which the *guilt of sin* was removed, and the *fear of death* taken away; and had the *Spirit of God* witnessing with theirs that they were the sons and daughters of God Almighty. The crowds that attended the churches where they preached were so great that the clergy thought it proper to refuse them any farther use of their pulpits; and hence, being turned out of these, they went to the *highways* and *hedges* to compel sinners to come to the marriage feast. For as they had sufficiently learned that nothing but the Gospel could be the power of God unto salvation to them that believe, they boldly and zealously proclaimed Christ crucified wherever they found a crowd of sinners; using *extempore prayer*, and *preaching without notes*. This seemed a *new thing* in the earth; and while multitudes were awakened and turned to God, several who did not think that such extraordinary exertions were necessary, ridiculed their zeal; and others who imagined God could not give his approbation to any kind of spiritual service that was not performed *within the walls of a church*, became greatly offended: and it is a fact that not a few opposed and blasphemed.

Their eldest brother, *Mr. Samuel Wesley*, who was a very high Churchman, considered their conduct as little less than a profanation of the Christian ministry; and as both the doctrines they preached, and their mode of acting, were grossly misrepresented to him, he conceived a violent prejudice against their proceedings, and went too far with their detractors in condemning them unheard.

Mr. Samuel Wesley, though a man of sound judgment and prudence, was too apt to conceive prejudice against any thing that appeared contrary to his notions of the *orthodox* faith, and any Churchman who in the slightest degree varied from establishing ecclesiastical order. On

these grounds the conduct of his brothers was beheld by him with a jealous eye; and his mind at last became evil affected toward them by the ridiculous tales that some of his correspondents had been industrious to glean up; and especially by those of a *Mrs. Hutton*, at whose house Mr. Charles Wesley, and afterward Mr. John, lodged after their return from Georgia.

By this lady's information, who was both weak and unawakened, having no knowledge whatever of experimental religion, he was led to consider his brothers full as erroneous in their doctrines as they were singular and irregular in their ministerial conduct; and in short, *on her authority*, to set down his brother John as a *lunatic* or *madman!*

Many letters passed between these two brothers in consequence of the letters of Mrs. Hutton; and as a good part of this correspondence has been published by the late Dr. *Priestley*, who, by some means not well accounted for, got possession of these family documents, on some parts of which, in his *Address to the Methodists*, he has made very exceptionable comments, I judge it necessary to lay the whole before the reader, supplying the deficiencies in Dr. *Priestley's* publication from documents in my own possession.

The points to which Mr. Samuel Wesley chiefly objected, were, the powerful effects produced under his brother's preaching, the sudden convictions and instantaneous conversions, together with the professions of those who were thus converted, that *they knew they were pardoned*, having *a clear evidence from the Holy Spirit in their own minds that they were passed from death to life.* This experience he held to be utterly impossible; and all who professed to have it passed with him as *hypocrites*, *enthusiasts*, *fanatics*, *shallow-pates* and *madmen.* Even his own brothers fell under this general censure. Added to this, Mr. Samuel found it difficult to believe that a regular performance of moral duties, attending the ministry of the Church, and duly receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, were not the *conditions of our acceptance with God.* On some of these points he certainly had not a distinct and clear view of some of the most important doctrines of his own Church. At the time of the controversy with his brother John he most assuredly had not a Scriptural notion of the depth and extent of original corruption, of the necessity of the atonement, of *justification by faith*, nor of *the influences of the Holy Spirit* as exerted to convince the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and to enlighten, quicken, sanctify, and seal, the souls of believers. All this is so evident from his letters, that there is no room left for the necessity of conjecture or surmise.

He did not like the *singularity* of his brothers' conduct when in Oxford, before they went to America; and still less their doctrines, and mode of proceeding, after their return. On all these subjects he expresses his mind in the following controversy with little ceremony; and often with a magisterial severity that savoured too much of intolerant principles, of the character of the schoolmaster, and the austerity of the *elder brother.* But we should make some allowance for the high notions of *Church authority* and *prerogative* in which he was educated. Beside, he was *eleven* years older than the eldest of his two brothers,

concerned in this correspondence, and he did not like to be taught the first principles of religion by his juniors.

Mrs. Hutton's first letter is the following :—

"*June* 6, 1738.

"DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised to see a letter from me : but Mr. Hutton and I are really under a very great concern, and know not whom to apply to if you cannot help us. After you left London, and your brothers had lost the conveniency of your house, believing them good and pious Christians, we invited them to make the same use of ours, and thought such an offer would not be unacceptable to God or to them, which they received with signs of friendship, and took up with such accommodations as our house could afford, from time to time, as they had occasion. Mr. Charles, at his arrival in England, was received and treated with such tenderness and love as he could have been in your house ;—Mr. John the same ;—and as occasion has offered, at different times, ten or twelve of their friends. But your brother John seems to be turned a wild enthusiast, or fanatic ; and to our very great affliction is drawing our two children into these wild notions, by their great opinion of Mr. John's sanctity and judgment. It would be a great charity to many other honest, well meaning, simple souls, as well as to my children, if you could either *confine* or *convert* Mr. John when he is with you ; for after his behaviour on Sunday the 28th of May, when you hear it, you will think him not *a quite right man.*

"Without ever acquainting Mr. Hutton with any of his notions or designs, when Mr. Hutton had ended a sermon of Bishop Blackhall's, which he had been reading in his study to a great number of people, Mr. John got up and told the people that five days before he was not a Christian, and this he was as well assured of as that five days before he was not in that room ; and the way for them all to be Christians was to believe and own that they were not now Christians. Mr. Hutton was much surprised at this unexpected injudicious speech : but only said, *Have a care, Mr. Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments.* I not being in the study when this speech was made, had heard nothing of it when he came into the parlour to supper ; where were my two children, two or three of his deluded followers, two or three ladies who board with me, my niece, and two or three gentlemen of Mr. John's acquaintance, though not got into his new notions. He made the same wild speech again ; to which I made answer,—'*If you was not a Christian ever since I knew you, you was a great hypocrite ; for you made us all believe you was one.*' He said, 'When we had renounced every thing but faith, and then got into Christ, then, and not till then, had we any reason to believe we were *Christians ;* and when we had so got Christ, we might keep him, and so be kept from sin.'

"Mr. Hutton said, 'If faith only was necessary to save us, why did our Lord give us that divine sermon ?' Mr. John said, '*That was the letter that killeth.*' '*Hold,*' says Mr. Hutton, '*you seem not to know what you say ; are our Lord's words the letter that killeth ?*' Mr. John said, '*If we had no faith.*' Mr. Hutton replied, '*I did not ask you how*

we should receive it? but why our Lord gave it, as also the account of the judgment in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, if works are not what he expects, but faith only?'

"Now it is a most melancholy thing to have not only our two children, but many others, to disregard all teaching, but by such a spirit as comes to some in dreams, to others in such visions as will surprise you to hear of. If there cannot be some stop put to this, and unless he can be taught true humility, the mischief he will do wherever he goes among the ignorant but well meaning Christians will be very great.

"Mr. Charles went from my son's where he lay ill for some time; and would not come to our house, where I offered him the choice of two of my best rooms; but he would accept of neither, but chose to go to a poor brazier's in *Little Britain*, that that brazier might help him forward in his conversion, which was completed on May 22, as his brother John was praying. Mr. John was converted, or I know not what, or how, but made a Christian, May 25. A woman had beside a previous dream: a ball of fire fell upon her and burst, and fired her soul. Another young man, when he was in St. Dunston's Church, just as he was going to receive the sacrament, had God the Father come to him, but did not stay with him: but God the Son did stay, who came with him holding his cross in his hands.

"I cannot understand the use of these relations: but if you doubt the truth, or your brother denies them, I can produce undeniable proofs of the relation of such facts from the persons who related the facts, that they had received such appearances.

"Mr. John has abridged the life of one *Haliburton*, a Presbyterian teacher in Scotland. My son had designed to print it, to show the experiences of that holy man, of indwelling, &c. Mr. Hutton and I have forbid our son being concerned in handing such books into the world: but if your brother John or Charles think it will tend to promote God's glory, *they will soon convince my son God's glory is to be preferred to his parents' commands.* Then you will see what I never expected, my son promoting *rank fanaticism.*

"If you can, dear sir, put a stop to such madness, which will be a work worthy of you, a singular charity, and very much oblige

"Your sincere and affectionate servant,

"E. HUTTON.

"To the Rev. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon."

Such were the *reports* and the *reporters* on which Mr. S. Wesley founded some of his most solemn objections to the *doctrines* and *conduct* of his brothers! *Prejudice* and *bigotry* alone could have recourse to such evidence in a case like this.

Mrs. Hutton most evidently knew little of the way of salvation. She had heard some idle tales which she received as truth; and she had heard true accounts, which, through her total ignorance of the work of God in the soul of man, she continually misrepresents.

Were it not for her ignorance, the serious reader must consider her

as designedly sitting in the *seat of the scorner*, or wilfully uttering blasphemies.

To write a critique on her letter would be useless: it shows itself what it is. Mr. John Wesley, it appears, told them that "they must repent of their sins, and come to Christ crucified, not to their *miserable works* and *obedience*, for the remission of sins; and that redemption in his blood was to be received by *faith*; and that a conformity in their way to our Lord's sermon on the mount, could not atone for sin that was past, or reconcile them to the offended justice of a holy God."

This, though the doctrine of their Church, was to them a *strange doctrine*; for it seems it was not there duly inculcated. Of experimental religion they knew nothing; did not understand its language; and as far as they could, turned it into ridicule.

Under the ministry of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, their children were convinced that they were sinners, and were flying to lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel; and this the poor parents thought to be fanaticism and madness!

The truly rational, Scriptural, and deeply impressive experience of Mr. *Haliburton* was, with Mrs. Hutton, *rank fanaticism*; and she was overwhelmed with distress because her children were likely to be made partakers of the same grace!

This one circumstance is sufficient to show in what state Mrs. Hutton was; and how utterly incapable she was of judging rightly in matters pertaining to vital religion.

That Mr. Samuel Wesley, a man of learning and of a sound judgment, could have entertained such representations; that he could not see, in this tissue of misrepresentations and *confusion*, the violent prejudice, and total ignorance of his correspondent, is strange indeed! That he should have given her a *serious answer* in matters in which the honour and character of his brothers were concerned, whom he knew to be men of common sense and deep piety, is yet more strange! But he was himself at that time prejudiced and highly bigoted: and prejudice has neither eyes nor ears. I shall subjoin his answer:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, June* 17, 1738.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am sufficiently sensible of yours and Mr. Hutton's kindness to my brothers, and shall always acknowledge it; and cannot blame you either for your concern, or writing to me about it.

"Falling into enthusiasm, is being lost with a witness; and if you are troubled for *two of your children*, you may be sure I am so for *two* whom I may in some sense call *mine*; who, if once turned that way, will do a world of mischief, much more than even otherwise they would have done good; since men are much easier to be led *into* evil, than *from* it.

"What Jack means by 'not being a Christian till last month' I understand not. Had he never been in *covenant* with God? Then, as Mr. Hutton observed, *baptism was nothing*. Had he *totally apostatized* from it? I dare say not; *and yet he must be either unbaptized, or an apostate, to make his words true.* Perhaps it might come into his

crown that he was in a state of *mortal sin*, unrepented of; and had long lived in such a course. This I do not believe; however he must answer for himself. But where is the sense of requiring every body else to confess that of themselves in order to commence Christians? Must they confess it, whether it be so or no? *Beside a sinful course is not an abolition of the covenant*, for that very reason because it is a *breach* of it. If it *were* not, it would not be broken.

"*Renouncing every thing but faith* may be every evil, as the world, the flesh, and the devil: this is a very orthodox sense, but no great discovery. It may mean *rejecting all merit of our own good works.* What *Protestant* does not do so? Even *Bellarmin*, on his death bed, is said to have renounced all merits but those of Christ. If this renouncing regards good works in any other sense, as being unnecessary or the like, it is wretchedly wicked; and to call our Saviour's words *the letter that killeth* is no less than blasphemy against the Son of man. *It is mere Quakerism, making the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within.*

"When *the ball of fire fired the woman's soul* (an odd sort of fire that) what reference had it to my two brothers? Was the youth that had the *Father come to him*, told any thing about *then?* Did he see any thing, or only hear a voice? What were the words, if any? *I suppose he will take shelter in their being unspeakable.* In short, this looks like *downright madness. I do not hold it at all unlikely that perpetual intenseness of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother.* I have been told that the Quakers' *introversion of thought has ended in madness. It is a studious stopping of every thought as fast as it arises, in order to receive the Spirit.* I wish the *canting fellows* had never had any followers among us, who talk of *indwellings, experiences, getting into Christ*, &c, &c. As I remember *assurances* used to make a great noise, which were carried to such a height, that (as far as nonsense can be understood) they rose to *fruition*, in utter defiance of Christian *hope*, since the question is unanswerable, *What a man hath why doth he yet hope for?* But I will believe none without a *miracle*, who shall pretend to be wrapped up into the third heaven.

"I hope your son does not think it as plainly revealed that he shall *print an enthusiastic book*, as it is that he shall *obey his father and his mother.* Suppose it were never so excellent,—can that supersede your authority? God deliver us from visions that make the law of God vain.

"I pleased myself with the expectation of seeing Jack: but that is now over, and I am afraid of it. I know not where to direct to him, or where he is. Charles I will write to as soon as I can, and shall be glad to hear from *you* in the mean time.

"*I heartily pray God to stop the progress of this lunacy.*

"We join in service. I am, dear madam, your sincere and affectionate friend and servant, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"To Mrs. Hutton, College-street, Westminster."

I am truly sorry to be obliged to notice these letters; and had passed them by in silence, had they not been *twice* officiously obtruded

on the attention of the public by men more eminent for various other excellencies than for *candour;* and used as means and arguments to discredit Mr. Wesley, and that great work of pure and undefiled religion which he was the means in the hands of God of diffusing throughout these lands.

Mr. Samuel Wesley seems to take almost every thing for *granted* that this very silly and prejudiced woman related to him, from words ill understood which she had heard, and miserable fabrications of misrepresented facts, of which she says, "I can produce undeniable *proofs* of the *relation* of such facts from *the persons who related the facts*, that they had *received such appearances!*" That is, she can bring proofs that the facts were related by the persons who related them! But honest truth dwells not in such *confusion*, nor veils itself with such *disguises.*

I need not say what Mr. Samuel Wesley's duty was when he heard such tales against his excellent brothers:—men who were not at all inferior to himself in learning; who were at least his equals in judgment; and for the depth of whose piety he himself could vouch. He tells, however, some sad truths in his answer relative to himself. In unqualified terms a man is with him a Christian if he be baptized! He is in *the covenant of God*, which even a *course of sin cannot annul*, though *a life* of that kind may be a *breach* of it! and that he must have *entirely apostatized*, that is, *abjured Christianity* and *blasphemed Christ*, (for that is what is implied in total *apostasy*,) or have never *been baptized*, in order not to be a Christian. With him water baptism, and *regeneration by the Holy Spirit*, are the same thing; an old and pernicious error, which is deceiving thousands even in the present day. As to his *distinction* between *mortal sin*, and what is its opposite, though unmentioned, *venial sin*, we know from what school it was derived.

At this time Mr. S. Wesley most undoubtedly knew not the doctrine of *faith* as laid down in the *Articles* and *Homilies* of the Church: and he in his zeal against *assurance*, of which he had a very inaccurate and confused idea, confounds the *hope* of everlasting life, with the *hope* or *expectation of the present favour and approbation of God*, the consequence of being justified by faith!

The illiberal reflections on the *Quakers* were not called for. It is *not true* that they *make the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within;* nor, that their *introversion of thought*, (what they call their *silent waiting upon God,*) *ends in madness.*

To conclude, taking it for granted from this *Huttonian* information, that both his brothers were *run mad*, he finishes with piously *praying God* to stop the progress of this lunacy! What a revolution of *credulity* in a person so difficult to be persuaded to believe any thing of which he could not have the most palpable evidence.

Mrs. Hutton is now encouraged to proceed with her gleanings; and in the next letter exceeds her former self.

"*June* 20, 1738.

"Dear Sir,—I return you thanks for so obligingly answering my letter, for which I ought to beg your pardon, since I am sensible what

I have related must afflict *you*, though it might not be in your power to lessen my affliction. For how can I expect more regard will be had to a *brother* than is had to *parents?* Though in reality your *brothers* are much more obligated to *you* than many *children* are to their *parents;* you doing for them as a most kind and judicious parent, when you had not the same obligation. I was in hopes mine to you would have met your brother John at Tiverton, where he said he was going. If so, he could have explained to you the meaning of the two visions I sent you word of.

"Every one of his converts are directed to get *an assurance of their sins being all pardoned*, and *they sure of their salvation*, which brings all joy and peace. And this is given them in an *instant*, so that every person so converted is able to describe the *manner* and *time* when they get it, as they call it. Your brother John writ his reflections on Mr. *Hervey's* paper, in these words:—'Remission of sins, and peace with God.—The life of God or love in our souls.—The evidence of our weakness, and the power of Christ.'

"My son felt it on the 25th of *April* at the blessed sacrament, as the minister said, *The body of our Lord Jesus Christ*, &c. Your brother *Charles* felt it at Mr. *Bray's* as your brother John was praying for it for him on the 22nd of *May*. Your brother *John* felt it on the 25th of *May*, just as he awaked.

"These things they make no secrets; for good Mr. *Baldwin* told me he heard your brother *Charles* give a relation of a young man at Oxford, who had lived, as he himself thought, a very good and pious life: but he was first convinced it was nothing, before he could get *this faith;* upon which he threw himself upon his face, upon his chamber floor, and lay so (I suppose praying) an hour or two, and then rose up with great joy and peace of mind.

"This affected Mr. *Baldwin* so much, that the next opportunity he had to talk with my son, he put into his hands a *sermon* of Bishop *Bull's* upon the subject of the assistance we may expect from the Holy Spirit. But all authors and writings but the *Bible* are rejected; and every man, if he will practise what he knows, shall have all the light necessary for himself, taught him from God.

"They are, I think, aiming at something more; for my son told me that a woman, who is a *Dissenter*, had three years and more, as she fancied, been under the seal of *reprobation;* and upon her coming to Mr. Bray's, where your brother Charles, Mr. Bray, and my son, were praying for her, though she went home in the same melancholy, yet in an hour after she sent them word that she was delivered from the power of Satan, and desired them to return public thanks for the same in her behalf. I heard a poor simple *barber*, whose name is *Wolfe*, relate such a dream that a *blacksmith* had, as a sign of his being just getting into Christ, and *of his own power*, as put me beyond patience. My poor son lay ill of a fever at the same time, with such a number of these fancied *saints* about him, that I expected nothing but his weak brain would be quite turned. I think it is not far from it, that he will not give any, the most pious or judicious author his father recommends, a reading.

"Now your brother John is gone, who is my son's *pope*, it may please God, if *you* give yourself the trouble to try, he may hear some reason from you. If you could bring your brother *Charles* back, it would be a great step toward the reconversion of my poor son. Your two brothers are men of great parts and learning; my son is good-humoured, and very undesigning, and sincerely honest, but of weak judgment; so fitted for any delusion. It would be the greatest charity you ever did, and your charity of all kinds is very extensive. If you can undeceive your brother *Charles* and my *son*, it would put a stop to this *wildfire*.

"I suppose you received a letter from your brother John that he came to London the 12th at night, set forward the 13th without seeing your brother Charles, to make a visit to Count *Zinzendorf*. I know he looks upon his fancies as directions from the Holy Spirit. What carried him to *Georgia* I know not: but I can prove he brought that notion with him to *Deal*, when he landed from *Georgia*; and had Mr. *Whitefield* believed it, he had not proceeded on his voyage; John had brought him back by the direction of the Spirit. We do nothing but pray for our children, and all others under this strange delusion; since arguments from us, which to others seem reasonable, have no effect upon them. I doubt not of your prayers upon the same occasion, and all other means your good judgment shall enable you to use.

"I have been thus long, to give you all the light I can into this affair, as a help toward your finding out a cure; being with the greatest value and respect for your *real*, not imaginary worth, your most sincere, humble servant, ELIZABETH HUTTON.

"To the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley,
at Tiverton, Devon."

Poor Mrs. Hutton appears sadly tried because her sons in the point in question relative to the *remission of sins* and the *witness of the Spirit*, will not receive the authority of Bishop *Blackwall*, *Bull*, and others; but that of the BIBLE *only!* Perhaps it will make the reader smile: but this brings to my recollection the case of the poor Roman Catholic woman, who having lost her *rosary*, cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! I have lost my *crucifix*, and now have nothing but *God Almighty* to trust to!"

That both the Mr. Wesleys professed to have received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins at the time specified by Mrs. Hutton is a fact which they not only never denied, but exulted in to the day of their death.

The letter in which Mr. John Wesley defended himself against the misrepresentations of Mrs. Hutton, and his brother's charges founded on them, I cannot find; it is most probably lost: but that such a letter was written is evident from his brother Samuel's allusions to it in a letter dated December 13th of this year, which shall shortly be introduced. But a letter before me of the 30th of October must be inserted here, as it contains Mr. J. Wesley's explanation at large of his own state, the *change* that had passed upon his soul, and what he believed relative to such influences of God upon the hearts of men.

"*October* 30, 1738.

"DEAR BROTHER,—That you will always receive kindly what is so intended I doubt not. Therefore I again recommend the character of *Susurrus*. O may God deliver both you and me from all bitterness and evil speaking, as well as from all *false doctrine, heresy, and schism!*

"1. With regard to my own character, and my doctrine likewise, I shall answer you very plainly. By a *Christian*, I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him; and in this obvious sense of the word, I was not a Christian till *May* 24th last past. For till then *sin had the dominion over me*, although I fought with it continually: but surely then, from that time to this, it hath not; such is the free grace of God in Christ! What sins they were which till then reigned over me, and from which by the grace of God I am now free, I am ready to declare on the house-top, if it may be for the glory of God.

"2. If you ask by *what means* I am made free, (though not perfect, neither infallibly sure of my perseverance,) I answer, by *faith* in Christ: by such a sort or degree of faith as I had not till that day. My want of this faith I knew long before, though not so clearly till Sunday, January 8th last, when being in the midst of the great deep, I wrote a few lines in the bitterness of my soul, some of which I have transcribed; and may the good God sanctify them both to you and me.

'By the most infallible of all proofs, *inward feeling*, I am convinced this day:

'1. Of *unbelief;* having no such faith in Christ as will prevent my heart from being troubled; which it could not be if I believed in God, and rightly believed also in him.

'2. Of *pride*, throughout my life past; inasmuch as I thought I had what I find I have not. Lord, save, or I perish! Save me,

'1st, By such a faith in thee and in thy Christ, as implies trust, confidence, peace in life and in death.

'2nd, By such humility as may fill my heart from this hour for ever with a piercing, uninterrupted sense, *Nihil est quod hactenus feci;* having evidently built without a foundation.

'3rd, By such a *recollection* as may cry to thee every moment, but more especially when all is *calm* (if it should so please thee) give me *faith* or I die! Give me a lowly spirit, otherwise, *Mihi non sit suave vivere.* Amen, come, Lord Jesus! Υἱὲ Δαβιδ, ἐλεησον μου.'

"Some measure of this faith which bringeth salvation, or victory over sin, and which implies *peace* and *trust* in *God through Christ*, I now enjoy through his free mercy, though in very deed it is in me but as a *grain of mustard seed;* for the πληροφορια πιστεως, the seal of the Spirit, the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and producing joy in the Holy Ghost,—joy which no man taketh away,—joy unspeakable and full of glory; this *witness of the Spirit* I have not, but I patiently wait for it. I know many who have already received it; more than *one* or *two* in the very hour we were praying for it. And having seen and spoken with a *cloud of witnesses abroad*, as well as in my own country, I cannot doubt that believers who wait and pray for it, will find these scriptures fulfilled in themselves. My hope is, that they will be fulfilled in me.

I build upon Christ the Rock of ages, on his sure mercies described in his word, and on his promises, all which I know are yea and amen.

"Those who have not yet received joy in the Holy Ghost, the love of God, and the *plerophory* of faith, (any or all of which I take to be *the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God*,) I believe to be Christians in that imperfect sense, wherein I call myself such; and I exhort them to pray that God would give them also *to rejoice in hope of the glory of God*, and to feel *his love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto them.*

"On *men* I build not; neither on *Matilda Chipman's* word, whom I have not talked with *five minutes* in my life; nor on any thing peculiar in the weak, well meant relation of *William Herbery*, who yet is a serious, humble-acting Christian. But have you been believing on *these? Yes:* I find them more or less in almost every letter you have written on the subject. Yet were all that has been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' to be fairly proposed in syllogisms, I believe it would prove not a jot more on one than on the other side of the question.

"O brother, would to God you would leave disputing of the things which you know not, (if indeed you know them not,) and beg of God to fill up what is yet wanting in you. Why should not *you* also seek till you receive that peace of God which passeth all understanding? Who shall hinder *you*, notwithstanding the manifold temptations, to rejoice with joy unspeakable, by reason of glory? Amen, Lord Jesus! May you, and all who are near of kin to you, (if you have it not already,) feel his love shed abroad in your hearts by his Spirit which dwelleth in you; and be sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of your inheritance.

"I am yours and my sister's most affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"To the Rev. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon."

To this admirable letter Mr. Samuel thus answered:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, Nov.* 15, 1738.

"DEAR JACK,—I have many remarks to make on your letter: but do not care to fight in the dark, or run my head against a stone wall.

"You need fear no controversy with me, unless you think it worth while to remove these *three* doubts:—

"1. Whether you will own or disown, in terms, the necessity of a sensible information from God of pardon? If you disown it, the matter is over as to you; if you own it, then,—

"2. Whether you will not think me distracted to oppose you with the most infallible of all proofs, *inward feeling* in yourself, and *positive evidence* in your friends, while I myself produce neither?

"3. Whether you will release me from the horns of your dilemma, that I must either talk without knowledge like a *fool*, or against it like a *knave?* I conceive neither part strikes. For a man may reasonably argue against what he never felt, and may honestly deny what *he* has felt to be necessary to others.

"You *build nothing on tales.* But I do. I see what is manifestly built upon them: if *you* disclaim it, and warn poor *shallow pates* of their folly and danger, so much the better. They are counted *signs* or *tokens*, *means* or *conveyances*, *proofs* or *evidences*, of the *sensible information*, &c, calculated to turn *fools* into *madmen*; and put them, without a jest, into the condition of *Oliver's Pastor.*

"When I hear *visions*, &c, reproved, discouraged, and ceased among the new brotherhood, I shall then say no more of them: but till then I will use my utmost strength that God shall give me to expose these bad branches of a bad root: and thus—

"Such doctrine as encourages and abets *spiritual fire balls, apparitions of the Father*, &c, &c, is delusive and dangerous. But the *sensible necessary information*, &c, is such; *ergo*,—

"I mention not this to enter into any dispute with you, for you seem to disapprove, though not expressly disclaim: but to convince you I am not out of my way, though encountering of windmills. I will do my best to make folks wiser.

"I will borrow from our Litany a prayer you will join in.

"'That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand; to comfort and help the weak-hearted; to raise up those that fall; and, finally, to beat down Satan under our feet!——*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*'

"My wife joins with love; we are all pretty well.

"I am, dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley."

I was about to make some severe strictures on this letter, because it is exceedingly *disingenuous*; and because it has been urged by some of the enemies of Mr. J. Wesley and Methodism as a *triumph* over their doctrine of *assurance*, &c. But on having recourse to *Dr. Whitehead*, who inserts a part of this letter, I adopt his reflections on it, which are full in point.

"This letter appears to me *full of fallacy.* To give one instance:—Mr. John Wesley had said, *the witness of the Spirit* was the common privilege of believers; that he considered *joy in the Holy Ghost* the *love of God*, and the *plerophory* of faith, as *the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God;* that the whole of what had been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' could not in his opinion either prove or disprove the point in question between them; that is, visions, dreams, and balls of fire, were totally foreign to *the witness of the Spirit* for which he was contending. But his brother *Samuel changes* the term *witness*, and *substitutes* for it *sensible information;* by which he means something visible to the sight, or existing in the fancy; and then indeed visions, &c, were connected with the question; and he reasons on this supposition. But this was a mere *sophism*, of which Mr. J. Wesley would probably have taken notice had he been writing to a stranger, or had he foreseen that any one would print the letters after his death."—The doctor refers here to the publication of *the original Letters of the Wesley Family*, by Dr. *Priestly.*

To the foregoing letter Mr. J. Wesley replied thus:—

"*Nov.* 30, 1738.

"——— I believe every Christian who has not yet received it should pray for *the witness of God's Spirit with his spirit that he is a child of God.* In being a child of God, the pardon of his sins is included; therefore I believe the Spirit of God will witness this also. That this witness is *from God* the very terms imply; and this witness I believe is necessary for my salvation. How far invincible ignorance may excuse *others* I know not. But this you say is delusive and dangerous, because it encourages and abets idle visions and dreams. It *encourages*:—true; *accidentally* but not *essentially.* And that it does this *accidentally*, or that weak minds may pervert it to an idle use, is no objection against it; for so they may pervert every truth in the oracles of God; more especially that dangerous doctrine of *Joel*, cited by St. Peter, *It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.* Such visions indeed as you mention are given up;—does it follow that visions and dreams in general 'are bad branches of a bad root?' God forbid. This would prove more than you desire."

Mr. Samuel Wesley returns once more with objections raised on nearly the same grounds; *changing the terms* of the question in debate, and arguing on these changes.

"*Dec.* 13, 1738.

"Dear Jack,—You own abundantly enough to clear Mrs. Hutton from any misrepresentations as to *you*, and *me* from any misunderstanding her. I was but too right in my judgment.

"1. You was not a *Christian* before *May* 24: but are *so now*, in a sense of the word you call *obvious;* which was so far from it, that it astonished all who heard you then, and which I deny to be so much as *true.*

"2. You hold the witness of the Spirit, *a clear information of adoption*, whereof pardon is a part, to be absolutely necessary to *your salvation*, and that of others, unless *excused by invincible ignorance.* Enough! Enough! Yet,

"3. You apply *Joel* amazingly, though you give up *such* visions as I speak of, yet not allowing me to call *such* 'bad branches of a bad root.' That I may not be guilty of *putting them more or less into every letter*, I'll discuss that matter fully by itself, once for all, desiring you in the mean time to say, what other Scripture dreams or visions you would insist on? Whether all between *Genesis* and the *Revelations?* I am afraid Ahab's lying spirits may be too pertinent.

"That you were not a Christian before *May* in *your* sense any one may allow: but have you ever since continued *sinless?* Sin has not the dominion. Do you never then *fall?* Or do you mean no more than that you are free from presumptuous sins? If the former, I deny it; if the latter, who disputes?

"Your misapplication of the *witness of the Spirit* is so thoroughly cleared by Bishop *Bull*, that I shall not hold a candle to the sun. What

portion of love, joy, &c, God may be pleased to bestow on Christians is in his hand, not ours. Those texts you quote no more prove them generally necessary, in what you call your *imperfect state*, than '*Rejoice in the Lord always*' contradicts '*Blessed are they that mourn.*' There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh, till that day comes when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes,—which I take it will hardly be *before death:* to which happiness God of his infinite mercy, through Christ, bring us all!

"We join in love. As your last is dated from Oxford, I write thither, though you may be gone by this time.

"I am, dear Jack, your affectionate and sincere friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY.

"I had much more to say: but it will keep, if ever it should be proper."

This letter may be thought proper or passable between brother and brother: but it is inexcusable in a *logician*, and completely proves that Mr. Samuel had not one show of argument farther to produce. The first part of Mr. J. Wesley's reply is lost; the following is all that remains:—

"I think *Bishop Bull's* sermon on the witness of the Spirit, (*against the witness of the Spirit* it should rather be entitled,) is full of *gross perversions of Scripture*, and manifest contradictions both to *Scripture* and *experience*. I find more persons day by day, who experience a clear evidence of their being in a state of salvation: but I never said this continues equally clear in all, as long as they continue in a state of salvation. Some indeed have testified, and the whole tenor of their life made their testimony unexceptionable, that from that hour they have felt no agonies at all, no anxious fears, no sense of dereliction, as others have.

"But much I fear we begin our dispute at the wrong end. I fear you dissent from the fundamental Articles of the Church of England. I know *Bishop Bull* does. I doubt you do not hold justification *by faith alone:* if not, then neither do you hold what our Articles teach concerning the *extent* and *the guilt of original sin*, neither do you *feel yourself a lost sinner;* and if we begin not here, we are building on the sand. O may the God of love, if my sister or you are otherwise minded, reveal even this unto you!"

Rem acu tetigit. This was most undoubtedly the state and feeling of Mr. Samuel Wesley at this time. That he came to a better state of mind at last his brother fully believed.

The next year's correspondence is as follows:—

"*Tiverton, March* 29, 1738–9.

"DEAR JACK,—I might as well have wrote immediately after your last as now, for any new information I expected from my *mother;* I might as well have let it alone at present, for any effect it will have, farther than showing you I neither despise you on the one hand, nor am angry with you on the other.

"I am hardly persuaded you will see me face to face in this world, though somewhat nearer than Count *Zinzendorf.* Charles has at last

told me in terms, he believes no more of dreams or visions than I do. Had you said so, I believe I should have hardly spent any time upon them; though I find others credit them, whatever you may do.

"You make two degrees or kinds of *assurance*. That neither of them is necessary to a state of salvation I prove thus:—

"1. Because multitudes are saved without either. These are of three sorts:—1. All infants baptized, who die before actual sin. 2. All persons of a melancholy and gloomy constitution; who without a miracle, cannot be changed. 3. All penitents [*backsliders?*] who live a good life after their recovery, and yet never attain to their first state.

"2. The lowest assurance is an impression from God, who is infallible, that heaven shall be actually enjoyed by the person to whom it is made. How is this consistent with fears of miscarriage; with deep sorrow, and going on the way weeping? How can any doubt after such certificate? If they can, then there is an assurance whereby the person who has it is not sure.

"3. If this be essential to a state of salvation, it is utterly impossible any should fall from that state finally; since, how can any thing be more fixed than what Truth and Power has said he will perform? Unless you will say of the matter here as I observed of the person, that there may be assurance wherein the thing itself is not certain.

"I am your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. Wesley."

The reader will observe, that in this letter Mr. S. Wesley confounds the assurance of being *now* in the favour of God with *that* of being *infallibly* and *eternally* saved! The latter doctrine Mr. J. Wesley never taught.

The following is Mr. J. Wesley's reply:—

"*Bristol, April* 4, 1738–9.

"Dear Brother,—I greatly rejoice at the temper with which you now write; and trust there is not only mildness, but love also, in your heart: if so, you shall know of this doctrine whether it be of God, though perhaps not by *my ministry*.

"To this hour you have pursued an *ignoratio elenchi*. Your *assurance* and mine are as different as light and darkness. I mean an *assurance* that I am *now* in a state of salvation: you an *assurance* that I shall *persevere* therein. The very definition of the term cuts off your second and third observation. As to the first I would take notice,—

"1. No kind of *assurance*, (that I know,) or of *faith*, or of *repentance*, is essential to their salvation who die *infants*.

"2. I believe God is ready to give all true *penitents* who fly to his free grace in Christ a fuller sense of pardon than they had before they fell. I know this to be true of several: whether there are exempt cases I know not.

"3. Persons that were of a *melancholy* and *gloomy* constitution, even to some degree of madness, I have known in a moment, (let it be called a miracle, I quarrel not,) brought into a state of firm, lasting peace and joy.

"My dear brother, the whole question turns chiefly, if not wholly, on matter of fact. You deny that God does *now* work these effects; at least, that he works them in such a *manner*. I affirm both; because I have heard those facts with my ears, and seen them with my eyes. I have seen (as far as it can be seen,) many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of horror, fear, and despair, to the spirit of hope, joy, and peace; and from sinful desires, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact whereof I have been, and almost daily am, eye or ear witness.

"What (upon the same evidence as to the suddenness and reality of the change,) I believe, or know, touching visions or dreams. This I know: several persons in whom this great change from the power of Satan unto God was wrought either in sleep, or during a strong representation to the eye of their minds of Christ, either on the cross, or in glory. This is the fact: let any judge of it as they please. But that such a *change* was then wrought appears (not from their *shedding tears* only, or *sighing* or *singing psalms*, as your poor correspondent did by the woman at Oxford, but) from the whole tenor of their life, till then many ways wicked; from that time holy, just, and good. Saw you him who was a lion till then, and is now a lamb;—he that was a drunkard, but now exemplarily sober;—the whoremonger that was, who abhors the very lusts of the flesh? These are my living arguments for what I assert, that God *now* as *aforetime*, gives remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, which may be called *visions*:—if it be not so, I am found a false witness. But, however, I do and will testify the things I have both seen and heard.

"I do not now expect to see your face in the flesh: not that I believe God will discharge you yet, but I believe I have nearly finished my course.* O may I be found in him, not having my own righteousness!

> "When I thy promised Christ have seen,
> And clasp'd him in my soul's embrace;
> Possess'd of thy salvation,—then,—
> Then may I, Lord, depart in peace!

The great blessing of God be upon you and yours. I am, dear brother, your ever affectionate and obliged brother,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"P. S. I expect to stay here some time; perhaps as long as I am in the body."

*Under this mark Dr. Priestly has the following note,—"How greatly was Mr. Wesley mistaken in this his *full persuasion*, when he lived fifty years after this." This very note is introduced designedly to discredit Mr. Wesley's doctrine of *assurance*: but the reflection is unfair and false. Mr. Wesley does not say, nor intimate, that he had *a full persuasion* that he had nearly finished his course. He says simply, "I do not *expect* to see your face in the flesh—I *believe* I have nearly finished my course;"—and at the conclusion of the letter,—"I expect to stay here some time; *perhaps* as long as I am in the body." Now, do these *hypothetic* terms—*expect—believe—perhaps*,—amount to a *full persuasion* that he should shortly die? I trow not. But he had *reason* to suppose and believe, from the then state of his health, that death was at the door.

And with respect to the *continuance* of human life every thing is problematical. In the *midst* of *life* we are *in death*.

See the conclusion of his next letter,—May 10, 1739.

This letter Mr. Samuel Wesley answered thus :—

"*April* 16, 1739.

"DEAR JACK,—I heartily pray God that we may meet each other with joy in the next life ; and beg him to forgive either of us, as far as guilty, for our not meeting in this. I acknowledge his justice in making my friends stand afar off, and hiding my acquaintance out of my sight.

"I find brevity has made me obscure. I argue against *assurance* in your or any sense as part of the *Gospel covenant*, because many are saved without it. You own you cannot deny exempt cases, which is giving up the dispute. *Your assurance* being a clear *impression of God upon the soul* I say must be *perpetual*, must be *irreversible;* else it is not *assurance* from God, *infallible* and *omnipotent*.

"You say the cross is strongly represented to the eye of the mind. Do these words signify in plain *English* the *fancy?* Inward eyes, ears, and feelings, are nothing to other people. I am heartily sorry such alloy should be found among so much piety."

In the above letter Mr. S. Wesley lays down premises of his own, which he attributes to his brother; and which his brother never proposed nor maintained. And, strange to tell, from these assumed premises, he draws conclusions which they will not support! A *clear impression of God upon the soul* must be irreversible : because God is *infallible and omnipotent!* Was there ever such reasoning? He might as well have maintained, that the Divine image in the soul of man was, in his creation, *a clear and full impression of God* :—therefore it was *perpetual* and *irreversible*. Consequently Adam never fell, and the history of that event is a fable! O, how prejudice and religious bigotry blind the mind, and pervert the heart! Mr. Samuel proceeds :—

"The little reflection on *my poor correspondent at Oxford* is quite groundless. I do not remember he says *singing* (adding *rolling*, &c) was the only sign of her new birth; it is brought as a fruit of it. May we not know the tree by the fruit? Such visions I think may fairly be concluded fallacious, only for being attended with so ridiculous an effect.

"My mother tells me she fears a formal schism is already begun among you, though you and Charles are ignorant of it. For God's sake take care of that; and banish *extemporary expositions* and *extemporary prayers*.

"I have got your abridgment of *Haliburton*, and have sent for *Watts*. If it please God to allow me life and strength, I shall by his help demonstrate that the *Scot* as little deserves preference to all Christians but our *Saviour*, as the *book* all writings but those you mention. There are two flagrant falsehoods in the very first chapter. But your eyes are so fixed upon *one point*, that you overlook every thing else. You overshoot : but *Whitefield* raves.

"I entreat you to let me know what reasons you have to think you *shall not live long*. I received yours dated the 4th, on Sunday 14. The

post will reach me much sooner, and I shall want much to know *what ails you.* I should be very angry with you if you cared for it, should you have broken your iron constitution already; as I was with the glorious *Paschal* for losing his health, and living almost twenty years in pain.

"Dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

In answer to Mr. Samuel's argument, or rather assertion, that the assurance in question made no part of the Gospel covenant, Mr. John Wesley says:—

"*Bristol, May* 10, 1739.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The having abundance of work upon my hands is only *a* cause of my not writing sooner. THE cause was rather my unwillingness to continue an unprofitable dispute.

"The Gospel promises to you, and to me, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, even as many of those as the Lord our God shall call, as are not disobedient to the heavenly vision, *the witness of God's Spirit with their spirit that they are the children of God;* that they are *now* at this hour all accepted in the Beloved: but it witnesses not that *they always shall be.* It is an *assurance* of *present salvation* only; therefore not *necessarily perpetual*, neither *irreversible.*

"I am one of many witnesses of this matter of fact, that God does *now* make good this his promise daily, very frequently during a *representation* (how made I know not, but not to the *outward* eye) of *Christ*, either hanging on the cross, or standing on the right hand of God. This I know to be of God because from that hour, the person so affected is a *new creature;* both as to his *inward tempers*, and *outward life.* 'Old things are passed away, and all things become new.'

"A very late instance of this I will give you. While we were praying at a society here on Tuesday the first instant, the power of God (so I call it) came so mightily among us, that one, and another, and another, fell down as thunderstruck. In that hour, many that were in deep anguish of spirit were all filled with peace and joy. Ten persons, till then in sin, doubt, and fear, found such a change that sin had no more dominion over them: and instead of the spirit of fear, they are now filled with that of love, and joy, and a sound mind. A *Quaker* that stood by was very angry at them; and was biting his lips, and knitting his brows, when the Spirit of God came upon *him* also, so that he fell down as one dead. We prayed over him, and he soon lifted up his head with joy, and joined with us in thanksgiving.

"A byestander, one *John Haydon*, was quite enraged at this; and being unable to deny something *supernatural* in it, laboured beyond measure to convince all his acquaintance that it was a delusion of the *devil.* I was met in the street next day by one who informed me that *John Haydon* was fallen raving mad. It seems he had sat down to dinner, but wanted first to make an end of a *sermon* he was reading. At the last page he suddenly changed colour; fell off his chair; and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. I found him on the floor, the room being full of people, whom his wife

would have kept away: but he cried out, 'No! let them all come; let all the world see the just judgment of God.' Two or three were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'Aye, this is *he* I said deceived the people: but God hath overtaken me. I said it was a *delusion* of the devil; this is no delusion!' Then he roared aloud, 'O thou devil; thou cursed devil! yea, thou legion of devils! thou canst not stay in me. Christ will cast thee out; I know his work is begun. Tear me to pieces if thou wilt: but thou canst not hurt me.'

"He then beat himself again; and groaning again with violent sweats, and heaving of the breast, we prayed with him, and God put a new song in his mouth. The words were, which he pronounced with a clear strong voice,—*This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth for evermore.* I called again an hour after. We found his body quite worn out, and his voice lost: but his soul was full of joy and love, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

"I am now in as good health (thanks be to God) as I ever was since I remember, and I believe shall be so as long as I live, for I do not expect to have a lingering death. The reasons that induce me to think I shall not live to be old are such as you would not apprehend to be of any weight. I am under no concern on this head: let my Master see to it. O may the God of love be with you and my sister more and more!

"Dear brother, your ever affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

About two months before his death Mr. Samuel Wesley wrote the following letter, which was probably the last he wrote on the subject; and appears to be an answer to the foregoing:—

"*Tiverton, Sept.* 3, 1739.

"DEAR JACK,—It has pleased God to visit me with sickness, else I should not have been so backward in writing. Pray to him for us, 'that he would give us patience under our sufferings, and a happy issue out of all our afflictions; granting us in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

"It is good news that you have built a charity school, and better still that you have got a second almost up, as I find by yours, that Mr. Wigginton brought me. I wish you could build not only a school, but a *church* too, for the colliers, if there is not any place at present for worship where they can meet; and I should heartily rejoice to have it endowed, though Mr. Whitefield were to be the minister of it, provided the bishop fully joined.

"Your distinction between the *discipline* and the *doctrine* of the Church is, I think, not quite pertinent; for surely *episcopacy* is a matter of *doctrine* too: but granting it otherwise, you know there is no fear of being cast out of *our synagogue* for any tenets whatsoever. Did not *Clarke* die preferred? Were not *Collins* and *Coward* free from ana-

thema? Are not *Chubb* and *Gordon* now caressed? My knowledge of this makes me suspect *Whitefield*, as if he designed to provoke persecution by his bodings of it. He has already personally disobliged the bishops of *Gloucester* and *London;* and doubtless will do as much by all the rest, if they fall not down before his whimsies, and should offer to stand in his way. Now if he by his madness should lay himself open to the small remains of *discipline* among us, as by marrying without license, or any other way, and get excommunicated for his pains, I am very apprehensive you would still stick to him as your *dear brother;* and so, though the Church would not excommunicate *you*, you would *excommunicate the Church.* Then I suppose you would enlarge your censure, which now takes in most of the inferior clergy. But you have taught me to have the worse opinion of no man upon that account, till you have proved your charge against *Bishop Bull.* At present, I am inclined to think, that being blamed with him is glory.

"You yourself doubted at first, and inquired and examined about the ecstacies: the matter therefore is not *so plain* as motion to a man walking. But I have my own reason, as well as your authority, against the exceeding clearness of Divine interposition there. Your followers fall into agonies. I confess it. They are freed from them after you have prayed over them;—granted. They say it is God's doing. I own they say so. Dear brother, where is your *ocular demonstration?* Where indeed is the *rational proof?* Their living well afterward, may be a probable and sufficient argument that they believe themselves. But it goes no farther. I must ask a few more questions. Did these agitations ever begin during the use of any *collects* of the *Church?* or *during the preaching of any sermon that had been preached within consecrated walls without* that effect, or during the *inculcating any other doctrine beside that* of your *new birth?* Are the main body of these agents or patients good sort of people beforehand, or loose and immoral?

"My wife joins in love to you and Charles, if he is with you, or indeed wherever he is; for you know best his motions, and he is likely to hear from you before me. *Phill* is very well; my wife indifferent; and I am on the mending hand in spite of foul weather.

"I am, dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

The tone of this letter is greatly altered from that of most of the preceding. He no longer disputes against the doctrine of *assurance;* but the *agitations* he cannot conceive to be a work, or effect of the working, of the Divine Spirit. Mr. J. Wesley did not consider them as such: but simply asserted the fact, that many thus seized were delivered from them at the earnest prayers of believers, and at the same time received a sense of their acceptance with God; and this last was proved to be his work by the subsequent holiness of their lives.

The question,—Did any of these agitations take place while any of the collects of the Church were read?—might be answered by another,—Was Paul *reading* a rational dissertation on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, when Felix trembled? Acts xxiv, 25. One of our artists, who attempted to paint this scene, did repre-

sent Paul *reading out of a book to Felix:* but, on being asked the question,—Was it likely that Paul *read* before Felix? and if so, was it likely that he *trembled at that reading?*—was in a moment convinced of the absurdity, struck the book out of the apostle's *hands*, and directed both them and his eyes to the Roman governor.

The *collects* are for *the worship of the Church*, the *people of God*, who come to perform their devotions to their God and Father; they were never designed to be instruments of *awakening the profligate.* That belongs to suitable discourses delivered from the pulpit. It requires strong and forcible addresses, varied and suited according to circumstances and occasions, to arrest and awaken the careless, and to cause them to turn their eyes in upon their hearts, and consider their ways. It was a very silly objection which Mr. *Samuel* made in a letter to his mother, against the *field preaching* of his two brothers and Mr. *Whitefield.* "They leave off (says he) the liturgy in the *fields.* Though Mr. Whitefield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his tatterdemalions on a common." If he had, who would have attended to him or it?—a thing which they could hear in any church, or read themselves on their return home! No, it was the novelty of the thing that induced them to attend. They saw a man in the garb and attitude of a minister standing on the common, on the highways, or by the hedges;—and they ran together to hear what he had got to say, and *he preached unto them Jesus*, and in such a Scripture way as was then heard in few churches in the land. Thus they were awakened and converted to God. "Upon a review (says Dr. Whitehead) of the whole of this controversy, we may safely pronounce that the doctrine of *assurance* is in no respect invalidated or rendered doubtful by any thing Mr. Samuel Wesley has said against it."

On the contrary we may assert, that it shines more illustrious; and that the very circumstance of such a very wise, learned, and able logician as Mr. Samuel not having been able to bring *one argument* of any weight against it, though he availed himself, in the straits to which his brother had reduced him, of *sophisms* to support him, is a strong proof that it is founded on the sacred Scriptures, necessarily belongs to the new covenant, and that there is neither divination nor enchantment against it. As to *field preaching*, the vast and wondrous moral change that was made in the hearts and lives of the superlative sinners of Kingswood, to which Mr. Samuel Wesley in the letter above turns his attention with delight, was produced under God by *out-of-door preaching.* And yet, with all this evidence before his eyes, so bigoted was he to forms, and ecclesiastical order, that he says in the above letter to his mother, that he "would rather have his brothers picking straws *within* the walls of the *university*, than *preaching* in the *area of Moorfields.*" Had they been of his mind, how many thousands of souls must in all likelihood have perished, to whom that kind of preaching became the means of salvation; and who are now exulting in the glory of God, because his faithful servants went out to the highways, and to the hedges, and compelled them to come in, that his house might be filled!

For other matters relative to what was called *Mr. Wesley's doctrine of assurance;* (or in other and better words, his strongly insisting on,

and applying to suitable subjects, this *apostolic doctrine*, "God sent forth his Son to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons: and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!") see several observations in the close of the memoir of Mrs. Susanna Wesley.

We find from Mr. Samuel Wesley's letter of Sept. 3, 1739, that he had been visited with sickness; from which I believe he did not fully recover, though he then fancied himself "on the mending hand." But the event showed that he was then on the confines of the grave. According to the statement of a *friend*, who wrote the short memoir prefixed to the 12mo edition of his poems, "continual application to various business, and an intense pursuit at the same time of his studies, had well nigh worn him out by the time he had reached little more than *half the age of man*; so that being advised to retire, for air and gentle exercise, to recruit his constitution, he was easily prevailed upon to accept a *country school* in the west of England, where he soon fell into a lingering illness, which in a few years brought him to his end."

Dr. Whitehead observes, "Mr. Wesley had a bad state of health some time before he left Westminster, and his removal to *Tiverton* did not much mend it. On the night of the 5th of November, 1739, he went to bed seemingly as well as usual, was taken ill about three in the morning, and died at seven, after about four hours' illness."

The following letter from a particular friend, Mr. *Amos Matthews*, to Mr. Charles Wesley, states the circumstances more explicitly:—

"*Tiverton, Nov.* 14, 1739.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your brother, and my dear friend, (for *so* you are sensible he was to me,) on Monday the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, when your sister immediately sent for Mr. *Norman*, and ordered the servant to call *me*. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could: but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take any thing, nor to speak to us; only *yes* or *no* to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bedside till he expired, which was about *seven* the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, he hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf; and in a great measure calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you will excuse him, who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity, yours in all things,

"Amos Matthews."

On receiving this intelligence Mr. John and Charles Wesley set off to visit and comfort their widowed sister at Tiverton, which they reached on the 21st; and under this date Mr. J. Wesley makes the following entry in his Journal:—

"On Wednesday, 21st, (Nov. 1739,) in the afternoon, we came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet *we* could not but rejoice at hearing, *from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness*, that several days before he went hence God had given him *a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ.* O may every one who opposes it be *thus* convinced that this doctrine is of God!"

Pray what does this imply? An earnest desire that the God of all grace may convince all opposers of this doctrine, that it is of God; by giving them before they go hence *a calm and full assurance of their interest in Christ.* Can any wish be more *humane*, more *charitable*, or more *merciful?* But how has this entry been treated by a late biographer of Mr. Wesley?—I am sorry to be obliged to mention Mr. *Robert Southey*, with any thing that *seems* like disrespect. But on this subject he has been illiberal; and I think I can set him right. "Wesley (says he) cannot be suspected of intentional deceit: yet who is there who, upon reading this passage, would suppose that Samuel had died after an illness of *four hours?* Well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert."

None of his brothers, nor of the *Methodists* of that time, ever was eager to hold up Mr. Samuel Wesley as *their convert.* His brothers laboured to bring him from the errors under which he lay; and most certainly there were articles in his creed that were neither in his Church nor in his Bible, as the preceding letters prove. That he ceased his opposition to the doctrine of *the witness of the Spirit*, without which religion is little better than a *shadow*, is evident from his letter of Sept. 3, which was two months before he died. That Mr. Wesley does not even insinuate that he received *a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ in his last four hours* is most evident. He says, it was *several days before he went hence;* and he says this, on the authority of one *who had attended him in all his weakness*,—and he had *weakness* for *several years* as we have seen: but he was *particularly weak* and *afflicted* some months before he died; and surely *several days* before he died, when his particular weakness must have led him to conclude that death *might be* at the door, was ample time for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to be manifested to his soul, that he might not die in the dark. May we not retort, and say, "Southey cannot be suspected of intentional deceit; yet who is there who, upon reading this passage, would not suppose that Mr. J. Wesley states, that his brother Samuel got a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ in the last four hours of his life?" "But he died (says Mr. Southey) in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages." I believe he did. But Mr. Southey seems not to understand the distinction between THE FAITH,—that is, the system of doctrines, duties, privileges, &c, which constitute the Christian revelation;—and the *faith* that *justifies*

the ungodly. He who does not know this distinction, knows little of Christianity for his own personal salvation. Mr. Southey is also *an opposer* of the *doctrine of the witness of the Spirit.* So essential do I think this to Mr. Southey's salvation, that I heartily pray to God that not only *several days*, but *several years*, (for I wish him a very long life,) before *he* goes hence, he may receive from God, *a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ;* and be *thus* convinced that the doctrine is of God. In this case, as in many others, relative to Mr. Wesley and Methodism, Mr. Southey has spoken against what he does not understand. I may tell him, and all who are of his mind, that the Methodists never refer to Mr. *Samuel Wesley* as a proof of the truth of this doctrine. They refer to no *man*, not to Mr. *John Wesley* himself: they appeal to none—they appeal to the *Bible*, where this doctrine stands as inexpugnable as the pillars of heaven. Nor do they need *solitary instances* as *facts*, to prove that on this point they have not mistaken the *Bible*, while they, by the mercy of God, have thousands of testimonies *every year* of its truth: and they know it to be the common birthright of all the sons and daughters of God. Without it the whole life of faith would be *hypothetical.* And if a man have not the consolations of the Holy Spirit, and a Scriptural and satisfactory evidence of his own interest in Christ, and of his title, through him, to the kingdom of heaven, the *Koran*, for aught he knows, may be as true as the Bible. No man can *inherit* unless he be a *son;* "for *if sons, then heirs;*" and to them that are *sons* "God *sends the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*" These are the true sayings of God, and all his people know them.

Before I quit that collection of letters published by Dr. Priestley, where Mr. Samuel Wesley's opposition to his brothers is principally recorded, I must say a word on the gratulatory appeal which the *doctor* makes to the Methodists, in his *address* prefixed to those letters.

"This very publication," says he, "will convince you that you who are now called *Methodists* are a *very different set of people*, and much more rational than those who were first distinguished by that name." I answer, we are not a *very different people*, nor *different* at all, either in one article of our essential *doctrines*, or in one tittle of our Church *discipline.* That our people grow *wiser* and *better*, and become more *useful*, we acknowledge with gratitude to the Author of every good and perfect gift; and this is naturally to be expected when they have the advantages of a pure and enlightened ministry, where they are in the constant habit of hearing that Gospel trumpet which emits *no uncertain sounds.* The doctor goes on: "We do not now hear of those sudden and miraculous conversions."—Whether the doctor did or did not hear of what he calls *sudden and miraculous conversions*, we, thank God, do *hear* of, and *see* them almost daily in different parts of our connection; yea, and in several cases, accompanied with what he calls "*convulsions, falling down,*" &c, though we do not think that these *circumstances* are at all essential to the thing, for we find in numerous cases the instantaneous work effected *without them.* They are neither looked for, sought for, nor encouraged. They are adventitious circumstances; in most cases of their occurrence unavoidable, for the very reasons

which Mr. J. Wesley gave at the time they were most frequent, under his own ministry. "For," says he, "how easy is it to suppose that a strong, lively, and sudden apprehension of the heinousness of sin, the wrath of God, and the bitter pains of eternal death, should affect the body as well as the soul, during the present laws of vital union; should interrupt or disturb the ordinary circulations, and put nature out of its course. Yea, we may question whether, while this union subsists, it be possible for the mind to be affected in so violent a degree, without some or other of those bodily symptoms following. It is also remarkable that there is plain Scripture precedent of every symptom which has lately appeared. So that we cannot allow even the conviction attended with these to be *madness*, without giving up both reason and Scripture." Dr. Priestley goes on, and says, "Nor will many of you, I presume, at this day pretend to date your new birth with as much precision as your natural birth." The inaccuracy of these expressions I leave undisturbed. "But you will here find the *day*, the *hour*, and the *minute*, when both Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley first received, or imagined they first received, their divine light; and, as they say, *became Christians*, from being before that moment *no Christians*." More inaccuracy! *Hour* and *minute* are added here by Dr. *Priestley*, none of which appear in the letters in this publication: but I let that pass also, though inexcusable in an experimental philosopher; for although these things are not mentioned, yet they were doubtless as determinable as the *day*. I must here also say, that *Methodism* is in this respect also the *same*. God does his own work in the *same way now* that he did *then*. And there is nothing more usual among even the best educated and enlightened of the members of the Methodists' society than a distinct knowledge of the *time*, *place*, and *circumstances*, *when*, *where*, and *in which*, they were deeply convinced of sin, and afterward had a clear sense of God's mercy to their souls, in forgiving their sins, and giving them the witness in themselves that they were born of God. So that, in this sense also the *Methodists* not only continue to *preach*, *believe*, and *be*, what they *formerly were*, but differ *toto cœlo* from *Doctor Priestley*, and the *religious tenets* he held. And let this be an answer to his question in p. 25. "In what then, my brethren, do we differ?"—In almost every article of our creed, the being of a God and the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures excepted. And if we ever change our creed into that to which the doctor wishes to lead us, may our name be blotted out from the earth, and our memorial perish from among the children of men! *Selah.*

I shall now proceed to take a general view of the writings and character of this eminent man.

It is said of Mr. Samuel Wesley by those who knew him well, that "he possessed an open, benevolent temper, which he had from nature, which he had so cultivated on principle, and was so intent upon it as a duty to help every body as he could, that the number and continual success of his good offices was astonishing even to his friends, who saw with what pleasure and zeal he did them: and he was an instance how exceedingly serviceable in life a person of a very inferior station may be, who sets his heart upon it. As his diligence on such occasions

was never tired out, so he had a singular address and dexterity in soliciting them. His own little income was liberally made use of; and as his acquaintance whom he applied to were always confident of his care and integrity, he never wanted means to carry on his good purposes; so that his life was a series of useful charity."

Mr. Wesley's *wit* was keen, and his sense strong. As a *poet*, he stands entitled to a very distinguished niche in the temple of fame; and it has long appeared to me strange that his *poetical works* have not found a place either in *Johnson's*, *Anderson's*, or *Chalmers'* collection of the British poets. To say that those collectors did not think them entitled to a place *there* would be a gross reflection on their judgment; as in the last and best collection, consisting of *one hundred and twenty-seven poets*, it would be easy to prove that *Samuel Wesley* is *equal* to most, and certainly *superior* to *one half*, of that number. But the *name!*—the name would have scared many superficial and fantastic readers, as they would have been sadly afraid of meeting in some corner or other with *Methodism*, which is so intimately connected with the name of *Wesley*. With multitudes a *name* is the omen of *good* or *bad* luck, according to their fancies or prepossessions.

In 1736 Mr. Samuel Wesley published *A collection of Poems on several Occasions*, in quarto, for which it appears he got a handsome list of subscribers. Before this, several of them had been published separately, or in other collections, without the name of the author. One of these poems, indeed the largest in the collection, is intituled *The Battle of the Sexes*. It contains fifty verses, in the stanza of *Spencer*. It had been published by itself, without the author's knowledge; and produced a handsome compliment from Mr. Christopher Pitt, *To the unknown Author of* THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES: it is too long to transcribe; but I cannot withhold the following lines,—

> What muse but yours so justly could display
> Th' embattled *passions* marshall'd in array?
> To *airy notions solid forms* dispense,
> And make our *thoughts* the *images* of *sense*?
> Discover all the *rational machine*,
> And show the *movements*, *springs*, and *wheels* within.

His personification and description of religion in this poem has been admired by all readers,—

> "Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood;
> Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free.
> Against example resolutely good,
> Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity."

In this work there are four *tales* admirable for their humour, and for their appropriate and instructive moral; though in some instances the descriptions are rather coarse:—The *Cobbler*, The *Pig*, The *Mastiff*, and The *Basket*.

As the work is in the hands of few of those under whose notice these memoirs are likely to fall, I shall insert the *Pig* as a specimen,—

THE PIG:—A TALE.

Some husbands on a winter's day
Were met to laugh their spleen away.
As wine flows in and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives were seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own:
Acknowledg'd each as sov'reign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, in word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand seignior's over his sultanas.
For pride or shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the discourse but one;
Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career:
'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say!
What! all so absolutely sway,
In England, where Italians wise
Have plac'd the woman's paradise;
In London, where the sex's flower
Have of that Eden fix'd the bow'r?
Fie, men of sense, to be so vain!
You're not in Turkey or in Spain;
True Britons all, I'll lay my life
None here is master of his wife.

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse;
Till one with voice superior said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)
I'll send my footmen instant home,
To bid his mistress hither come:
And if she flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-peck'd if you please,
As S——— or as Socrates.

Hold there, replies th' objector sly,
Prove first that matrons never lie;
Else words are wind: to tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you;
No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
By what they do, not what they say.
I'll hold you severally, that boast,
A supper at the loser's cost,
That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send straight for every wife quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,
But what before her husband's face
Point blank his order disobeys.

To this they one and all consent:
The wager laid, the summons went.
Meanwhile he this instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is, t' invite
These friends to a boil'd pig to night;
The commoner the trick has been,
The better chance you have to win:
The treat is mine, if they refuse;
But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The first to whom the message came
Was a well born and haughty dame:
A saucy, independent she,
With jointure and with pin money,
Secur'd by marriage deeds from wants,
Without a sep'rate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
Half through her husband's messenger;
But cut him short with—How dare he
'Mong pot companions send for me?
He knows his way, if sober, home;
And if he wants me, bid him come.
This answer, hastily return'd,
Pleas'd all but him whom it concern'd.
For each man thought, his wife on trial
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,
To sparkle in the box, or ring,
And dance on birthnights for the king;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.
She, hearing of her husband's name,
Tho' much a gentlewoman, came.
When half informed of his request,
A dish as he desired it drest,
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
Without inquiring what it was,
You can't sure for an answer look,
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her tea.
So said, that minute out she flew:
What could the slighted husband do?
His wager lost must needs appear,
For none obey that will not hear.

The next for housewifery renown'd,
A woman notable was own'd,
Who hated idleness and airs,
And minded family affairs.
Expert at ev'ry thing was she,
At needle-work, or surgery;
Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
From richest cordial to small beer.
To serve a feast she understood,
In English or in foreign mode,
What'er the wanton taste could choose
In sauces, kickshaws, and ragouts;
She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus:
To-night these friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a smile, My dear,
Your friends are always welcome there.
But we desire a pig, and pray
You'd boil it.—*Boil* it, do you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, sir, than so.
Why! ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical receipt.
My dressing none need be afeard of,

But such a dish was never heard of.
I'll *roast* it nice,—but shall not *boil* it;
Let those that know no better spoil it.
Her husband cry'd, For all my boast,
I own the wager fairly lost;
And other wives beside my love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch who next him sat,
Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;
For well he knew his spouse's way;
Her spirit brook'd not to obey!
She never yet was in the wrong:
He told her with a trembling tongue,
Where, and on what his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be drest.
To-night? quoth, in a passion, she;
No, sirs, to-night it cannot be.
And was it a *boil'd* pig you said?
You and your friends sure are not mad!
The kitchen is the proper sphere,
Where none but females should appear:
And cooks their orders, by your leave,
Always from mistresses receive.
Boil it! was ever such an ass!
Pray, what would you desire for sauce?
If any servant in my pay
Dare dress a pig that silly way,
In spite of any whim of yours
I'll turn them quickly out of doors:
For no such thing, nay, never frown,
Where I am mistress, shall be done.
Each woman wise her husband rules:
Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd.—Behold,
A fair one of a softer mould;
Good humour sparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleasantry.
So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
Her spouse thought certainly to win.
Pity such golden hopes should fail!
Soon as she heard th' appointed tale,
My dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in earnest or in jest,
So strange a supper you demand;
Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
But do't as freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.
This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.
Thus each denied a several way;
But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was and plain:
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule but exercise.
Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for the right,

She made her little wisdom go
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
A roasting pig I *boil'd* would have,
And to prevent all pro and con,
I must insist to have it done.
Says she, My dearest, shall your wife
Get a nickname to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it, do;
But I desire you'll eat it too:
For though 'tis *boil'd* to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at table.

She spoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*,
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest—
Would *your wife* boil it? let us see.
Hold there—you did not lay with me.
You find, in spite of all you boasted,
Your pigs are fated to be roasted.
The wager 's lost, no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend:
Boast not your empire, if you prize it,
For happiest he that never tries it.
Wives unprovok'd think not of sway;
Without commanding they obey.
But if your dear ones take the field,
Resolve at once to win or yield:
For Heaven no medium ever gave
Between a sovereign and a slave.

Mr. S. Wesley had the highest reverence for *Divine revelation:* he considered its detractors, whom he generally found to be profligates, unworthy of the name of men; and they received the severest lashes of his satirical muse. The following specimens will show his mode of thinking and feeling on these subjects.

ON MR. HOBBES.

OCCASIONED BY A COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

'Tis justly thought! to praise is ever hard,
When real virtue fires the glowing bard:
But harder far, whene'er the poet's mind
Lab'ring creates the worth he cannot find.
'Twill task a Cowley's genius, to commend
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his friend;
To make the trifler Hobbes unworthy shine,
Will ask the utmost of a wit like thine!

The reader's malice makes the satire please:
Yet praises void of truth are flatteries,
Which steal from genuine worth the honours due;
Romantic heroes thus obscure the true.
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
As wise and great no longer then must shine,
Good Socrates, or Plato the Divine;
On ancient Greece is pass'd a general doom,
And Tully pleading for the gods of Rome.
All statues to their fame are overthrown,
And Hobbes or Epicurus stands alone!

Shall Christian virtues too the slander share,
And wait, as captives, his triumphal car?
As by superior excellence compell'd,
Shall Anna bow? shall Charles the martyr yield?
Hyde, wise in calms, and faithful in the storm,
Great to record, but greater to perform?
Wide-conqu'ring Raleigh, and far-searching Boyle,
And Newton, glory of our age and isle?
Are these the vulgar superstitious crowd,
That own the maxims of th' incarnate God?
Rather than heav'n, let earth be disesteem'd,
And Hobbes exploded, than our God blasphem'd.
Hobbes! in whose ev'ry page display'd we see
His *privilege of man*, absurdity!
'Tis hard to point where most his merits shine,
In human learning, or in laws Divine.
All matter thinks as such, he gravely says,
The smallest grain of sand, and spire of grass;
Only t' express their thoughts they wanted pow'r,
'Till he arose their sweet-tongued orator.
Rome's wildest legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking blocks and philosophic stones.

Say, whence his far-fam'd politics began,
Whence his admir'd and lov'd leviathan:
Wearied with exile, basely he comply'd,
And, coward, started from the suff'ring side;
With abject lies usurping force ador'd,
And measur'd justice by the longest sword.
Bless'd moralist! who taught ev'n good and ill
To veer obsequious to the tyrant's will:
Prone to renounce his sense at Cromwell's nod,
And traitor to his prince, as to his God.

Hear, all ye wits, his gospel! *Tales receiv'd,*
In private feign'd and publicly believ'd:
These are religion. He alike esteems
The prophet's visions and the rabbi's dreams;
Nor matters who the rising sect begun,
Or Mary's offspring or Abdalla's son.
No smallest diff'rence can his wisdom find;
For colours are all equal to the blind.

Yet tales, when once establish'd by the state,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as fate:
Nor shall the almighty Lord his pleasure show,
Without dependence on the gods below.
The civil creed no subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, though 'tis own'd a lie.
Hither from farthest east, ye Brahmins, come;
Hither, ye western locusts—monks of Rome:
Behold this frontless, all-imposing man,
And match him with your priestcraft, if you can.

Prodigious sage! who taught mankind to know
The dang'rous cheats of *Robin Goodfellow!*
Of fairies tripping light a moonshine round,
Where rising verdure marks the circled ground!
Charm'd down by him, each airy spirit flies,
And grosser witches vanish from our eyes:
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad figures keep,
And broomstaffs peaceful in their corners sleep;

Yet vulgar tales this mighty champion scare,
This foe to shades, this conqu'ror of the air;
Ghosts immaterial he as dreams decries,
Yet dreads their pow'r, whose being he denies.
The noon-day boaster, straight a coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the dark alone:
Spectres and phantoms glare before his sight,
Which, when the candle enters, cease to fright.
'Twas thus he liv'd, our nation's boasted pride!
And (O! that truth could hide it!) thus he died.
Dreams, whimsies, fancies, nothings, then he fear'd:
And leap'd into the dark and disappear'd.

Not thus his matchless wisdom Bacon show'd,
He found in all things and he own'd a God:
As farther learn'd, still readier to adore;
And still the more he knew, believ'd the more:
Glories to virtue due secure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as the mind.
Could Hobbes, alas! an equal prospect see
In the sad gloom of dark futurity,
Who dream'd that man, once dust, shall never rise;
That when the carcass falls the spirit dies;
If quite extinct, insensible of fame,
Yet barr'd the poor reversion of a name.
While yet alive by vanity betray'd,
He saw his fleeting, groundless honours fade;
Nor sacred verse their lustre can prolong:
No, not a Cowley's nor a Mulgrave's song.

ON SOME BLASPHEMOUS DISCOURSES

ON OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES.

"Hail, Christian prelates, for your Master's name
Expos'd by fool-born jest to grinning shame!
Hail, fathers! to be envy'd, not deplor'd,
Who share the treatment destin'd to your Lord,
What time his mortal race on earth began,
When first the Son of God was son of man!

Behold from night the great accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern lies;
No slander unessay'd, no path untrod,
To blast the glories of incarnate God!
"An open enemy to Moses' laws;
A secret patron of Samaria's cause;
Who dared at Levi's race his curses send,
The sot's companion and the sinner's friend;
Who purpos'd Sion's temple to o'erthrow,
Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe;
Who wonders wrought by force of magic spell,
Possest with demons, and in league with hell."
Remains there aught, ye pow'rs of darkness, yet?
Yes; make your ancient blasphemies complete—
"The sacred leaves no prophecies contain,
No miracles, to prove Messiah's reign."
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.

'Tis urg'd, his mightiest wonders never show'd
Our Saviour nature's Lord, and real God,
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,
Bid gloomy demons to their hell repair,
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,
And call'd the mould'ring carcass from the tomb,
O'er tyrant death exerted godlike sway,
And op'd the portals of eternal day.

Here nobler mysteries a sage descries,
"The letter false or trivial in his eyes."
Suppose in ev'ry act were understood
Some future, mystic, and sublimer good;
Yet who the letter into air refines,
Destroys at once the substance and the signs,
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown;
Else lunatics might deep divines commence,
And downright nonsense be the type of sense.
What wilder dream did ever madman seize,
Than—"Symbols all are mere nonentities."
This Sion's hill fast by the roots will tear,
And scatter Sinai's mountain into air:
No David ever reign'd on Judah's throne,
For David shadow'd his diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious light's material ray,
That heav'n is liken'd to a cloudless day:
Embodied souls require some outward sign
To represent and image things divine.
All objects must we therefore subtilize,
And raze the face of nature from our eyes?
Dispute is over, the creation gone,
In noon-day splendour we behold no sun.
Thus, fast as Pow'r almighty can create,
May frenzy with a nod annihilate.
No marks of foul imposture then were known,
The cures were public, to a nation shown:
And who, the facts expos'd to ev'ry eye,
If false could credit, or if true deny?
While thousands liv'd, by miracle restor'd,
Heal'd by a touch, a shadow, or a word!
Denial then had shocking prov'd and vain,
But now the serpent tries another train,
To turns and doubts and circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless *may-be's* multiplies.
Now ev'ry idle question dark appears,
Obscure by shade of seventeen hundred years,
Which then each ignorant and child must know,
And ev'ry friend resolve, and ev'ry foe.
No trace of possible deceit was there:
Would those who spilt his blood his honour spare?
When prejudice and int'rest urg'd his fate,
And superstition edg'd their keenest hate,
When ev'ry footstep was beset with spies,
And restless envy watch'd with all her eyes;
When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers join'd,
And pow'r, and craft, and earth, and hell combin'd.
Speak, Caiaphas! thy prophecy be shown,
He died for Israel's sake, and not his own.
Pilate, arise! His righteous cause maintain,
And clear the injur'd innocent again!
Truth fixt, eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.

Must ev'ry age the once heard cause recall,
Replacing Jesus in the judgment hall;
Cite living witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from dust the long sepulchred dead?
That fools undue conviction may receive,
And those who reason slight may sense believe,—
Those, who the test of former ages scorn,
(For men were idiots all till they were born,)
Whose strength of argument in this we view,
'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true.

Ye worthies, in the book of life enroll'd,
Who nobly fill'd the bishops' thrones of old;
Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,
In tortures and in death your priestcraft show'd;
Ye flocks, disdaining from the fold to stray,
Still following where your pastors led the way,
Whose works thro' length of years transmitted come,
Escap'd from Gothic waste and papal Rome,
Justly renown'd! behold, how malice tries
To blast your fame, and vex your paradise!
Let heretics each human slip declare,
And ridicule the test they cannot bear:
To these what modish ignorants succeed,
And fops your writings blame who cannot read.
These open enmities to glory tend;
The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend.
Let deist refugees your fame oppose,
And Dutch professors list themselves your foes:
But ah! let none asperse with vile applause,
And quote with praises in the devil's cause;
In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,
The tenor of your doctrines to destroy;
Make you your much-lov'd Lord and God deride,
For whom your saints have liv'd, and martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,
You fill the measure of your Master's fate.
Glory to Jesus! the blasphemer cries;
But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.
Iscariot thus false adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seiz'd, saluted and betray'd.
May Jesus' blood discharge ev'n this offence,
When wash'd with tears of timely penitence!
Ere yet experience sad assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late;
Ere yet, decended from dissolving skies,
To plead his cause himself shall God arise.
Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,
And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentic old records declare,
(If past with future judgment we compare,)
Possest with frantic and demoniac spleen,
Apostate Julian scoff'd the Nazarene;
His keenest wit th' imperial jester tries;
Sure to his breast the vengeful arrow flies;
He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,
Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes;
Impious, but unbelieving now no more,
He owns the Galilean conqueror.

The verses on setting up Mr. *Butler's* monument in Westminster abbey have been attributed to another author: but we have Mr. Wes-

ley's hand and name claiming them as his own; and though well known, I shall introduce them here because of an important variation in the second line in the MS. from that in the *printed copy*.

"While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No purse-proud printer would a dinner give.
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for *bread*, and he received a *stone*."

In the printed copies "no generous patron" is found instead of "*purse-proud printer*."

The Methodists should know that the hymns which begin with the following lines were composed by Mr. Samuel Wesley:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.
"From whence these dire portents around," &c.
"The Sun of righteousness appears," &c.
"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise," &c.
"Hail, Father whose creating call," &c.
"Hail, God the Son, in glory crown'd," &c.
"Hail, Holy Ghost! Jehovah! third," &c.
"Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord," &c.

I do not recollect to have seen in print the following lines to Mr. Pope:—

"Depend not upon *verse* for fame;
(Tho' none can equal thine;)
Our language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in some few fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd;
But hist'ry lasts, tho' modern flow'rs
Of *poetry* must fade.

A surer way then would'st thou find,
Thy glory to prolong;
While there remains among mankind
A sense of right and wrong?

Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know—
That *Atterbury* was thy friend,
And *Bentley* was thy foe."

His verses on *forms of prayer*, against Dr. Watts, who made *forms of praise*, by turning the *Psalms* into a sort of *Christian hymns*, are strong and pointed:—

"*Form* stints the Spirit, Watts has said,
And therefore oft is wrong;
At best a *crutch* the weak to aid,
A *cumbrance* to the strong.

Of human *liturgies* the load
Perfection scorns to bear;
The apostles were but weak, when God
Prescribed his *form of prayer*.

Old *David* both in *prayer* and *praise*
A *form* for *crutches* brings:
But *Watts* has dignified his lays,
And furnished him with *wings*.

Ev'n *Watts* a *form* for *praise* can choose,
For *prayer* who throws it by;
Crutches to *walk* he can refuse,
But uses them to *fly*!"

Mr. Wesley was highly esteemed by Lord Oxford, Mr. Pope, and Dean Swift; and indeed by some of the greatest men of his time. With the two former he was in habits of intimate correspondence: of this the following letters are a proof:—

"*Dover-street, Aug.* 7, 1734.

"REVEREND SIR,—I am sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have had a letter of yours dated June 8th,—and this is August 7th;—and I have but now set pen to paper to answer it.

"I assure you I was very glad to hear from you; and since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad for your sake that you are so well approved of. I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation. If your health be established, I make no doubt that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me.

"There is very little news stirring. They all agree that the bishop of Winchester is dying. They say *Hoadley* is to succeed him, and *Potter* Hoadley: but how farther I cannot tell; nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing. I am very glad you was reduced to read over *Hudibras* three times with care; and I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work. Certainly it will be, to do it as it should be. I do not know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. *Lilly's* life I have; and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

"The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter and the duke of Portland was completed at Mary-le-bonne chapel. I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both. I think it must be mutual: one part cannot be happy without the other. There is a great harmony of temper, a liking to each other, which I think is a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

"I am, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"The two boys are very well. Pray let me hear from you soon; and let me know from under your own hand how you do."

This letter shows that much *familiarity* and *confidence* subsisted between his lordship and Mr. Wesley; and it is most likely that it was by Lord Oxford's influence that he obtained the mastership of Blundell's school; a place for which he was every way qualified except in health;

but, in his infirm state, the most improper situation in which he could have been placed. A Church preferment would have suited his habits much better; and as he had naturally a robust constitution, he might have lived many years longer, and his latter days might have been more useful than his first. A situation of this kind could not have been out of the power of Lord Oxford. To a person of impaired health, and infirm constitution, the office of *public school master* is as deleterious as the bottom of a coal mine.

The following letter from Mr. Pope is without the date of the *year*: and we scarcely know what it refers to; but I suppose to the subscription for Mr. Wesley's collection of poems; and if so, it must have been written about 1735:—

"Dear Sir,—Your letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks, when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Eckershall; which I will pay beforehand to any one you shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delaney, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this. It was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry, that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it to you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle, my body. The soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it harbours much good will for her husband and herself; no man being more truly,

"Dear sir, your faithful and affectionate servant,

"A. Pope."

Though both this letter and that of Lord Oxford be in the main excessively *flat*, and *carelessly composed*; yet the last paragraph here contains some fine ideas, expressed with the utmost felicity of language.

The *bishop of Winchester*, mentioned by Lord Oxford, was *Richard Willis*, formerly of All Soul's College, Oxford, and military chaplain to King William, who raised him first to the *bishopric* of *Salisbury*; after which he was translated in 1723 to the see of *Winchester*; he died in August 1734; and was succeeded by Dr. *Benjamin Hoadley* in the September following. One thing was peculiarly remarkable in Bishop *Willis:* he generally preached *extempore*, with ease, correctness, and fluency; a thing most singular among the clergy in those days; a thing which Mr. S. Wesley execrated in his brothers; and which, with *extempore prayer*, he said, "was enough to bring in all confusion."

To this *extempore preaching* Dr. Willis was at first led no doubt by the temper of his master, King William, who was accustomed to hear such kind of preaching in *Holland*; and could scarcely have borne to hear *doctor* or *prelate read a sermon* out of the pulpit *at* the congregation. When Willis became a bishop, he continued the practice. Some thought he wrote his sermons first, and then committed them to memory.

What Bishop Godwin, *De Præsulibus Angeliæ*, p. 245, says of Bishop Willis, I shall subjoin: the substance I have given before.

"*Richardus Willis, Collegii Omnium Animarum non item pridem socius, à rege Gulielmo præcipuè eâ de causâ ascitus qui in castris militaribus sibi à sacris adesset, quod singulari quâdam facultate* extempore concionandi, *vel conciones memoriter recitandi polleret.*"

So, Mr. John Wesley was not the *first* extempore preacher in the Church; nor did extempore preaching *bring in all* or any *confusion*, as Mr. Samuel Wesley thought it must do.

Mr. Wesley had not only the friendship of Lord Oxford, but his *intimacy* also; and frequently dined at his house. But this was an honour for which he was obliged to pay a grievous tax, ill suited to the narrowness of his circumstances. *Vales* to servants, that sovereign disgrace to their masters, were in those days quite common; and in some instances, seem to have stood in the place of *wages*. A whole range of *livery men* generally stood in the lobby with eager expectation and rapacity, when any gentleman came out from dining at a nobleman's table; so that no person who was not affluent could afford to enjoy the privilege of a nobleman's entertainment.

Mr. Wesley, who was a frequent visiter at Lord Oxford's, having paid this tax oftener than well suited his circumstances, thought it high time either to come to some compromise with these cormorants, or else to discontinue his visits. One day on returning from his lordship's table, and seeing the usual range of greedy expectants, he addressed them thus:—"My friends, I must make an agreement with you suited to my purse; and shall distribute so much (naming the sum) once in the month, and no more."—This becoming generally known, was not only the means of checking that troublesome importunity, but also of redressing the evil; for their master, whose honour was concerned, commanded them to "stand back in their ranks when a gentleman retired;" and prohibited their *begging!* Many eminent men have endeavoured to bring this vile custom into deserved disgrace! Dryden, Addison, Swift, &c: but it still continues, though under *another form:* leaving taverns out of the question, (where the lowest menial expects to be paid if he condescends to answer a civil question,) cooks, chamber maids, waiters, errand boys, &c, &c, all expect money, if you lodge in their master's house but a single night! And they expect to be paid too in proportion to the *treatment* you have received from their master, and in proportion to his *credit* and *respectability*, and not to *your means* or *purse*. The gentry of the land should rise up as one man against this disgraceful custom, as the board of excise have done against the bribes taken by their officers. Let a servant, on being hired, hear, "Your wages for which you agree shall be duly and faithfully paid: I shall not require the aid of my friends to make up the deficiencies of my servants. The day on which I am informed you receive any thing from my guests, you shall be dismissed from my service." If all agree to act thus, this grievous tax upon our friends will soon be abolished. There are few cases where the friendly visit does not cost him who pays it five times more than his maintenance would have done at his own house.

I have already referred to Mr. Wesley's Lines on the Death of Queen Anne, to which allusion is made in the fourth stanza of his *Epitaphium Vivi*, p. 310. But I can find none but the following, which he has altered from Prior's Ode, presented to King William on his return from Holland after the queen's death, in 1695. I insert them because of a circumstance that shall be mentioned below.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.

1 At ANNA's tomb (sad, sacred place!)
The *virtues* shall their vigils keep,
And every *muse* and every *grace*
In solemn, silent state shall weep.

2 For her the *great*, the *good*, shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat;
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bless her *name*, so truly great!

3 Fair *Albion* shall with grateful trust
Our sacred ANNA's reliques guard;
'Till Heaven awake the precious dust,
And gives the *saint* her full reward.

These verses have been set to music by that eminent performer, and honest man, Charles Wesley, Esq., son to the late Rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew to Mr. Samuel Wesley; and applied to the late Queen *Charlotte*, changing nothing but the name; *Charlotte* for *Anna*: and if the private and domestic character of both be considered, we shall find them at least as truly applicable to the queen of George III., as to the illustrious spouse of the prince of Denmark. They were certainly very appropriate in their application to the good Queen *Mary*.

In his compositions, letters and friendships, we have already seen much of the character of Mr. Samuel Wesley; and relative to this point little needs be added. A part of his character, of which the world knew nothing, was the brightest and most worthy of the imitation of every *son* and every *brother*. From the time he became usher in Westminster school, he divided his income with his parents and family. Through him principally, were his brothers John and Charles maintained at the university; and in all straits of the family, his purse was not only *opened*, but *emptied*, if found necessary. And all this was done with so much *affection* and deep sense of duty, that it took off and almost prevented the burthen of gratitude which otherwise must have been felt. These acts of filial kindness were done so secretly, that although they were very numerous, and extended through many years, no note of them is to be found in his correspondence; his right hand never knew what his left hand did. Those alone knew his bounty who were its principal objects, and they were not permitted to record it. Indirect hints we frequently find in the letters of old Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and sometimes in those of his brothers; and those hints were all they dared mention in their correspondence with a man who wished to forget every act of kindness he had done. His brothers always spoke of him with the highest reverence, respect, and affection.

Mr. *Badcock*, it seems, possessed a letter of acknowledgment from old Samuel Wesley, written not long before his death, to this dutiful and affectionate son. I have not been so fortunate as to see this letter, and cannot tell whether it now exists: but the reader will be highly pleased at what Mr. Badcock says of it:—

"I have in my possession a letter of this poor and aged parent addressed to his son Samuel, in which he gratefully acknowledges his filial duty, in terms so affecting, that I am at a loss which to admire most, the *gratitude* of the *parent*, or the *affection* and *generosity* of the *child*. It was written when the good old man was nearly fourscore, and so weakened by a palsy as to be incapable of directing a pen, unless with his left hand. I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make Wesley applauded when his wit is forgotten."

Yes, *filial affection* is one of the *first duties* man owes upon earth: only his duty to God is paramount. There cannot be a nearer representative of an impoverished Christ, to the eye of a *child*, than *a parent in distress:* nor will the approbation of God be more strongly expressed in the day of final retribution, than to that child who has honoured the Lord with his substance, in supplying the wants of those from whom, under God, he has derived his being. And those who have ministered to the necessities of their parents will be found at the top of the list of those of whom the Fountain of justice and Father of mercies speaks, when he says, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me!" A sound creed is a good thing: but we know that it may be entertained where little of the practice of piety and mercy is to be found. And there may be in some respects a deficient creed, where nevertheless all the great truths of religion are found; and where it even is not so, there are many cases where the conformity of the life to the purest principles of truth, justice, and mercy, sufficiently evidences the law of God written in the heart by the finger of the Almighty himself.

The man who acted thus toward his parents, and contributed to the utmost of his power to the support and education of his brothers and sisters, and whose whole conduct was irreproachable, has been styled by certain gentlemen, who ought to have inquired, if they did not know better, "A worldly priest who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbours, as an infallible mark of a Dissenter." This slander is too thin, too barefaced, and too malevolent, to deserve notice. Mr. Southey has duly exposed it by a fine irony: "The *amiable spirit* which is displayed in this sentence, its *liberality*, its *charity*, and its *regard to truth*, require no comment."—*Life of Wesley*, vol. i, p. 294.

I can say, on the best authority, that such was the amiableness, benevolence, and excellence of his public and private character, that during the seven years he resided at Tiverton, where he was best known, he was nearly idolized. His diligence and able method of teaching in his school were so evident and successful, that in the first year upward of forty boys were added to it. And such confidence had the public in him, that children were sent from all quarters to be placed under his tuition. His memory was dear to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. And while my page shall live, his eminent abili-

ties, his steady attachment to his friends, whom he invariably cleaved to in adversity, and his uncommon filial piety, and various other excellencies, shall not be forgotten.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a member of the Philosophical Society at *Spalding*; and gave to their museum an *amulet*, that had touched the heads of the three kings of Cologne, whose names were in black letters within.

He married a Miss Berry, or Bury, daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church, and rector of Watton in Norfolk. Her grandfather, John Berry, M. A., fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was presented to the rectory of *East Down*, Devonshire, by the Protector *Richard Cromwell*, in 1658; from which he was ejected in 1662 by the Act of Uniformity. When ejected, he had *ten* children, and scarcely any thing for their subsistence; but God took care of them, and most of them afterward lived in comfortable circumstances. He continued to preach in several places as he had opportunity; and once, if not oftener, was cast into Exeter common jail, where he lay for several months. Of him Mr. Baxter says, "He was an extraordinary, humble, tender-conscienced, serious, godly, able minister." He died happy in God, December, 1704, aged nearly eighty. With Miss Berry Mr. Samuel Wesley became acquainted at Westminster, where her parents then resided, and boarded young gentlemen belonging to the school.* He was a most indulgent husband, and passionately fond of his wife, which is proved by his frequent poetical addresses to her after marriage. Though he was accustomed to boast of his authority as a husband, yet she had sense enough to rule under the appearance of submission. Mrs. Hall, who knew her, spoke of her as one who was well described in her husband's poetic tale, called "THE PIG."

> "She made her little wisdom go
> Farther than wiser women do."

He had several children: but only one daughter, called *Phill* in the preceding letters, lived to woman's estate. She married an apothecary named *Earle*, in Barnstaple; whose chief motive in his marriage with her appeared to have been the expectation of succeeding to the title of *earl of Anglesea*, which he imagined to be nearly extinct, and only recoverable through his wife, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley; and this even while *John* and *Charles* were alive, the latter having *male* issue! This couple have been dead upward of forty years.

He had an only son *Samuel*, who died young, but at what age I have not learned. His death appears to have been a heavy stroke to all the family; and was particularly so to his grandfather, for the reasons which he alleges in the following consolatory letter, written to his son on the occasion; and which appears to have been the *answer* to that in which he received the news of his death. A part of this letter contains some curious particulars relative to his *Dissertations on the book of Job*, which some of my readers, at least, will be pleased to see.

* I have the MS. diary of Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, wife of the Rev. Mr. Berry. It commences July 1, 1701, and extends to March 24, 1709, she being then in her fifty-fifth year. It marks every where the strongest workings of a soul devoted to God. I have reason to believe that this lady's husband was either the *father-in-law* or *brother-in-law* of Mr. Samuel Wesley.

"Letter to my son Sam, on the death of his only son Sam :—

"*June* 18, 1731.

"DEAR SON,—Yes, this is a thunderbolt indeed to your whole family; but especially to *me*, who now am not likely to see any of my *name* in the third generation (though Job did in the fourth) to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me that there must be a *hereafter;* because when the truest piety and filial duty have been shown, it has been followed by the loss of children, which therefore must be restored and met with again, as Job's first ten were, in another world. As I resolve from hence, as he directs, to stir up myself against the hypocrite, I trust I shall walk on in my way, and grow stronger and stronger, as well as that God will support *you both* under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. But when and how did he die? and where is his epitaph? Though if sending this *now*, will too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it. And now for the two letters.

"First, that of May 27, from London: sum is, 1st, as to the *placing* the *dissertations*, wherein, as you say, the Prolegomena are something of aguish, though that and all the rest I leave (as often before) to your judgment, for my memory is near gone; neither have I the papers in any order by me.

"2. The *Poetica Descriptio Monstri*, I think, would come in most naturally after all the dissertations of the *Behemoth* and *Leviathan:* but you, having the whole before you, will be the most proper judge.

"3. Do with the *De Carmine Pastoritio* as you please.

"4. *Periplus Rubri Maris* comes with the geography, when Mr. Hoole has finished it.

"5. I remember no extracts but that from the Catena, which is 616 folio pages: but think I have got the main of it into 30 quartos, which I finished yesterday, though there is no haste in sending it, for I design it for the *appendix*. This to May 27.

"Now to yours from the Isle of Ely, June 3d, which relates to the children, and my last ———, I leave to your mother, who writes this post if she has time; though something I have writ you already in my *ult.* or *penult.* on the subject.

"As for the *Testimonia Arianorum*, περι του Λογου, it happens well that I have a pretty good copy, though not so perfect as that which is lost, and will get Mr. Horberry to transcribe it as soon as he returns from Oxford; though I think it will not come in till toward the latter end of the work, as must your *collation* at the *very end*, only before the appendix; and I shall begin to revise it to-morrow.

"Blessing on you and yours from your loving father,

"S. W."

I believe the *collation* mentioned here is that at the end of the *dissertations;* and which I have described in another place.

The *appendix*, of which I have a considerable portion in the author's MS. before me, does not appear to have been ever printed. It should have succeeded the *collation* as stated above.

It may be seen, from the accounts which have been written of the Rev. John Wesley, how earnestly his father wished him to succeed him

in the rectory of Epworth; and how strongly this was pressed upon him by his elder brother Samuel. But it is not so well known that Mr. Samuel was the first object of his father's choice: however, this is sufficiently evident from the following letter, which I transcribe from the original; and Mr. Samuel had evidently endeavoured to divert his father's wish, and to cause him to fix it on his brother John. The offer of Epworth to Samuel was made February, 1732; the offer of it to John, some time in the end of 1734: the letter, as referring to several family matters, is interesting and curious:—

"*Feb.* 28, 1732–3.

"DEAR SON SAMUEL,—For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living, provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

"My first and best reason for it is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and his people here better than I have done. Though, thanks be to God, after near forty years' labour among them, they grow better; I having had above a hundred at my last sacrament, whereas I have had less than twenty formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty.—You have been a father to your brothers and sisters; especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the university. Neither have you stopped here; but have showed your piety to your mother and me in a very liberal manner; wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves; and have even done noble charities to my children's children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavour to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health at London. My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you 'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there; where your wife and you will nourish her till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.

"There are a few things more which may seem to be tolerable reasons to me for desiring you to be my successor, whatever they may appear to others. I have been at very great and uncommon expense on this living:—have rebuilt from the ground the parsonage barn and dove cote; leaded, and planked, and roofed, a great part of my chancel; rebuilt the parsonage house twice when it had been burned, the first time one wing, the second down to the ground, wherein I lost all my books and MSS., a considerable sum of money, all our linen, wearing apparel, and household stuff, except a little old iron, my wife and I being scorched with the flames, and all of us very narrowly escaping with life. This, by God's help, I built again, digging up the old foundations, and laying new ones; it cost me above 400*l.*, little or nothing of the old materials

being left; beside new furniture from top to bottom; for we had now very little more than what Adam and Eve had when they first set up housekeeping. I then planted the two fronts of my house with wall fruit the second time, as I had done the old; for the former all perished by the fire. I have before set mulberrics in my garden, which bear plentifully, as lately, cherries, pears, &c, and in the adjoining croft, walnuts; and am planting more every day. And this I solemnly declare, not with any manner of view, or so much as hopes, that any of mine should enjoy any of the fruit of my labour, *when I have so long since outlived all my friends:* but my prospect was for some unknown person, that I might do what became me, and leave the living better than I found it.

"And yet I might own I could not help wishing, as 'twas natural, that all my care and charge might not be utterly sunk and lost to my family, but that some of them might be the better for it; though yet I despaired of it for the reason above mentioned, till some time since the best of my parishioners pressed me earnestly to try if I could do any thing in it: though all I can do is to resign it to you; which I am ready frankly and gladly to do; scorning to make any conditions, for I know you better.

"I commend this affair and you and yours to God, as becomes your affectionate father,

"S. WESLEY."

Strong characters will have enemies. Mr. S. Wesley had such; and that he treated them with contempt, *not silent*, his works show: but his uprightness, steady friendship, benevolence, and charity, even those enemies confessed. In those times *party* ran, or rather *raged* high. Those who loved him were persecuted; and he manfully espoused their cause, and shared their reproach.

His high Church principles may have amounted to *bigotry*, but never to *intolerance;* for there were many among the *Dissenters* whom he cordially esteemed, and with whom he lived in habits of friendship. See his poem *on the death of a female friend, a dissenter from the Church of England.* By this piece he appears displeased rather with the *doctrines of unconditional reprobation and election;* and especially as held by those who considered all others in a state of the utmost danger who did not hold *their creed*, and who thought *sour godliness* a test of saving grace. Such persons he certainly met with; and such he points out in the following lines of the above-mentioned poem:—

> Wretches of every glimpse of day afraid,
> Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade:
> As if each look display'd its owner's fate;
> And all that *smil'd* were seal'd for *reprobate:*
> As awkward sourness were a sign of grace;
> And sure *election* blest an ugly face:
> As if *hell fire* were always placed in view,
> Ordain'd for all men but the *gloomy few.*

He knew that *hypocrisy* and *fanaticism* had mingled themselves with pure religion, in days comparatively recent; and he was afraid of their

revival. It was this fear that caused him to oppose his brothers as he did, when he found them going so far out of the beaten path of Church regularity. Had it pleased God to have spared his life but a little longer, the reader may naturally suppose, from the evidence that has been already adduced, that he would have thought and spoken differently both of their manner of preaching, and the success of their ministry. We have already seen from indisputable evidence, that in these respects, as well as in reference to the doctrines they preached, his mind was considerably changed before he died; and that he died not only in "the faith which had been common to all Christians in all ages," but in that faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which he had, not a *hypothetical hope*, but an *assurance* of his personal and eternal salvation. This subject has already been discussed. Several of his poems, written to his sisters, will be found in the memoirs of their lives; and some more of his letters in the life of his brother John.

For a due character of his poetic excellence, see Mr. Pitt's ode *to the unknown author of the* BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

Mr. Samuel Wesley lies buried in Tiverton church yard, with the following inscription on his grave stone :—

Here lye interred
The remains of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M.
Some time Student of Christ Church, Oxon :
A man for his uncommon wit and learning,
For the benevolence of his temper,
And simplicity of manners,
Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all:
An excellent Preacher:
But whose best sermon
Was the constant example of an edifying life:
So continually and zealously employed
In acts of beneficence and charity,
That he truly followed
His blessed Master's example
In going about doing good:

Of such scrupulous integrity,
That he declined occasions of advancement in the world,
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances;
And avoided the usual ways to preferment
As studiously as many others seek them.

Therefore, after a life spent
In the laborious employment of teaching youth,
First for near twenty years
As one of the ushers in Westminster School,
Afterwards for seven years
As Head Master of the Free School at Tiverton,
He resigned his soul to God
November 6th, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

DAUGHTERS

OF THE REV. S. WESLEY, RECTOR OF EPWORTH.

MISS EMILIA WESLEY,—MRS. HARPER.

Of Emily Wesley little is known: she seems to have been the eldest of the seven daughters of the rector of Epworth, who survived their father, and came to woman's estate. She was probably born either at South Ormsby or Epworth: but most likely at the former place. She is reported to have been the favourite daughter of her mother, (though this has been disputed in favour of Patty,) and to have had strong sense, much wit, a prodigious memory, and a talent for poetry. She was a good classical scholar, and wrote a beautiful hand. I have not been able to ascertain any of her poetical compositions, as no verses remain, to which her name is affixed.

She married an apothecary at Epworth of the name of Harper, who left her a young widow. What proportion the intellect of Mr. Harper bore to that of his wife we know not: but in *politics* they were ill suited, as he was a violent *whig*, and she an unbending *tory*.

A letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 16, 1750, has already been inserted at the conclusion of the account of the disturbances in the parsonage house at Epworth: it proves that *Jeffrey* continued his operations at least thirty-four or thirty-five years after he retired from Epworth.

It appears from the education given to Miss Emily, and some others of her sisters, that their parents designed them for *governesses*. About the year 1730, Emily became teacher at the boarding school of a Mrs. Taylor, in Lincoln, where, though she had the whole care of the school, she was not well used, and was worse paid. Having borne this usage as long as reason would dictate forbearance, she laid the case before her brothers, with a resolution to set up school on her own account at Gainsborough. She had their approbation; gave Mrs. Taylor warning, and went to Gainsborough; where she continued at least till 1735, as she was there at the time of her father's death.

Several of these particulars we learn from the following letter written to her brother John, when she had made up her mind to leave Lincoln, and go to Gainsborough:—

"Dearest Brother,—Your last letter comforted and settled my mind wonderfully. O continue to talk to me of the reasonableness of resignation to the Divine will, to enable me to bear cheerfully the ills of life, the lot appointed me; and never to suffer grief so far to prevail, as to injure my health, or long to cloud the natural cheerfulness of my temper. I had writ long since, but had a mind to see first how my small affairs would be settled; and now can assure you that at Lady-day I leave Lincoln certainly. You was of opinion, you may remember, that my leaving Mrs. Taylor would not only prove prejudicial to her affairs, (and so far all the town agrees with you,) but would be a great affliction to her. I own I thought so too: but we both were a little

mistaken. She received the news of my going with an indifference I did not expect. Never was such a teacher, as I may justly say I have been, so foolishly lost, so unnecessarily disobliged. Had she paid my last year's wages but the day before Martinmas, I still had stayed; instead of that, she has received *one hundred and twenty pounds* within these three months, and yet never would spare one *six* or *seven pounds* for me, which I am sure no teacher will ever bear. The jest is, she fancies I never knew of any money she received; when, alas, she can never have one *five pounds* but I know of it. I have so satisfied brother Sam, that he wishes me good success at Gainsbro', and says he can no longer oppose my resolution; which pleases me much, for I would gladly live *civilly* with *him*, and *friendly* with *you*.

"I have a fairer prospect at Gainsbro' even than I could hope for; my greatest difficulty will be want of money at my first entrance. I shall furnish my school with *canvass*, *worsteds*, *silks*, &c, &c, and am much afraid of being dipt in debt at first: but God's will be done! Troubles of that kind are what I have been used to. Will you lend me the other 3*l*. which you designed for me at Lady-day; it would help me much: you will if you can, I am sure,—for so would I do by you. I am half starved with cold, which hinders me from writing longer. Emery is no better. Mrs. Taylor and Kitty give their service. Pray send soon to me. Kez is gone home for good and all. I am knitting brother Charles a fine purse;—pray my love to him.

"I am, dear brother, your loving sister and constant friend,

"EMILIA WESLEY."

As Mrs. Harper makes no mention of her husband in her letter to Mr. Wesley in 1750, it is likely he was dead before that time. She had one child, whom she calls Tetty: but whether she survived her mother we do not know.

Mrs. Harper is represented as a fine woman; of a noble, yet affable countenance, and of a kind and affectionate disposition. She was left without property: but in her widowhood, for many years till her death, she was maintained entirely by her brothers, and lived at the preachers' house adjoining to the chapel in West-street, Seven Dials, London.

Mr. John Wesley has been stated by some of his biographers to have had no *family affections*. This is any thing but truth: almost the whole family were cast upon his care after his father's death; and were wholly, kindly, and affectionately, supported by him. A proof of his kindness is seen in the case of Mrs. Harper. She had a maid to whom she was greatly attached. This woman also Mr. Wesley supported, that she might attend upon her mistress, though there was a regular servant whose business it was to wait on the family in that house.

Before Mrs. Harper became a resident in the preachers' house at West-street, she was a constant attendant on the ministry of her brothers at the Old Foundry, by which she considerably profited. After she came to West-street her privileges became greater, as her opportunities of attending the means of grace were multiplied; and for this attendance she had every facility, as the apartments of the family opened into the chapel from the first floor; and by throwing up some sashes

that separated the house and the chapel, behind the pulpit, every convenience was afforded for hearing, without the trouble of ever going out of doors. In this comfortable retreat, in the very bosom of the Church, Mrs. Harper terminated her earthly existence at a very advanced age, some time between the years 1770 and 1772.

Though she survived the major part of her incomparable memory, which was much impaired previously to her death, yet her peculiarly *benevolent* and *even* temper never forsook her. That her mind was highly cultivated, and her taste exquisite, we have some proof in the assertion of her brother, Mr. John Wesley. "My sister Harper was the best reader of Milton I ever heard." The life of such a woman must have furnished innumerable anecdotes of the most instructive kind: but, alas! for want of a collector, they have been borne away long since on the gale that never returns, and buried in the viewless regions of endless oblivion.

The following nervous lines, addressed to her some time before her marriage, were written by her sister, Mrs. Wright:—

My fortunes often bid me flee
So light a thing as poetry:
But stronger inclination draws,
To follow wit and nature's laws.—
Virtue, form, and wit, in thee
Move in perfect harmony:
For *thee* my tuneful voice I 'll raise,
For *thee* compose my softest lays;
My youthful muse shall take her flight,
And crown thy beauteous head with radiant beams of light.

True wit and sprightly genius shine
In every turn, in every line:—
To these, O skilful Nine, annex
The native sweetness of my sex;
And that peculiar talent let me show,
Which Providence Divine doth oft bestow
On spirits that are *high*, with fortunes that are *low*.

Thy virtues and thy graces all,
How simple, free, and natural!
Thy graceful form with pleasure I survey;
It charms the eye,—the heart, away.—
Malicious fortune did repine,
To grant her gifts to worth like thine!

To all thy outward majesty and grace,
To all the blooming features of thy face,
To all the heavenly sweetness of thy mind,
A noble, generous, equal soul is joined,
By reason polished, and by arts refined.
Thy even, steady eye can see
Dame fortune smile, or frown, at thee;
At every varied change can say, It moves not me!

Fortune has fixed thee in a place
Debarred of wisdom, wit, and grace.
High births and virtue equally they scorn,
As asses dull on dunghills born:

Impervious as the stones their heads are found;
Their rage and hatred steadfast as the ground.
With these unpolished wights thy youthful days
Glide *slow* and *dull*, and nature's lamp decays:
O what a lamp is hid, 'midst such a sordid race!

But tho' thy brilliant virtues are obscured,
And in a noxious irksome *den* immur'd;
My numbers shall thy trophies rear,
And lovely as she is, my Emily appear.
Still thy transcendent praise I will rehearse,
And form this faint description into verse;
And when the poet's head lies low in clay,
Thy name shall shine in worlds which never can decay.

Wroote was the place of which Mrs. Wright speaks so degradingly; and on which her brother Samuel wrote a mock heroic poem, which he inscribed to his sister Hetty. The parsonage house at that place he thus describes:—

The house is good, and strong, and clean,
Tho' there no battlements are seen,
But humble roof of thatch, I ween,
Low rooms from rain to cover.
Where safe from poverty, (sore ill!)
All may live happy if they will,
As any that St. James's fill,
Th' Escurial, or the Louvre.

What happiness! then to be driven
Where powers of *saving* may be given!
To hope for unmolested heaven
While here on earth—too soon is:
But this is certain, if you 're wise,
Wroote is the seat of paradise,
As much as any place that lies
On earth beside the moon is.

'Tis true no fairy lands are there;
No spring to flourish all the year;
No bushes that perfumes will bear,
Flow'rs, fruits, together springing;
Where Phœbus, with perpetual beams,
Glitters from gently gliding streams,
And nymphs are lull'd to pleasing dreams
By philomela singing.

There was scarcely a *bush* in the place; for Wroote was situated in the low levels of Lincolnshire, and often covered with water, and the produce of the ground swept away!

MISS MARY WESLEY,—MRS. WHITELAMB.

Mary Wesley stands the *third* on the list of the grown up children of the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Through affliction, and probably some mismanagement in her nurse, she became considerably deformed in her body; and her growth in consequence was much stinted, and her health injured: but all written and oral testimony concurs in the statement

that her face was exquisitely beautiful, and was a fair and very legible index to a mind and disposition almost angelic. Her humble, obliging, even, and amiable disposition made her the favourite and delight of the whole family. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley frequently spoke of her, and ever with the most tender respect; and her sister *Hetty*, no mean judge of character, with whom she was an especial favourite, spoke and wrote of her as one of the most exalted of human characters.

She married, with the high approbation of all the family, Mr. John Whitelamb, of whom some mention has already been made, and whose history it is necessary to pursue a little farther. He was the son of parents at that time in very low circumstances, and was put to a charity school at *Wroote*, superintended by the Rev. *John Romley;* of whom it is worthy of remark, that in the course of a very few *months*, under the direction of the Rev. S. Wesley, sen., he learned to read, write, and speak the Greek language with facility and considerable elegance.

I have these particulars in a Greek epistle to Mr. Charles Wesley, now lying before me, written in the year 1732. Mr. Romley studied divinity under S. Wesley, sen.; graduated at Lincoln College, Oxford; and was for a time the curate of Mr. S. Wesley, (I believe at Wroote,) who had given him the first part of his education, and to whom he was for some time amanuensis. He was a member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding; and in 1730 presented to that society an "account of the manors, villages, seats, and church of Althorp, in Lincolnshire." This society was founded at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1710, by *Maurice Johnson*, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Of this society Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., became a member, January 9, 1723; and his son Samuel was elected a member, September 18, 1729.—See the history of it in Nichol's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vi.

It is likely that Mr. Romley recommended young *Whitelamb* to Mr. Wesley's notice, as a lad of promising abilities; for we find that Mr. Wesley took him to his house; that he became his *amanuensis* in the place of Mr. Romley; designed the plates for Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job; and engraved several of them with his own hand.

Under the care of the rector of Epworth, he obtained a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to enter the university; and at the expense, chiefly of Mr. Wesley's family, then indeed in *very low circumstances*, he was maintained at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his education *gratis* under Mr. John Wesley, then a fellow of that college. In the preceding memoirs we have met with this young man frequently; especially in the letters of the rector of Epworth, and of Mrs. Wesley.

He suffered great privations in order to acquire a sufficiency of learning to pass through the university, and obtain orders. It is in reference to this, that Mrs. Wesley calls him "poor starveling Johnny." So low were his circumstances that he could not procure himself clothes, and could not purchase a *gown* when ordained. In every respect the Wesley family divided with him according to their power; and by his humble and upright conduct, he did honour to himself, and repaid their kindness.

When he got orders, Mr. Wesley made him his curate in Wroote; and having engaged Miss Mary Wesley's affections, they were married, and Mr. Wesley gave up to him the living of Wroote, which he petitioned the lord chancellor to confirm; as that living, as well as *Epworth*, was in the gift of the crown; and he was promoted to it by the chancellor on Feb. 9, 1734. See the petition to the chancellor, and the high character given of this young man, in the life of the rector of Epworth.

But it appears that he afterward swerved from the simplicity of the Gospel, fell into doubts concerning the truth of Divine revelation, and at last became a *deist!* I find no particulars of his *reconversion:* but that it did take place I infer from a note by Mr. John Wesley, on a letter of his, printed in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine, containing the following passage: "To be frank, I cannot but look upon your doctrines as of ill consequence. *Consequence* I say; for, take them nakedly in themselves, nothing seems more innocent, nay good and holy. Suppose we grant that in *you* and the rest of the *leaders*, who are men of sense and discernment, what is called the seal and testimony of the Spirit is something real; yet I have great reason to think, that in the generality of your followers, it is merely the effect of a heated imagination."—September 2, 1742. The note is, "No wonder he should think so; for at that time, and for some years after, he did not believe the Christian revelation." From which it appears, that *some years after* he was brought back to the Christian faith. Mr. Southey seems to doubt of his ever having been a *deist:* but surely Mr. Wesley's testimony is sufficient on this point, to whom, Mr. Whitelamb says *he had opened his whole mind.*

Mr. Wesley knew him to have been a deist, though in other respects an amiable man; and he produced his deism as the *reason*, and at the same time an *excuse*, for his believing that all pretensions to experimental religion were the effect of a heated imagination.

Mr. Romley was not so mindful of *his obligations* to the Wesley family. On September 6, 1742, when Mr. Wesley visited Epworth, he offered to assist Mr. Romley, who was then curate, by either preaching or reading prayers: but the gentleman refused to let him do either, and went immediately and preached a sermon against *enthusiasm!* In the evening Mr. Wesley preached in the church yard, standing on the tomb of his father. Mr. *Whitelamb* was in the congregation, and wrote to him the following letter a few days after; which, because it is so creditable to his feelings, and to the *sense* he still retained of the *many favours* which he had received from him and from his family, I shall insert:—

"*June* 11, 1742.

"Dear Brother,—I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken with you, but that I am quite at a loss to know how to address or behave.

"Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant you and your followers may always have entire liberty of conscience.—Will not you allow others the same?

"Indeed, I cannot think as you do, any more than I can help honouring and loving you. Dear sir, will you credit me?—I retain the highest veneration and affection for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude: I feel in a higher degree all that tenderness and yearning of bowels, with which I am affected toward every branch of Mr. Wesley's family. I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect,—this is the man, who at Oxford was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's with such applause;—and, O that I should ever add, whom I have lately heard preach at Epworth! (on his father's tombstone.)

"I am quite forgot. None of the family ever honour me with a line! Have I been ungrateful? I appeal to sister *Patty*, I appeal to Mr. *Ellison*, whether I have or no. I have been passionate, fickle, a fool: but I hope I shall never be *ungrateful*.

"Dear sir, is it in my power to serve or oblige you any way? Glad I should be that you would make use of me. God open all our eyes, and lead us into truth wherever it be!

"JOHN WHITELAMB."

His wife Mary did not long survive her marriage. She died in childbed of her first child. How all the family could quite have forgotten Mr. *Whitelamb* I cannot tell. There must have been something improper in his conduct: indeed, he seems to hint at this in the above letter, "*I have been passionate, fickle, a fool;*"—and in one of the 2d Sept. in the same year, 1742, to Charles, he writes, "J. Whitelamb was never either ungrateful, or vicious; though *by the heat of youthful blood, and want of experience in the world, he has been betrayed into very great follies.*" The Mr. *Ellison* mentioned above was the husband of *Susanna Wesley;* and *Patty* was Mrs. *Hall*, both of whom will be mentioned in their proper places.

That Mr. Wesley still felt a parental affection and anxiety for his old pupil, Mr. Whitelamb, and especially in reference to his eternal interests, will appear from the following extract of one of his letters to Mrs. *Woodhouse* of *Epworth*, in answer to one which that lady had written, giving an account of Mr. Whitelamb's death:—

"*Oct.* 4, 1769.

"——— How long is it since Mr. Whitelamb died? What disease did he die of? Did he lie ill for any time? Do you know any circumstances preceding or attending his death? O, why did he not die forty years ago, while he knew in whom he had believed! Unsearchable are the counsels of God, and his ways past finding out.

"JOHN WESLEY."

The Whitelamb family have been long very respectable in Lincolnshire, and particularly at Wroote, where one of them succeeded to the pastoral charge in that parish; and was remarkable for his various learning, and especially for his great skill in mathematics.

As for the husband of Miss Mary Wesley, we may charitably hope from his sound education, and his long-tried piety, that whatever doubts might for a time have obscured his views of the sacred records, and

paralyzed his religious feelings and experience, his former principles regained their influence and ascendency, and that he died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The verses to Mrs. Whitelamb's memory, with her epitaph, composed by her sister *Wright*, I think it proper to subjoin; from which we learn that she was a most steady and affectionate friend; was deeply devoted to God; full of humility and goodness; and diligent in all the duties of life.

But she was a *Wesley;* and in that singular family excellencies of all kinds were to be found, and the *female* part were as conspicuous as the *male.*

In the following lines, which are full of mind and feeling, we shall find allusion to the source whence the miseries of Mrs. Wright's life proceeded. These will be considered at large in the account of herself.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.

If blissful spirits condescend to know,
And hover round what once they loved below;
Maria! gentlest excellence! attend
To her, who glories to have called thee *friend!*
Remote in merit, tho' allied in blood,
Unworthy I, and thou divinely good!
Accept, blest shade, from me these artless lays,
Who never could unjustly blame, or praise.
How thy economy and sense outweighed
The finest wit in utmost pomp display'd,
Let others sing, while I attempt to paint
The godlike virtues of the friend and saint.

With business and devotion never cloy'd,
No moment of thy life pass'd unemployed,
Well natured mirth, matured discretion joined,
Constant attendants of the virtuous mind.
From earliest dawn of youth, in thee well known,
The saint sublime and finished Christian shone.
Yet would not *grace* one grain of pride allow,
Or cry, "Stand off, I'm holier than thou."
A worth so singular since time began,
But one surpassed, and He was more than *man.*
When deep immers'd in griefs beyond redress,
And friends and kindred heightened my distress,
And with relentless efforts made me prove
Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love;*
My soft *Maria* could alone dissent,
O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment!
Condoled the ill, admitting no relief,
With such infinitude of pitying grief,
That all who could not my *demerit* see,
Mistook her wond'rous love for *worth* in me;
No toil, reproach, or sickness could divide
The tender mourner from her *Stella's* side;
My fierce inquietude, and madd'ning care,
Skilful to soothe, or resolute to share!

Ah me! that Heaven has from this bosom tore
My angel friend, to meet on earth no more;
That this indulgent spirit soars away,
Leaves but a still insentient mass of clay;

E'er *Stella* could discharge the smallest part
Of all she owed to such immense desert;
Or could repay with ought but feeble praise
The sole companion of her joyless days!
Nor was thy form unfair, tho' Heaven confined
To scanty limits thy exalted mind.
Witness thy brow serene, benignant, clear,
That none could doubt transcendent truth dwelt there;
Witness the taintless whiteness of thy skin,
Pure emblem of the purer soul within:
That soul, which tender, unassuming, mild,
Through jetty eyes with tranquil sweetness smil'd.
But, ah! could fancy paint, or language speak,
The roseate beauties of thy lip or cheek,
Where nature's pencil, leaving art no room,
Touch'd to a miracle the vernal bloom.
(Lost though thou art) in Stella's deathless line
Thy face immortal as thy fame should shine.

To soundest prudence (life's unerring guide)
To love sincere, religion without pride:
To friendship perfect in a female mind
Which I nor hope, nor wish, on earth to find:
To mirth, (the balm of care,) from lightness free,
Unblemish'd faith, unwearied industry.
To every charm and grace combin'd in *you*,
Sister, and friend!—a long, a last adieu!

MR. JOHN WESLEY'S ALTERATIONS.

Line 1. *Happy spirits are allowed.*—Blissful spirits condescend.
Line 6. *Tho' worthless I.*—Unworthy I.
Line 7. *Dear.*—Blest.
Line 8. *Durst.*—Could.
Sixteen lines are entirely left out, beginning—*From earliest dawn.*
Lines 31, 32, 35, and 36, are entirely left out.
Line 37. *Torn.*—Tore.
Line 38. *The dearest friend whom I must ever mourn.*
Lines 39, 40, left out.
Line 45. *Pleasing thy face and form.*—Nor was thy form unfair.
Line 46. *Extensive.*—Exalted.
Line 49. *Lustre.*—Whiteness.
Line 50. *Bright, brighter.*—Pure, purer.
Line 51. *Easy and affected.*—Tender, unassuming.
Line 52. *Cheerful.*—Tranquil.
The four next lines are left out, beginning—*But ah! could fancy paint.*
Line 60. *Void of.*—Without.
Line 62. *Which I can never hope again.*—Nor hope, nor wish on earth.
Line 64. *To steadfast truth.*—Unblemish'd faith.
Line 66. Long *and* last adieu.

A copy of these verses was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1736, vol. vi, p. 740, with the following inscription:—"To the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, rector of Epworth and Wroote." From it I have recovered a few stanzas omitted in the MS.; otherwise it is very imperfect.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.

If highest worth in beauty's bloom
Exempted mortals from the tomb;
We had not round this sacred bier
Mourned the sweet babe and mother here,

Where innocence from harm is blest,
And the meek sufferer is at rest!
Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
Till Heaven relieved the finished saint.

If savage bosoms felt her wo,
(Who lived and died without a foe,)
How should I mourn, or how commend,
My tenderest, dearest, *firmest* friend?
Most pious, meek, resign'd and chaste,
With every social virtue graced!

If, reader, thou would'st prove, and know,
The ease she found not here below;
Her bright example points the way
To perfect bliss, and endless day.

I have not been able to recover any thing written either in prose or verse by Mrs. Whitelamb; and without this short and imperfect memoir, her name would have been soon consigned to oblivion.

MISS ANNE WESLEY,—MRS. LAMBERT.

Of this lady I find no record among the family papers, nor from any of the survivors in any of its branches, but that she was married to a gentleman of the name of John Lambert, of whom I know but this; that he was a land-surveyor in Epworth. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert are the persons probably meant by Mr. Wesley in his Journal, under the date Tuesday, June 8th, 1742, where he says, "I walked to *Hibaldstone*, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister:" but he mentions no name.

On her marriage her brother Samuel presented to Mr. Lambert and her the following verses:—

TO MRS. LAMBERT,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

No fiction fine shall guide my hand,
But artless *truth* the verse supply;
Which all with ease may *understand*,
But *none* be able to *deny*.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss
Which I, in giving rules, employ
To point the likeliest way to bliss,
To *cause*, as well as *wish*, you joy.

Let love your *reason* never blind,
To dream of paradise below;
For sorrows must attend mankind,
And pain, and weariness, and wo!

Though still from *mutual love*, relief
In *all conditions* may be found,
It cures at once the common grief,
And softens the severest wound.

Thro' diligence and *well earned* gain,
In growing plenty may you live!
And each in *piety* obtain
Repose that riches cannot give!

If children e'er should bless the bed,
O rather let them *infants* die,
Than live to grieve the hoary head,
And make the aged father sigh!

Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire
To make their parents disagree;
No *son* be rival to his *sire*,
No *daughter* more beloved than *thee!*

Let them be humble, pious, wise,
Nor higher station wish to know;
Since only those deserve to *rise*,
Who live contented to be *low*.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,
With easy but unquestioned sway;
May HE have *kindness* to command,
And THOU the *bravery* to *obey!*

Long may he give thee comfort, long
As the frail knot of life shall hold!
More than a *father* when thou 'rt young,
More than a *son* when waxing *old*.

The greatest earthly pleasure try,
Allowed by Providence Divine;
Be still a *husband*, blest as I,
And *thou* a wife as good as *mine!*

There is much good sense, and piety, and suitable advice, in these verses; and they give an additional testimony to the domestic happiness of Mr. Samuel Wesley, their author.

We have to regret, that of Mrs. Lambert, her husband, and their children, if they had any, we know nothing farther. As every member of this family, of whom we have any memoirs, has afforded us lessons of instruction in some of the weightiest concerns of life; I wish the above verses in the hands of every new-married couple in the kingdom.

MISS SUSANNA WESLEY,—MRS. ELLISON.

I HAVE not been able to ascertain the year in which Susanna Wesley was born: but it was some time between 1700 and 1702, as in the list of the *ten* children she stands before her brother John, who was born in 1703. Of her youth I find little. She is reported to have been good-natured, very facetious, and a little romantic, but behaved herself with the strictest moral correctness. She married *Richard Ellison*, Esq., a gentleman of good family, who farmed his own estate, and had a very respectable establishment. But though she bore him several children, the marriage, like some others in the Wesley family, was not a happy one. She had a mind naturally strong and vivacious, and well refined by a good education: his was common, coarse, and uncultivated, mo-

rose, and too much incline ABEL WESLEY,—MRS. WRIGHT.
happiness. Unfitness of ed also *Hetty*, and by her brother Samuel
general mars the marriage uith child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley,
happiness and contentment are survivors: but she was probably their

Susan was much beloved by eral had died in infancy, whose names
with her Mr. Ellison, for a time,

What little domestic happiness such proofs of strong mental powers
but finally destroyed, by a distress with the utmost care and diligence,
their dwelling house, by which it an erly directed, and bring forth cor-
the family alone escaped with their liv
scattered among different relations. on were crowned with success;
I cannot learn: but from that time she had made such proficiency in
with her husband! She went to could read the Greek text.
of her children who were eso etic genius, which, though common to the
from her brother John, tha in her with peculiar splendour, and was
lison used many means to dge of the fine models of antiquity.
either to see him, or to ha was gay and sprightly; full of mirth, good

As he knew her affecti he indulged this disposition so much, that it
to Lincolnshire, he adv great uneasiness to her parents; because she
her ear, she immediately n betrayed into little inadvertencies, which,
of respect to his remains themselves, showed that her mind was not
returned; and no persuasion that fancy, not reason, often dictated that

It does not appear she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this
of this aversion ous disposition; and is rarely connected with a suffi-
pursue it by conuce and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself, and
traced and well s. She appears to have had many suitors; but they
nesley Ellison. of the airy and thoughtless class, and ill suited to make

1. *John Ellison* r useful in a matrimonial life.
excise, or customthose proposed matches, in very early life, I believe
beth Ellison, who s allude, which I find in her father's hand writing,
Mr. J. Wesley sho. J. Wesley—"*Hetty's letter to her mother*,"—
which her imprude
ness, and giving her a
her to true happiness;—a
was a member of a disse
ducted herself as a useful me
tian. He also left a son name
able man in good circumstanc
Bristol.

once in the ew'n,
is plainly shown,
'er come after.
in time of need,
ook'd father plead
d daughter!"

man in the profession of the law paid

2. *Ann Ellison* married Mr. I he became greatly attached; and a
fugee.—He left one son, Peter Lie place, when her father interfered,
school; took orders in the Church vantage of the gentleman, which
living of *Lutterworth*, in Leicestershi ncipled lawyer." This interfe-
religious man, and has left a family in com She refused to give him up,
son is a clergyman of good character.—This rents' consent; and had
second marriage with a gentleman named Gaunt, w ld in all probability
widow. It was in the house of this Mrs. Gaunt, that opposition he
formerly Susanna Wesley, died in London. The year of this second
marriage I have not been able to ascertain.

3. *Deborah Ellison* married another French refugee, Mr. Pierre

Thro' diligence and *well earned* g
In growing plenty may you liv*ets* yet alive. Both *Lièvre*
And each in *piety* obtain
Repose that riches cannot g
enty-seven, leaving two orphan
If children e'er should bles one, an excellent warm-hearted
O rather let them *infant* g minister. This excellent cou-
Than live to grieve the h g
And make the aged f n in the East Indies, another an
rs, one of whom is lately married,
Still duteous, let them
To make their pare
No *son* be rival to esley's grandchildren are alive; the
No *daughter* mo Mrs. *Biam*, and Mr. *Collet*, brother of
tended to traduce the character of Mr.
Let them be humble, was under the highest obligations.
Nor higher station w
Since only those deserve t able to add, that all his forgeries
Who live contented to be *l* repented of those calumnies
y held them in abhorrence.
Firm let the husband's empire st
With easy but unquestioned s evre,) was a fine-looking
May HE have *kindness* to comman abundance of wit. She
And THOU the *bravery* to *obey!* latter years by Mr. John

Long may he give thee comfort, l
As the frail knot of life shall h le, *Matthew Wesley*, after
More than a *father* when thou e in Lincoln as a teacher;
More than a *son* when wa isborough, assisted her in her
er sent that beautiful
The greatest earthly pleasure try,
Allowed by Providence Divine; will find entered
Be still a *husband*, blest as I,
And *thou* a wife as good as *mine!*

There is much good sense, and piety, and suitable a
verses; and they give an additional testimony to the
ness of Mr. Samuel Wesley, their author.

We have to regret, that of Mrs. Lambert, her h people called Me-
children, if they had any, we know nothing farther. connected order of
of this family, of whom we have any memoirs, has fe, on the 17th June,
instruction in some of the weightiest concerns of the City Road, March
verses in the hands of every new-married c age, and the sixty-fifth of his

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Rev. Dr. Coke, and the Rev.

MISS SUSANNA WESLEY.—

I HAVE not been able to ascertain the 8vo.
was born: but it was some time betw ls. 12mo.
of the *ten* children she stands before oet Laureat, 2 vols. 8vo.
in 1703. Of her youth I find little. ve accounts may possess, a proper
natured, very facetious, and a litt a desideratum in the religious world.*
the strictest moral correctness supplied by two biographies, which have been more
gentleman of good famil titled "The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., Fellow
respectable establish ord; in which are included, The Life of his Brother, the Rev.
the marriage, li A. M., &c, by the Rev. Henry Moore"—the other under the fol-
owing title: "The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., sometime Fellow of Lin-
coln College, Oxford, and Founder of the Methodist Societies, by the Rev. Richard
Watson," author of Theological Institutes, Theological and Biblical Dictionary, &c;
both of which have been republished at the Methodist Episcopal Press, and are now
on sale at 14 Crosby-street, New-York.—ED.]

MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY,—MRS. WRIGHT.

Mehetabel Wesley, called also *Hetty*, and by her brother Samuel sometimes *Kitty*, is the seventh child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley, as they stand on my list of his survivors: but she was probably their *tenth* or *eleventh* child; for several had died in infancy, whose names are now forgotten.

Hetty gave from her infancy such proofs of strong mental powers as led her parents to cultivate them with the utmost care and diligence, that they might be extended, properly directed, and bring forth corresponding fruits.

The pains taken with her education were crowned with success; for at the early age of *eight* years she had made such proficiency in the learned languages that she could read the Greek text.

She had naturally a fine, poetic genius, which, though common to the whole family, shone forth in her with peculiar splendour, and was heightened by her knowledge of the fine models of antiquity.

From her childhood she was gay and sprightly; full of mirth, good humour, and keen wit. She indulged this disposition so much, that it was said to have given great uneasiness to her parents; because she was in consequence often betrayed into little inadvertencies, which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline; and that fancy, not reason, often dictated that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous disposition; and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself, and offending others. She appears to have had many suitors; but they were generally of the airy and thoughtless class, and ill suited to make her either happy or useful in a matrimonial life.

To some of those proposed matches, in very early life, I believe the following lines allude, which I find in her father's hand writing, and marked by Mr. J. Wesley—"*Hetty's letter to her mother*,"—

"DEAR MOTHER,—

"You were once in the ew'n,
As by us cakes is plainly shown,
Who else had ne'er come after.
Pray speak a word in time of need,
And with my sour-look'd father plead
For your distressed daughter!"

About the year 1724 a gentleman in the profession of the law paid his addresses to her: to him she became greatly attached; and a marriage was on the eve of taking place, when her father interfered, having heard something to the disadvantage of the gentleman, which led him to pronounce him "an unprincipled lawyer." This interference, however, did not move *Hetty*. She refused to give him up, though not inclined to marry without her parents' consent; and had he been equally faithful to her, the connection would in all probability have issued in marriage: but, whether offended with the opposition he met with from the family, or whether through fickleness, he in fact remitted his assiduities, and at last abandoned a woman who would have been an honour to the first man in the land.

The matter thus terminating, she appears to have done what many

others in similar circumstances have done, made a rash vow, either never to marry another, or to take the first man that might offer, whose suit her parents might approve. Which of these formed the vow I have not been able to determine. Mr. Wright, a plumber and glazier, in good circumstances, offered, and was recommended by parental authority: and as her parents saw that her mind was strongly attached to the man who had jilted her, in order to prevent the possibility of a union in that quarter, her father urged her to marry *Wright*. She found him to be a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education, manners, &c; and in consequence expressed her strong disapprobation, and earnestly begged that parental authority might not be used to induce her to adopt a measure that promised no comfort to her, and might prove her ruin. Her father appears to have been inexorable;—she was doubly bound by her filial *duty*, and her *vow*.

Mary, of all her sisters, had the courage to counsel her rather to break that vow than do what she saw would most infallibly produce her misery through life. To this she alludes in her fine lines addressed to the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb:—

> "When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
> And *friends* and *kindred* heightened my distress;
> And by *relentless efforts* made me prove
> Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
> My soft *Maria* could alone dissent,
> O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment."

But this ill-fated marriage took place; and if unkindness of treatment had not been added to utter unsuitableness of disposition, her lot would have been less grievous. Mr. Wright did not know the value of the woman he had espoused! He associated with low dissolute company; spent his evenings from home; became a drunkard; and, by a series of ill management and ill treatment, broke the heart of his wife.

When this marriage took place I cannot learn. Dr. Whitehead thinks it was in the end of the year 1725. I think it was not so early, as a letter which I shall subjoin written in 1729, seems to have been sent a little after her marriage. That she was almost *compelled* to marry Mr. Wright, this letter, written to her father, I think plainly intimates. I cannot suppress it, as it throws the proper light on this hitherto unexplained unfortunate transaction:—

"*July* 3, 1729.

"Honoured Sir,—Though I was glad on any terms, of the favour of a line from you; yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

"But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I can't help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so; especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

"You ask me, 'what hurt matrimony has done me?' and 'whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now?' Home questions indeed! and I once more beg of you not to be offended at the *least* I can say to them, if I say any thing.

"I had not always such notions of wedlock as now: but thought that where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person; either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and any thing to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a *possibility* of happiness in a married state: but *where all*, or *most of these*, *were wanting*, I ever thought people could not marry without *sinning against God and themselves.*

"I could say much more: but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

"You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, 'you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me.' I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

"I think exactly the same of *my marriage* as I did before it happened: but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all;* yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually *irreparable*, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own,—that since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy;* and endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say, 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do; yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased, I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me patient to endure your displeasure is *your thinking I deserve it.*

"Though I can't justify my late indiscreet letter which made me say so much in this; yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life (*of which perhaps I have my share,*) sometimes *wring a complaint* from me, I need tell no one, that though *I bear* I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much, which (with begging your blessing) is all from

"Your most obedient daughter,
"MEHET. WRIGHT."

Here we see the impelling cause of this ill-fated match; and in the following address to her *husband*, the powerful operating cause of her continual chagrin and wretchedness:—

1 THE ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate;
And tho' despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.

2 Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love.
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride?

3 O thou whom sacred rites design'd
My guide, and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends;
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me *why* I cease to please.

4 Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing wo.
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place:
A youthful grace informs these lines,
Where still the purple current shines;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart:
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in wo.

5 Or is it that, oppressed with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear,
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody:
For tho' thine absence I lament
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.

6 Had I not practis'd every art
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise;
I had not ask'd "Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some *obscure, unclean retreat,*
With *fiends incarnate* glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth:
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;

While thou in raptures with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause?"

7 Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rivall'd by such *things* as these;
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart, or die.
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee!

8 Then quit the shuffling doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense;
Unkind, ungrateful as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?

9 If so, by truth itself I swear,
The sad reverse I cannot bear:
No rest, no pleasure will I see;
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er;
(A gift I never lost before;)
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe,
Who tries to mitigate my wo;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more.

It is not likely that these lines produced any good effect on the untutored and sin-hardened heart of Mr. Wright: there is no evidence that he amended; or that her lot in life was ameliorated, till in her distress she turned her eyes to *Him*, who is a cover from the storm, and a refuge to the distressed.

That she was fully awakened to a sense of her need of the Friend of sinners, and sought and *found* that great salvation which her brothers so powerfully and successfully preached, may be seen by the following letters.

In 1743, she wrote as follows to her brother, Mr. John Wesley:—

"Some years ago I told my brother *Charles*, I could not be of his way of thinking then; but that if ever I was, I would as freely own it.

"After I was convinced of sin, and of your opinions, as far as I had examined your principles, I still forbore declaring my sentiments as openly as I had an inclination to do, fearing I should relapse into my former state. When I was delivered from this fear, and had a blessed hope that *He* who had begun would finish his work, I never confessed so powerfully as I ought how entirely I was of your mind; because I was taxed with insincerity and hypocrisy whenever I opened my mouth in favour of religion, or owned how great things God had done for me.

"This discouraged me utterly, and prevented me from making my change so public, as my folly and vanity had formerly been. But now my health is gone, I cannot be easy without declaring that I have long desired to know one thing, Jesus Christ and him crucified; and this desire prevails above all others.

"And though I am cut off from all human help, or ministry, I am not without assistance: though I have no spiritual friend, nor ever had one yet, except perhaps once in a year or two when I have seen one of my brothers, or some other religious person by stealth; yet (no thanks to me) I am enabled to seek him still, and to be satisfied with nothing less than God, in whose presence I affirm this truth. I dare not desire health; only patience, resignation, and the spirit of a healthful mind. I have been so long weak, that I know not how long my trial may last: but I have a firm persuasion, and blessed hope, (though no full assurance,) that in the country I am going to I shall not sing hallelujah, and holy, holy, holy, without company, as I have done in this. Dear brother, I am unable to speak or write on these things; I only speak my plain thoughts as they occur. Adieu: if you have time from better business to send a line to *Stanmore*, so great a comfort would be as *welcome* as it is wanted."

The *Stanmore* here mentioned, was probably that near *Edgeware*, about ten miles from London. It is near a hill so very high, that the trees on its top are a *landmark* from the *German ocean*.

What an infinite mercy that such a mind, harassed out with distress and anguish, found at last a resting place. This was the means of preserving for several years a life that previously stood on the very verge of the grave. In the following year, 1744, she visited Bristol, where she had the opportunity of sitting under the ministry of her brothers, and of being connected with the very holy and sensible members of the Methodist society in that place! She profited much by their pious conversation, and their Christian experience. She was led to that light which manifests whatsoever is not wrought of God; she saw the depth of her natural corruption, and she mourned as in sackcloth and ashes, till she found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. She then went on rejoicing in God her salvation, sustained in all her troubles, strengthened in all her weakness, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, till her happy spirit returned to God. Her brother *Charles* visited her in her last illness. In the month in which she died he thus mentions her: "Prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break." She died March 21, 1751; and Mr. Charles Wesley preached her funeral sermon from these words: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." During this solemn service both he and his congregation were deeply affected.

Mr. Wright had an establishment in Frith-street, Soho, London, where he carried on his business of plumbing and glazing; and had lead works connected with the others, the former of which injured his own health and very materially that of Mrs. Wright.

They had several children but all died young; and it was their mother's opinion that the effluvia from the lead works were the cause of their death. This she told Mr. Duncombe, when he visited her not long before she died. This gentleman wrote a small tract, quarto, price one shilling, called the *Feminead*, containing the characters and praises of several eminent ladies, of whom Mrs. Wright was one; and,

like many other superficial thinkers and reflecters, who publish their own prejudices instead of facts, he attributed her wo-worn state to false views she had taken of religion, which filled her with a gloomy, and, to her, destructive superstition! His verses on the subject are not worth repeating: but as they have been produced by others of like opinion, I shall subjoin them; and the reader will see at once that they are flatly contradicted and nullified by the preceding account.

"But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When, sweetly mournful, hapless *Wright* complains?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,
Amidst the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She called on Heaven to close her weary eyes,
And long on earth, by heartfelt woes opprest,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest."

Nothing can be more false than this statement; it was her unsuitable, wretched, ill-fated marriage;—the neglect and unkindness, the unfeelingness and profligacy, of a worthless husband,—that was the cause of all her distresses; and these causes of misery continued to prey on her spirits and on her body, till the religion of the God of heaven came to her aid; which it did many years, at least eight, before her death.

Had not the wound she had received in her constitution been too deep, the salvation of God which she obtained would have healed her body:—It was nevertheless the means of lengthening out her life many years, and giving her to taste that happiness she had before sought in vain, in what Mr. Duncombe calls "nobler views and worthier guests." And the angels of heaven, not "friendly death" or *oblivion*, bore her soul at last to *rest* in the bosom of her Father and her God.

Mr. Duncombe parries all this by representing Mr. Wright as a very decent, respectable man, carrying on business in his own neighbourhood. How much decency and respectability he had, let the preceding *address* from his wife tell. He would of course take as much care as possible that the world should not know that his conduct toward her was the occasion of her broken heart; she was of too noble a spirit to complain; and it is very probable that Mr. Wright might inform Mr. Duncombe that his wife's shattered constitution was owing to the gloomy views she had taken of religion. However Mr. D. came by his information, the preceding account proves that it was false. Dr. Whitehead has observed justly that "it is grievous to see authors, whose works are likely to be read, take every opportunity to dress out religion in the most ugly forms they can invent to deter young people from embracing it; and attributing to it the calamities of life, which religion alone is able to alleviate and redress." Such persons have no just notion of religion themselves, and feel nothing of its power and nature; hence they suspect every person who pretends to any, to be either enthusiasts or hypocrites.

Mrs. *Wright* died long before I was born: but from a gentleman still

living, who knew her in the *decline* of life, I have had this description: "She was an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners; and had the traces of beauty in her countenance, with the appearance of being broken-hearted."

The account given of her mind and person by a writer who calls himself *Sylvius*, in the sixth volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1736, p. 155, is by no means exaggerated.

TO MRS. W——T.

ON READING HER MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

Fain would my grateful muse a trophy raise
Devoted to *Granvilla's* lasting praise.
But from what topic shall her task begin?
From *outward charms?* or richer stores within?
'T were difficult with portrait just to trace
The blooming beauties of her lovely FACE;
The *roseate bloom* that blushes on her *cheek;*
Her *eyes* whence rays of *pointed lightning break;*
Each *brow* the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
With certain arch'ry strike unguarded hearts;
Her *lips*, that with a *rubied tincture* glow,
Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow.
But O! what words, what numbers, shall I find
T' express the boundless treasures of her MIND,
Where *wit* and *judgment* spread their copious mines,
And every *grace* and every *virtue* shines?

O nymph! when you assume the muses' lyre,
What thoughts you quicken, and what joys inspire!
Pale melancholy wears a cheerful mien;
Grief smiles, and raging *passions* grow serene.
If *themes sublime*, of import grand, you try,
You lift the attentive spirit to the sky;
Or change the strain, and *sportive subjects* choose,
Our soft'ning souls obey the powerful muse.
Yet 'tis, *Granvilla*, not thy smallest praise,
That no indecent thought profanes thy lays.
Like thy own breast, thy style from taint is free;
Censure may pry, but can no blemish see.
No longer let thy muse the press decline;
Publish her lays, and prove her race divine.
Long has thy tuneful *sire* been known to fame;
On him *Maria* smil'd, a royal name.
Thy brother's works, received with rapture, tell
That on the *son* the father's spirit fell:
To these the *daughter's* equal flame subjoin,
Then boast, O muses, the unrivall'd line!

SYLVIUS.

The above verses Mrs. *Wright*, who is here called *Granvilla*, sent to the Gentleman's Magazine: and on them the same author composed the following *prize epigram*:—

Allowed by bright *Granvilla* to peruse
The sprightly labours of her charming muse;
Enraptur'd by *her* wit's inspiring rays,
I chanted ready numbers to her praise.
She, pleased, my unpremeditated lines
To the recording *Magazine* consigns:
But would you be to best advantage known,
Print not MY VERSES, *fairest, but* YOUR OWN.

This epigram has very fine *point* in it: but Mrs. Wright could never be prevailed on to collect and give her poems to the public. It is said that she gave them at her death to one of her sisters. Many have been published in different collections. Her niece, Miss Wesley, has kindly furnished me with several; and from the MSS. I have been enabled to correct the printed copies. Some may be found in the Poetical Register, the Christian Magazine, the Arminian Magazine, and in different Lives of her brothers John and Charles Wesley.

Most of the following were written under strong mental depression, and before she found the consolations of religion. They are excellent of their kind, and cannot be deemed out of their place at the end of these memoirs.

Mrs. Wright's *address to her dying infant*, composed during her confinement, written down from her mouth by her husband, and sent by him to Mr. John Wesley, is a piece inimitable for its *tenderness* and highly polished numbers: but tinged with that *gloom* which was her constant attendant throughout her unfortunate marriage.

The *original letter* sent with these verses lies before me. It is a curiosity of its kind; and one proof among many of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire *in its own orthography*, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the *rude hand* which wrote it.

"To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley, Fellow in Christ Church College Oxon.

"DEAR BRO:—This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died —the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles From Your Loveing Bro: to Comnd—WM. WRIGHT.

"PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one of both of you as Soon as you Think Conveniant."

The verses follow: but I have taken the liberty to correct Mr. Wright's barbarous orthography.

The original letter and poem are, like the ancient Hebrew, all *without points*.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING INFANT.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eye-lids down;

Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let *me* be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud:
When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the *blossom* blast the *tree!*

LINES

WRITTEN BY MRS. WRIGHT WHEN IN DEEP ANGUISH OF SPIRIT.

1 Oppressed with utmost weight of wo,
Debarr'd of freedom, health, and rest;
What human eloquence can show
The inward anguish of my breast!

2 The finest periods of discourse,
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress
Unmoving) lose their pointed force,
When griefs are swell'd beyond redress.

3 Attempt not then with speeches smooth
My raging conflicts to control;
Nor softest sounds again can soothe
The wild disorder of my soul!

4 Such efforts vain to end my fears,
And long lost happiness restore,
May make me melt in fruitless tears,
But charm my tortured soul no more.

5 Enable me to bear my lot,
O *Thou* who only canst redress!
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

6 Regard thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismay'd, abandon'd, destitute
Of all support, but only thine!

7 Nor health, nor life, I ask of thee;
Nor languid nature to restore:
Say but "a speedy period be
To these thy griefs,"—I ask no more!

These lines seem to have been written about the time of her address to her husband. Despair of all remedy had nearly drunk up her spirit: but she began to seek help where it could be found.

The last three verses are very fine.

THE LUCID INTERVAL.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

1 Wear pleasure, *Stella!* on thy face,
Nor check the rising joy:
Nor canst thou, since the heart displays
Its transport through the eye.

2 Those dearly welcome hours of rest,
This pleasing truce from care,
Removes the mountain from thy breast,
Thou hast not learnt to bear.

3 Though, distant far from what I love,
My blooming hopes are crost,
Yet free as air my thoughts can rove,
In silent rapture lost!

4 Then, *Stella*, prize thy present ease,
This interval of wo:
Since other moments blest as these
Thy life may never know.

5 Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part:
To-morrow (should'st thou say)
Tho' pain may rend this tortured heart,
I'll smile and live to-day.

AN EPITAPH ON HERSELF.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

Destin'd while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learn'd to bear
A living death, a long despair;
Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
O'ercharg'd, she sunk beneath its weight;
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteem'd, so long desired.
The painful mortal conflict 's o'er:
A broken heart can bleed no more!

THE RESIGNATION:

A PENITENT HEART HOPING IN GOD.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

1 Great Power! at whose almighty hand
Vengeance and comfort ever wait;
Starting to earth at thy command,
To execute thy love or hate:

2 Thy indignation knits thy brow
On those who dare to sin give way;
But who so perfect, Lord, below
As *never* from thy word to stray?

3 But when thy mighty laws we break,
And after do our guilt deplore;
Thou dost the word of comfort speak,
And treasure up our crimes no more.

4 O thou, thy mighty grace display,
And thy offending servant spare;
With pain my body wastes away,
My weaken'd limbs with constant care.

5 Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dash'd with gall.

6 Thou canst the heavy hand withdraw,
That bends me downward to the grave;
One healing touch my pain can awe,
And thy declining servant save.

7 But if thy justice has decreed
I still must languish out my days;
Support me in the time of need,
Patient to bear these slow decays.

8 Lo! to thy dreadful will I bow,
Thy visitations still to prove;
Thy judgments do thy mercy show,
Since, Lord, thou chast'nest in thy love.

The following address contains some fine sentiments and consolatory thoughts:—

TO A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

1 Though sorer sorrows than their birth
Your children's death has given;
Mourn not that others bear for earth,
While you have peopled heaven!

2 If now so painful 'tis to part,
O think, that when you meet,
Well bought with shortly fleeting smart
Is never-ending sweet!

3 What if those little angels, nigh
T' assist your latest pain,
Should hover round you when you die,
And leave you not again?

4 Say, shall you then regret your woes,
Or mourn your teeming years?
One moment will reward your throes,
And overpay your tears.

5 Redoubled thanks will fill your song:
Transported while you view
Th' inclining, happy, infant throng,
That owe their bliss to you!

6 So moves the common star, tho' bright,
With simple lustre crown'd;
The planet shines, with guards of light
Attending it around.

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,
Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey;
O'erjoy'd to reach the goal, with eager pace,
Ere my slow life has measur'd half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease,
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures work within.
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil, and forget the good:
For *both* I humble adoration pay,
And bless the power who gives, and takes away.
Long shall my faithful memory retain
And oft recall each interval of pain.
Nay, to high Heaven for greater gifts I bend;
Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a *friend!*
Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,
Allow'd the sportive and instructive scene.
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found;
We pois'd the wav'ring sail with ballast sound.
Learning here plac'd her richer stores in view,
Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew!
Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms prov'd,
Divine benevolence, by Heaven belov'd.
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.
The shiv'ring wretch we cloth'd, the mourner cheer'd,
And sickness ceased to groan when we appear'd.
Unask'd, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.
Sometimes in shades unpierc'd by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimpled stream,
We wander'd innocent through sylvan scenes,
Or tripp'd like fairies o'er the level greens.
From fragrant herbage deck'd with pearly dews,
And flow'rets of a thousand diff'rent hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
And round our heads in whisp'ring breezes sigh.
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good nature, candour, sense, combin'd
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;
In wisdom's love we ev'ry heart engage,
And triumph to restore the golden age!

Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose;

Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish to balance ev'ry pain:
To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,
Till borne by angel bands to *everlasting rest.*

"It is but justice to her memory," says Mr. Wesley, "to observe, that she was at '*rest*' before she went hence; being for *some years* a witness of that *rest which remains*, even here, *for the people of God.*"—In the above verses she refers with exquisite feeling to her beloved sister *Mary.*

I know not whether, after her conversion to God, she wrote any verses; it is most likely that she did not, as for several years before her death she was in a very infirm state of health, and could not use her pen with ease. Of gay, sportive, innocent pieces she no doubt wrote many: but I have not met with any that bear her name, though among many now lying before me in the hand writing of herself, Emily, and Kezzia, there may be some of her composing. When Mr. Duncombe asked her about her poetical compositions, she told him that "she had none left, having given them to her sister;"—which sister, is not mentioned.

I have already hazarded a thought that the hymn of Eupolis to the Creator might probably have been written by her, or at least a part of it. I have given some reasons to support this opinion: but as the piece has passed invariably in the family for old Mr. Samuel Wesley's production, I will not undertake to defend it. Both the father and daughter had great poetical powers;—*his*, often rugged, but still strong; *hers*, highly polished and harmonious, yet full of fire; and I would conclude on the subject, as the shepherd in Virgil:—

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitulâ tu *dignus et* hic.

Eclog. iii, v. 108.

"So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd the prize:
Rest equal happy both."

DRYDEN.

From mature reflection, I believe either of them was capable of the *poem:* but perhaps it required *both* to make it that finished, may I not say inimitable, piece which it now appears.

The following verses I found partly in Mrs. Wright's and partly in her father's hand writing. They seem to have been occasioned by some person, called here, *Suky's idol*, ludicrously asserting the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration from body to body:—

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

1 The period fast comes on when I
Must to an oyster turn;
(Unless my Suky's idol lie;)
Nor will I grieve or mourn.

2 Welcome my transmigrated state!
I'll for the worst prepare;

Think while 'tis given to *think* by fate;
Then like a *log* must *bear*.

3 These eyes I feel will soon depart;
(Else Hetty should not write;)
Their balls will to such pearls convert,
As ladies wont delight.

4 The *pineal gland*, from whence some say
Man thinks, reflects, and knows
Whate'er is best,—perhaps it may
The *oyster's head* compose.

5 Or coarse or curious be the mould,
Whate'er its form contains,
That small peninsula may hold
My few but *working* brains.

6 My *fingers* may the *striæ* make,
The *shell* my parched *skin*;
My *nerves* and *bones* with palsies shake
The *white* reverse within.

7 Perhaps at *tide-time* I may wake,
And sip a little moisture;
Then to my pillow me betake,
And sleep like brother *oyster*.

8 What shall I dream? or what compose?
Some harmless rhymes like these;
Below the *wits*, above the *beaus*,
Which Poll and Kez may please.

9 A dubious being, hardly life,
Yet sensible of wo;
For when death comes with rusty knife,
But few will meet the blow.

10 Which sure my heart, tho' once 'twas strong,
Will then nor fly nor choose;
The pulpy substance will not long
The *coup de grace* refuse.

11 My loving oyster kins, which sit
So fast to native shell,
Must then some other harbour get,
Or in wide ocean dwell.

12 And since this *sensible* must fail,
I feel it bend and sink,
Come age, come death; you'll soon prevail,
I'll wait you on the brink.

13 But is there not a *something* still
Sprung from a nobler race,
Above the passions and the will,
Which lifts to heaven its face?

14 There is—I feel it upward tend
While these weak spirits decay,
Which sighs to meet its Saviour,—Friend,
And springs for native day.

15 When all its organs marr'd and worn,
Let *Locke* say what he can,
'Twill act still round itself —— turn,—
The *mind* is still the man.

16 Which if fair virtue be my choice,
Above the stars shall shine;
Above want, pain, and death rejoice,
Immortal and divine.

MISS MARTHA WESLEY,—MRS. HALL.

MARTHA, or, as she is usually termed, *Patty* or *Pat* seems to have been born some time between 1703 and 1708. She was younger than her brother John, and older than her brother Charles. She was reputed by her sisters to be the mother's favourite. Mr. Charles thought the same; and expressed his "wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality, or did not better conceal it." Many years after, when this saying of her brother was mentioned to Mrs. Hall, she replied, "What my sisters call *partiality* was what they might all have enjoyed if they had wished it; which was permission to sit in my mother's chamber when disengaged, to listen to her conversation with others, and to hear her remarks on things and books out of school hours." What was called partiality to *Patty*, was the indulgence of this propensity to store her mind, and enlarge her intellect, with the observations of a parent whose mode of thinking was not common, and whose conversation was both peculiarly impressive and instructing: and surely it would have been cruelty to have chased away a little one, who preferred her mother's society to recreation, and delighted to hang upon her words, when the others were intensely engaged in play. The truth appears to be, that the partiality was on the part of the child. *Patty* loved her mother more than any of the rest; and this for the double reason, because she was her mother, which was common to all, and because in listening to her discourses, she increased her little fund of knowledge, which was what her soul thirsted after, a propensity which her mother very properly permitted her to indulge.

From her infancy, *Patty* was distinguished for deep thoughtfulness, for grave and serious deportment, and for an equanimity, or evenness of temper, which nothing could discompose.

Her brothers Samuel and Charles, with all her sisters, strove by all kinds of witty mischief to throw her off her guard, and ruffle her temper; but in vain. To their jests and playful tricks she opposed solid arguments, and this acquired her the name of Patient Grizzle, among them. Her abhorrence of *satire* (in which it appears most of the rest abounded) provoked its attacks in many an epigram while she calmly expostulated on the moral evil of *satire*, and unprovoked, contended even with her brother Samuel that *ridicule never cured any vice*. She was so affectionate in her disposition, that they could not quarrel with her, and so completely unassailable that she foiled her antagonists.

By the misery of others she was vulnerable in the very tenderest degree. Though slow and deliberate in all her general movements, she would fly, at the call of want or pain, to succour the distressed. No occupation, no indisposition of body, except it confined her to her bed, could

prevent her from affording her assistance. In this alone she was *enthusiastic*, and the readiness with which she obeyed such calls attended her to old age.

To her brother *John* she was uncommonly attached. They had the same *features* so exactly, as if cast in the same mould, added to an exact similarity of disposition. Had I seen them dressed in the clothing of males, I could not have told which was Mr. Wesley; and had I seen them in female attire, I could not have distinguished which was Mrs. Hall. Such a similarity of countenance, expression, and manner, I think I never perceived as between these two. Even their hand writing was so much alike, that the one might be easily mistaken for the other. And the internal disposition was the same. Like her, *John* thought deeply on every subject; and felt himself answerable to his reason and conscience for every thing he did: in neither of them did passion, or natural appetite, seem to have any peculiar sway. Mr. Wesley has told me, that when he was a *child*, and was asked at any time, out of the common way of meals, to have for instance a piece of bread and butter, fruit, &c, he has replied with cool unconcern, "I thank you, I will think of it." He would neither touch nor do any thing till he had reflected on its fitness and propriety. This subjection of his mind to deep reflection, which might have appeared, to those who were not acquainted with him, like hesitation, sometimes puzzled the family. In one instance his father said in a pet to Mrs. Wesley, "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of nature, unless he could give a *reason* for it."

His love to Patty was like hers to him; and he alone never joined in the provoking tricks of the others, when they leagued together to overturn *Patty's* philosophic steadiness.

Her attachment to this brother, to whom she bore so strong an affinity both in mind and person, seemed to be *innate*, not acquired. From her earliest infancy when a helpless child in the arms, afflicted and moaning with pain, the sight of this beloved brother immediately calmed and cheered her, causing her to forget her pain and suffering.

The astonishing similarity in person and feeling between this brother and sister, accompanied by such a singular mutual attachment which lasted through life, has induced me to anticipate a part of the early history of Mr. Wesley, of which his future biographers may make a profitable use.

Mrs. Wesley's opinion of the strong characteristic steadiness of *Patty* may appear from the following incident. One day entering the nursery when all the children, Patty excepted, (who was ever sedate and reflecting,) were in high glee and frolic, the mother said, but not rebukingly, "You will all be more serious *one* day." Martha lifting up her head, immediately said, "Shall I be more serious mam?" No, replied the mother.

Her mother was her oracle. She almost idolized her, and would never willingly be from her side; and it is not to be wondered at, if Mrs. Wesley did feel a partiality for such a child. It is *natural* for *love to beget love*; and where this law of nature seems to be inefficient, enmity will take the place of love, or love will soon become extinct.

But there is a part of Martha's character which has been so solemnly impeached, and the prejudice against her became in consequence so inveterate; that, unless I can clear up this point, I can scarcely expect credit from my readers who know no more than what is contained in the public outcry: I allude to her conduct in reference to her marriage.

On the disastrous fire which took place in 1709, in the parsonage house at Epworth, by which it and all Mr. Wesley's property were destroyed, the children were scattered among relatives and friends, till the house could be rebuilt, and till the desolation in the family circumstances might be in some measure repaired.

Some time after this, Mr. Matthew Wesley, the surgeon, took to his house *Hetty* and *Susan*, and afterward in 1730, *Patty*. It proves no mean subjection of her will to the obedience due to parental authority, that, notwithstanding her strong attachment to her mother, she consented without murmuring to go with this uncle, who was still till then nearly a stranger to her; and to sojourn at a great distance from parents whom she dearly loved, and the benefit of whose conversation she could not hope to replace.

While she stayed with her uncle, she was treated by him with the greatest tenderness: but as he was very unlike all other persons of the family, not having a *decisively* religious turn, she often found herself in great bondage. Though he did not oppose any obstacles to the gratification of her religious feelings, yet she was there without help in sacred things. She had none to encourage her to press forward in the good way, which, in a letter to her brother John, she greatly deplores. While in London with her uncle, she sometimes paid a visit to her brother Samuel at Westminster: but her *plain* manner did not suit the views of his "lordly dame," and therefore her visits were not very frequent.

I shall give an extract of the letter to which I have referred in this place, as it may be considered as a prelude to her marriage; at least it will show that she was not quite satisfied with her situation, and might be the more easily persuaded to change it, when a proper opportunity should present itself.

"I intended to have wrote sooner to my dear brother, but I have had such an indisposition, as, though it has not made me what one may call sick, it has made me almost incapable of any thing.

"My uncle is pretty well recovered. I heartily join with you in wishing you may have a conference with him. Who knows but he might be better for it; at least, it is not impossible. He had several years ago a violent fit of illness; seemed wondrous serious; and sent for a clergyman, who stayed with him some hours, and when he came from him told my grandmother, if it pleased God to spare his life, he believed he would be a good man. But when he did recover again, and got among his companions, all his good resolutions vanished immediately!

"Was almost any body else in my place, they would think themselves very happy. I want neither money nor clothes; nay, I have both given me in the most obliging manner; and yet I am not so. I

not only want the most rational part of friendship; but I see a person whom I can't help loving very well, (to say nothing of my sister,) going on in a way which I think the wrong way, without being able to persuade him to turn into the right. I cannot do the good I fain would, and I am continually in danger of doing the evil I would not.

"O might I like the seraph Abdiel, faithful stand among the faithless! I am persuaded I shall not want my dear brother's prayers to enable me to do it.

"I go sometimes to Westminster: but I am afraid it will be impossible for me ever to make a *friend* of my sister. She fell upon me the last time I was there for 'giving myself such an *air* as to drink water,' though she told me 'she did not expect that I should leave it.' I told her if she could convince me that there was any ill in it, I would, and thank her for telling me of it: but I desired her, in the *first place*, to tell me what she meant by the word '*air*,' which she did not choose to do, I believe for a very good reason; so our dispute ended. My brother said he would go to Oxford this Easter. I asked him if he would take *me* with him? He seemed pretty willing to do it: but I fancy his wife will hardly let him. Indeed, if he should give me twenty shillings, it would be such a thing as he never did yet; nor indeed did I ever desire it before. I should be pleased if he would, because it would give me the pleasure of seeing my dear brother at his own habitation, and of telling him by word of mouth how much I am his faithful friend, and affectionate sister, MARTHA WESLEY.

"*March* 10, 1730."

The poor surgeon, her uncle, was supposed to be careless about religion, because he did not take a *heated part* in the *pro* and *con* polemic divinity of the day.

While Martha was at her uncle's house, she received the addresses of a gentleman of the name of *Hall*, who was one of Mr. Wesley's pupils at Lincoln college. He was then, according to every evidence, not *hypocritically*, but deeply *pious;* though not of a strong judgment, and consequently of a fickle mind. His pretensions were all fair, his deportment correct, his education truly pious, his person agreeable, his manners pleasing, and his property good.

In his addresses to Martha, there is no doubt he was sincere; and in order to secure her, he took the expedient, common enough in those days to *betroth* her to himself. All this was without the knowledge of her parents, or her brothers, and was done at her uncle's house in *London*. He then accompanied her brothers John and Charles to *Epworth*, and there he saw her sister *Kezzia*, grew enamoured of *her*, courted, obtained her consent, and that of the family in general, who knew nothing of his pre-engagement with Martha; and he was on the point of leading poor unconcious Kezzia to the altar, when a sudden qualm of conscience reproached and reminded him of his prior engagement, and he came back to *Martha*. The family were justly alarmed at his conduct; in vain they questioned him on the reason of this change. He had not honour enough, however sore his conscience was, candidly to confess his prior engagements with *Patty:* but talked of a "revela-

tion he had from heaven," that he should not marry *Kezzia* but Martha. As *Martha* had made the contract with him without consulting her parents, she was afraid to allege it in her own vindication; and most probably Mr. Hall had bound her not to discover the previous engagement. And she was obliged in consequence to suffer the heaviest censures of her brothers, who regarded her as the usurper of her sister's rights; whereas had she frankly declared that she had been *affianced* to the man before ever he had *even seen* her sister Kezzia, they could not have blamed her for redeeming her solemn pledge; though they might have judged her imprudent in putting herself in the hands of a man, who had shown such a flexibility of affection, and such a versatility of character. But there is no doubt that he used all his artifice to persuade *Patty* that his heart stood right, though for a time he had yielded to violent temptation. As the family knew nothing of Patty's prior engagements, it is no wonder that, in their strong method of expressing themselves, especially in *poetry*, they should consider Patty's marriage as a kind of *incest*, as they supposed she had in fact the husband of her sister.

On this occasion her brother Charles sent her the following verses, which most certainly never were designed to be made public; for he was afterward convinced that he had received a very imperfect account of the transaction, and even justified the conduct of his sister:—

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

When want, and pain, and death, besiege our gate,
And every solemn moment teems with fate;
While cloud and darkness fill the space between,
Perplex th' event, and shade the folded scene:
In humble silence wait th' unuttered voice,
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice;
Yet wisely fearful for th' event prepare;
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.
How fierce thy conflict, how severe thy flight,
When hell assails the foremost sons of light;
When he, who long in virtue's paths had trod,
Deaf to the voice of conscience and of God,
Drops the fair mask, proves traitor to his vow;
And thou the temptress, and the tempted thou!
Prepare thee then to meet the infernal war,
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare:
Guard each avenue to thy flutt'ring heart,
And act the sister's and the Christian's part.
Heaven is the guard of virtue; scorn to yield,
When screened by Heaven's impenetrable shield.
Secure in this, defy th' impending storm,
Though Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.
And, O! I see the fiery trial near;
I see the saint, in all his forms, appear.
By nature, by religion, taught to please,
With conquest flush'd, and obstinate to press,
He lists his virtues in the cause of hell,
Heaven, with celestial arms presumes to assail;
To veil with semblance fair the fiend within,
And make his God subservient to his sin!
Trembling I hear his horrid vows renew'd,
I see him come by *Delia's* groans pursued.

Poor injured Delia! all her groans are vain;
Or he denies, or listening mocks her pain.
What though her eyes with ceaseless tears o'erflow,
Her bosom heave with agonizing wo;
What though the horror of his falsehood near
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in despair;
Yet can he think, (so blind to Heaven's decree,
And the sure fate of curs'd apostasy)
Soon as he tells the secret of his breast,
And puts the angel off—and stands confess'd;
When love, and grief, and shame, and anguish meet
To make his crimes and *Delia's* wrongs complete,
That then the injured maid will cease to grieve;
Behold him in a sister's arms, and live!
Mistaken wretch—by thy unkindness hurl'd
From ease, from love, from thee, and from the world;
Soon must she land on that immortal shore,
Where falsehood never can torment her more:
There all her sufferings and her sorrows cease,
Nor saints turn devils there to vex her peace!
Yet hope not then, all specious as thou art,
To taint with impious vows her sister's heart:
With proffered worlds her honest soul to move,
Or tempt her virtue to incestuous love.
No—wert thou as thou wast, did Heaven's first rays
Beam on thy soul, and all the Godhead blaze,
Sooner shall sweet oblivion set us free
From friendship, love, thy perfidy, and thee;
Sooner shall light in league with darkness join,
Virtue and vice, and heaven and hell combine,
Than her pure soul consent to mix with thine;
To share thy sin, adopt thy perjury,
And damn herself to be revenged on thee;
To load her conscience with a sister's blood,
The guilt of incest, and the curse of God!

Perhaps this would have been *severe* enough, had the case been even so bad as Mr. Charles conjectured.

He had not examined the business. Poor *Patty* was in *London*, completely unconscious of what was going on at *Epworth*; and bore the blame of receiving, for the *first time*, the addresses of a man who had *just jilted her sister*. I wish the reader to keep these *two facts* in view:—1. *Patty* was addressed by Hall, consented to be his wife, and was betrothed to him before he ever saw *Kezzia*. She was in London, when Hall went down into Lincolnshire; and knew nothing of the transaction with Kezzia at Epworth, till a considerable time after it took place: and had Hall then married Kezzia, the world would never have heard Martha's complaint, and Kezzia would have been bound to that miserable and profligate wretch who afterward fell to the lot of her sister. When Martha found how matters stood, she wrote to her mother, and laid open the whole business, who on this explanation *wrote her full consent*, assuring her "that if she had obtained the consent of her uncle, there was no obstacle."

Kezzia, on hearing the true relation, cordially renounced all claim to Hall; and, from every thing I have been able to learn, sat as indifferent to him, as if no such transaction had ever existed. Her uncle Matthew, with whom *Patty* lived, was so satisfied with *her* conduct, and

with the match, that he gave her 500*l.* on her marriage, and the fullest testimony of "her dutiful and grateful conduct during the whole time she had resided in his house." Kezzia also gave the fullest testimony of her approbation by *choosing* to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, though she had a strong invitation to go and live with her brother Samuel: and her brother John was to have given 50*l.* *per annum* to have covered her expenses.

The true state of the case was for some years unknown to the brothers; and Mr. Wesley himself, in his letter to *Hall*, dated Dec. 2, 1747, charges him with having "stolen Kezzia from the god of her youth; that in consequence she refused to be comforted, and fell into a lingering illness which terminated in her death; that her blood still cried unto God from the earth against him, and that surely it was upon his head." That this was Mr. Wesley's *impression* I well know: but it is not strictly correct. I have the almost dying assertions of Mrs. *Hall*, delivered to her beloved niece Miss Wesley, and by her handed in writing to me, that the facts of the case were as stated above;—that "so little did Kezzia regret her faithless lover, and so fully sensible was she of her sister's prior claim, that she *chose* to live with *them*, and lived in perfect harmony and comfort with her sister. And so far from this disappointment *shortening her days*, she resided between *five* and *six years* under the same roof; and had so completely subdued all affection toward Mr. Hall that she had formed an attachment to another gentleman, but his death prevented the union."

This business being afterward laid before Mr. Charles Wesley who had written the preceding severe lines to his sister, and her prior engagement to Mr. Hall being pleaded, and the cruel injustice and censures she had suffered, he did not at all dispute the premises; saw that *Martha had fully justified herself* on the ground of her prior engagements; but said, "she should not have mismatched herself with so worthless a man." He never liked Hall afterward, though for a considerable time he conducted himself with propriety. During her lifetime it was proposed that Mrs. Hall should publish the real state of the case, that her character might not continue to lie under such a load of unmerited censure and calumny. To which she answered,—"Once I did intend to do so: but I am now so soon removing to another world, where all is known, *and will be made known*, that it is unimportant what mortals may think or say of me." This statement Mrs. Hall took on her conscience into the eternal world, and perhaps a more upright and conscientious woman never drew the breath of life. But *the thing speaks for itself.* 1. Can it be supposed that such a woman as Mrs. Wesley, senior, would have *unhesitatingly given her consent* to her marriage with Hall, had she not been perfectly satisfied with the propriety of her conduct? 2. Can it be imagined that her uncle *Matthew*, who stood high on his honour, would have given *his* consent, with the most positive testimony to the excellence of her conduct while in his house, and sealed the whole on her marriage with a present of *five hundred pounds*, if *he* had not been persuaded that she had acted honourably? 3. Is it at all likely that a woman of Mrs. Hall's tender, exquisitely tender, and compassionate feelings, would have married to

break a beloved sister's heart? 4. Or that this sister would have *chosen* to have lived with her, had she had reason to believe her at all culpable? She found out that Hall had betrothed her sister, but had concealed it, caitiff as he was! and finding that Patty's affections had been engaged, and her claim prior, she resolved to show the world, by thus being with her, that she had no cause for resentment to the sister.

That the brothers should think that there was no prospect of *happiness* with such a weathercock, is quite natural and reasonable: and it is most certain that Mr. Charles Wesley's *severe verses* were written *before* he was made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Mrs. Hall always justified her own conduct; and ever maintained that her marrying Hall gave no umbrage to Kezzia.

Her composure under suppositions and aspersions so injurious to her fame was astonishing. The *selfish principle* seemed annihilated in her; and she bore blame and obloquy, rather than, by vindicating herself, involve others. She has been loaded with invective; and the *biographers* of her brothers have added to the number of her detracters.

Mr. *Southey* has also been misled; and his treatment of the character of this excellent woman is far from candid. He not only details all that others have said, who should have informed themselves better: but by his nervous and elegant language he has given a more vivid colouring to mistakes and slanders, of which I readily grant he was not the inventor. But the maxim *De mortuis et absentibus nil nisi bonum* did not sufficiently govern his pen. It has still been objected "she should not have taken Hall." I have already shown that she was solemnly betrothed to him. He became unfaithful: but he appeared to stop in time, came back to her a *penitent*, and alleged that God had convinced him of the vice of his conduct, when on the point of sacrificing *her* peace and his own conscience. Could she, or should she as matters then stood, refuse him? Would it have been right to have turned him back again to her deceived sister? Surely not. Nor could Kezzia have wedded him without being guilty of that *species* of *incest* of which Mr. Charles charged his innocent sister, at the time he was unacquainted with the true state of the case.

Mr. Southey says, that "Mrs. Hall bore her fate with resignation, and with an inward consciousness that her punishment was not heavier than her fault." This I totally deny: she had no such consciousness. Here feelings and the dictates of her heart on this subject ever were,—

> *Hic murus aheneus esto,*
> *Nil conscire sibi nullâ pallascere culpâ.*
> HOR. EP. Lib. i, E. 1. ver. 60.
>
> This is my brazen bulwark of defence,
> A consciousness of spotless innocence;
> The vile accuser still *I dare* to meet,
> Nor e'er turn pale, at what *he dares* repeat.

Mrs. Hall ever vindicated her conduct: to her dying hour she testified the purity and approbation of her conscience in the whole business: and it was the *consciousness of having acted right in the*

sight of God in this matter, that enabled her to bear all his profligacy and unkind treatment with an even mind and unbroken spirit. And suppose that, on the principles which the detracters of this excellent and injured woman hold, he had been permitted to marry *Kezzia*, would he have been a better husband, or a better man? No. The seeds of all his profligacy were deeply radicated in him; and they would have produced their correspondent fruits, had he been married to an angel. He was a man of *no mind:* when even sincere, he acted not by *Scripture* or *reason*, but by impulse. He did not consult his judgment, for he had but little to consult; and had he been any where out of paradise, he would have been a versatile, shatter-brained, and by turns, a pious and profligate man. Let his natural fickleness of character, and his imbecility of *mind*, tell, as far as it may, in vindication of his conduct. He is gone to another world and his judgment is with God!

I rejoice that it has been in my power to withdraw the thick veil that has been spread over this woman's innocence. I can assure my readers, that I have not advanced a single fact that is not founded on unexceptionable documents; and that I can produce both *written* and *oral* testimony to confirm the whole. The farther anecdotes and facts which I shall shortly produce will serve still more particularly to illustrate the unimpeachable character of this woman, and to confirm the reader in his conviction of her innocence.

As the circumstances above related were little known to the public, if at all, the marriage of Mr. Wesley Hall and Miss Patty Wesley became the subject of public congratulation.

I shall subjoin a copy of verses printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1735, p. 551, in which year Miss M. Wesley was married to Mr. W. Hall.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF MR. WESLEY HALL TO MISS PATTY WESLEY.

Hymen, light thy purest flame,
Every sacred rite prepare;
Never to thy altar came
A more pious faithful pair.

Thee, dispensing mighty pleasure,
Rashly sensual minds invoke;
Only those partake thy treasure
Paired in virtue's easy yoke.

Such are *Hall* and *Wesley* joining,
Kindred souls with plighting hands,
Each to each entire resigning,
One become by nuptial bands.

Happy union, which destroys
Half the ills of life below;
But the current of our joys
Makes with double vigour flow.

Sympathizing friends abate
The severer strokes of fate;

Happy hours, still happier prove
When they smile on those we love.

Joys to vulgar minds unknown
Shall their daily converse crown;
Easy slumbers, pure delights,
Bless their ever peaceful nights.

O Lucina, sacred power,
Here employ thy grateful care;
Smiling on the genial hour,
Give an offspring wise and fair!

That, when the zealous sire shall charm no more
Th' attentive audience with his sacred lore,
Those lips in silence closed, whose heavenly skill
Could raptures with persuasive words instil;
A *son* may in the important work engage,
And with his precepts mend the future age;
That when the accomplished mother, snatch'd by fate,
No more shall grace the matrimonial state;
No more exhibit in her virtuous life
The bright exemplar of a perfect wife;
A *daughter*, blest with each maternal grace,
May shine the pattern of the female race! J. Duick.

As to the *father* and his *offspring* these prayers were not answered: but the whole conduct of Mrs. *Hall*, during this unfortunate marriage, did prove her to be

"The bright exemplar of a perfect wife."

Mr. Hall passed from change to change, still in the deteriorating ratio; and from excess to excess in the ratio of geometrical progression, till he became a proverb of reproach and shame;—

The vilest husband, and the worst of men.

And on January 6, 1776, he died at Bristol, probably a *penitent*, exclaiming in his last hours, as Mrs. Hutchins testified, "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me!"

Those who wish to see a full account of his delinquencies may consult the faithful letter sent to him by Mr. John Wesley, December 22, 1747, in his Journals, vol. iii, p. 411.

Of his death Mr. Wesley speaks thus:—

"I came (to Bristol) just time enough, not to *see*, but to *bury*, poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, January 6, 1776, I trust in peace; for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of Divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what heights of holiness, I have not seen, no not in *seventy years*. I had designed to have visited him in the morning: but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough, if after all his wanderings we meet again in Abraham's bosom." Journal, vol. iv, p. 447.

I need scarcely say, that Mr. Hall, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and had a curacy at Salisbury, became a *Moravian* and *Quietest*, an *Antinomian*, a *Deist*, if not an *Atheist*, and a *Polygamist*, which last he defended in his teaching, and illustrated by his

practice. He married Miss Patty Wesley in 1735, and died in 1776, being her husband for about forty years.

Having cleared Mrs. Hall's character and conduct in reference to her marriage, it may be necessary to consider her behaviour as a *wife* to one of the worst and most unkind of husbands. I will adduce one instance recorded by witnesses on the spot, and corroborated by herself, on being questioned as to its truth.

When they lived at Fullerton, near Salisbury, where they had a large house and garden, near the church where he ministered, she had taken a young woman into the house as a seamstress, whom Mr. Hall seduced; these were the beginning of his ways. Mrs. Hall, being quite unsuspicious, was utterly ignorant of any improper attachment between her husband and the girl.

Finding the time of the young woman's travail drawing near, he feigned a call to London on some important business, and departed. Soon after his departure, the woman fell in labour. Mrs. Hall, one of the most feeling and considerate of women on such occasions, ordered her servants to go instantly for a doctor. They all refused; and when she had remonstrated with them on their inhumanity, they completed her surprise by informing her that the girl, to whom they gave any thing but her *own name*, was *in labour* through her criminal connection with Mr. Hall, and that they all knew her guilt long before. She heard, without betraying any emotion, what she had not before even suspected, and repeated her commands for assistance. They, full of indignation at the unfortunate creature, and strangely inhuman, absolutely refused to obey; on which Mrs. Hall immediately went out herself, and brought in a midwife; called on a neighbour; divided the only six pounds she had in the house, and deposited *five* with her, who was astonished at her conduct; enjoined kind treatment, and no reproaches; and then set off for London, found her husband, related in her own mild manner the circumstances, told him what she had done, and prevailed upon him to return to Salisbury as soon as the young woman could be removed from the house. He thought the conduct of his wife not only Christian, but heroic; and was for a time suitably affected by it: but having embraced the doctrine of polygamy, his reformation was but of a short continuance. Mr. Hall was guilty of many similar infidelities; and after being the father of *ten children* by his wife, *nine* of whom lie buried at Salisbury, he abandoned his family, went off to Ireland with one of his mistresses, and his wife never saw him more. Notwithstanding all this treatment, Mrs. Hall was never heard to speak of him but with kindness. She often expressed wonder that women should profess to love their husbands and yet dwell upon their faults, or indeed upon those of their friends. She was never known to speak evil of any person.

Give me to feel another's wo;
To hide the faults I see,—

was her maxim: exposure of vice she believed never did any good. "Tell your neighbour his fault," said she, "between him and you alone; —when you censure, spare not the vice—but the name."

Her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, was a very promising youth; he lived till he was fourteen, and then died of the small-pox. He was educated at the expense of his uncles John and Charles. When his life was despaired of, his mother was sent for: but she came too late; the amiable youth had breathed his last before her arrival. Her tenderness as a *mother* was known to be so great, that they dreaded the effect this melancholy event might have on her mind when she came to the knowledge of it, especially as there had been a very reprehensible want of care in the family where he was boarded, which was supposed to have at least *accelerated*, if not *caused*, his death. But she bowed to this dispensation of Providence, which had deprived her of her last earthly hope and support: she bore the dreadful stroke with humility, meekness, and fortitude. No reflections on second causes, —no violence of grief,—no complaints of her bitter fate;—all her conduct evinced the Christian, and the Christian parent.

Some have supposed that there must have been an apathy in her nature *thus* to bear the most grievous wrongs, and the heaviest losses: but such persons have not considered to what heights of excellence the human mind may be exalted by reason and religion.

When Mr. Charles Wesley asked her "how she could give money," as previously related, "to her husband's concubine?" she answered, "I knew I could obtain what I wanted from *many:* but she, poor, hapless creature! could not: many thinking it meritorious to abandon her to the distress which she had brought upon herself. *Pity* is due to the *wicked;* the *good* claim *esteem:* beside, I did not act as a *woman*, but as a *Christian.*"

There are several still alive who can attest her sensibility: the poor, the sick, the afflicted of all descriptions, excited in her the deepest feelings of sympathy. Like her brother John, she was ready to bear the burthen of every sufferer; to deny herself the necessaries of life in order to relieve the needy; and to be *stoical* in no sufferings but *her own.*

This was the character of the founder of Methodism; this was that of his excellent *sister.* Her charity was unbounded; and the charity of a person reduced to an income so limited was "the munificence of the widow's mite, founded on *self-denial.*" Her brother, Mr. Charles Wesley, has said, "It is in vain to give *Pat* any thing to add to her comforts; for she always gives it away to some person poorer than herself."

Another instance will farther illustrate this part of her character. In proportion as Mr. Hall advanced in profligacy, he lost all sense of *decorum*, and that *shame* which in all bad characters, not wholly abandoned to vice, usually accompanies the exposure of guilt. He had the frontless inhumanity one day to bring in one of his illegitimate infants; and he ordered his wife to take charge of it till he could provide it with a suitable situation. She ordered a cradle to be brought, placed the babe in it, and continued to perform for it all requisite acts of humanity.

While nursing this illegitimate, her only remaining child, *Wesley Hall*, of whom I have already spoken, had by some means displeased his father, who had now as little government of his temper as he had of his passions; for under a course of such transgressions a man usually

becomes a *sot* or a *fury*. He rose up in a violent rage, thrust the child into a dark closet, and locked him up. The child was terrified to distraction. Mrs. Hall with her usual calmness, desired him to release the child. He refused;—she entreated,—he was resolute:—she asserted that the punishment was far beyond the fault;—he still hesitated. She then summoned up the more than female dignity and courage which formed that part of her character that led her to *decide* on that line of conduct which she ought to pursue, from the evidence brought to her reason and conscience, and thus addressed him,—"Sir, thank the grace of God, that while *my* child is thus cruelly treated, suffering to distraction a punishment *he has not merited*, I had not turned your babe out of the cradle; but you *must* go and unlock the closet, and release the child or *I* will immediately do it." This tone was too decisive to be treated with either *neglect* or *contempt*. Mr. Hall arose, and unlocked the closet and released the child. Even in this trifling case, her cool philosophy was as much in action as her piety: she wished the *authority of the father* to be preserved, that it might appear to the child that the same mouth which had pronounced the sentence might pronounce its repeal; and that the hand that had committed to prison might effect its discharge.

It is a hapless case when the parents are not agreed either in the management or correction of their children: from the minds of children thus treated it removes all sense of moral good and evil;—they see their parents are *not agreed* in their correction, and they are led in consequence to consider the punishment to be arbitrary and cruel. They hate the corrector and love the intercessor, or that one who *takes their part*; and it is a million to one, humanly speaking, that what is called the *moral sense* will be, in consequence, utterly obliterated from their minds.

Mrs. Hall could not endure the sight of misery which she could not relieve; it quite overwhelmed her. One day she came to the house of her brother Charles, apparently sinking under distress, and looking like a corpse. On inquiry it was found that a hapless woman had come to her, and related such a tale of real wo, that she took the creature into her own lodging, and had kept her for three days; and the continual sight of her wretchedness, wretchedness that she could not fully relieve, so affected her, that her own life was sinking to the grave. The case was immediately made known to that *son of consolation*, her brother *John*, whose eye and ear never failed to affect his *heart* at the sight or tale of misery. He took immediate charge of his sister's unfortunate guest, and had her provided for according to her wants and distresses.

All Mrs. Hall's movements were deliberate, slow, and steady. In her eye, her step, her speech, there appeared an innate dignity and superiority; which were so mingled with gentleness and good nature, as ever to excite respect and reverence, but never *fear*; for all children loved her, and sought her company.

Her safety excited much anxiety in the minds of her friends. When at an advanced age, she would take long walks through crowded streets; for she never quickened her pace in crossings, even when carriages

were in full drive. Her niece Miss Wesley being one day with her in Bloomsbury-square, when a coach was closely following, urged her, but in vain, to *quicken her pace*. Striving to pull her out of the way of danger, she unluckily pulled her off her feet just before the horses. When she got up, she calmly observed, that "the probability of being injured by a fall, was greater than of being run over by the coachman, who could gain no advantage by it; on the contrary much disadvantage and expense." These remarks she made to her niece *standing in the crossing*, with horses trampling before and behind. Fortunately the coachman had pulled up his horses, or they had both been under the wheels long before the speech was finished.

She spent much time, at his own particular request, with Dr. *Samuel Johnson*, who was strongly attached to her, and ever treated her with high reverence and respect. The injuries she had sustained, and the manner in which she had borne them, could not but excite the esteem of such a mind as his.

They often disputed together on matters of *theological* and *moral philosophy*; and in their differences of opinion, for they often differed, he never treated *her* with that asperity with which he often treated those opponents who appeared to plume themselves on their acquirements. He wished her very much to become an inmate in his house; and she would have done so, had she not feared to provoke the jealousy of the two females already there, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Du Moulin, who had long resided under his roof, and whose *queer tempers* much embittered his social hours and comforts. She ventured to tell him the *reason*; and he felt its cogency, as no doubt the comparison between the tempers would have created much ill-will. As a *frequent visiter*, even they, cross-tempered as they were, highly valued Mrs. Hall.

It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson valued her conversation. In many cases it supplied the absence of books: her memory was a repository of the most striking events of past centuries; and she had the best parts of all our poets by heart. She delighted in *literary discussions*, and *moral argumentations*, not for the display but the *exercise* of her mental faculties, and to increase her fund of useful knowledge; and she bore opposition with the same composure as regulated all the other parts of her conduct.

The young and experienced, who had promising abilities, she exhorted to avoid that blind admiration of talents, which is apt to regard *temper* and the *moral virtues* as secondary; and infused an abhorrence of that *satire* and ridicule which too often accompany wit. Of *wit*, she used to say, she was the only one of the family who did not possess it; and Mr. Charles Wesley used to remark, that "sister Patty was always too *wise* to be *witty*." Yet she was very capable of *acute remark*; and once at Dr. Johnson's house, when she was on a grave discussion, she made one which turned the laugh against him, in which he cordially joined, as he felt its propriety and force.

In his house at Bolt-Court, one day when Mrs. Hall was present, the doctor began to expatiate on the unhappiness of human life. Mrs. Hall said, "Doctor, you have always lived among the *wits*, not the *saints*; and they are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true

happiness, or find the pearl without price." I have already remarked, that she delighted in *theological* discussions. It was her frequent custom to dwell on the goodness of God, in giving his creatures LAWS; observing "that what would have been the inclination of a kind nature, was made a *command*, that our benevolent Creator might reward it; he thus condescending to prescribe that as a *duty*, which, to a regenerate mind, must have been a wish and delight, had it not been prescribed." She loved the name of duties; and ever blessed her gracious Redeemer, who enabled her to discharge them. In a conversation there was a remark made, that the *public voice* was the voice of *truth*, universally recognized; whence the proverb, *Vox populi, vox Dei*. This Mrs. Hall strenuously contested; and said the "*public voice*" in Pilate's hall was, *Crucify him! Crucify him!*

She had an innate horror of melancholy subjects. "Those persons," she maintained, "could not have real *feeling*, who could delight to see or to hear details of *misery they could not relieve*, or descriptions of *cruelty which they could not punish*. Nor did she like to speak of *death:* it was *heaven*, the society of the blessed, and the deliverance of the happy spirit from this tabernacle of clay, not the pang of separation, (of which she always expressed a fear,) on which she delighted to dwell. She could not behold a corpse, "because," said she, "it is beholding *sin* sitting upon his *throne*." She objected strongly to those lines in Mr. Charles Wesley's Funeral Hymns:—

"Ah lovely appearance of death;
What sight upon earth is so fair," &c.

Her favourite hymn among these was,

"Rejoice for a brother deceased," &c.

Few persons could be mentioned of whom she had not something *good* to say; and if their faults were *glaring*, she would plead the influence of *circumstances, education*, and *sudden temptation*, to which all imprisoned in a tenement of clay were liable, and by which their actions were often influenced: yet she was no apologist for *bad systems;* for she thought with an old Puritan, that a fault in an *individual* was like a *fever;* but a bad *principle* resembled a *plague*, spreading desolation and death over the community. Few persons feel as they should for the transgression, which is the effect of *sudden temptation* to a well circumstanced sin.

She did not believe that the soul had its origin *ex traduce*, but that it was *pre-existent;* which she said accounted best for the astonishing difference in human beings from infancy. *Soame Jennings* has written on this subject, and many of his reasonings on this point are the same with those she was accustomed to use.*

It excited her surprise that women should dispute the *authority* which God gave the *husband* over the *wife*. "It is," said she, "so clearly expressed in Scripture, that one would suppose such wives had never read their Bible." But she allowed that this authority was only given

* See, on this controversy, Wesley's Works, published at the Methodist Book Room, 14 Crosby-street, New-York, vol. iv, p. 163, date, Oct. 1763: and Fletcher's "Appeal to Matter of Fact," &c.

after the *fall*, not *before*: but "the woman," said she, "who contests this authority should not marry." Vixen and unruly wives did not relish her *opinions* on this subject; and her *example* they could never forgive.

In all her relations, and in all her concerns, she loved ORDER. "*Order is Heaven's first law*" was a frequent quotation of hers; it produces, she would say, *universal harmony*.

Conversing on the times of *Oliver Cromwell*, and the conduct of the *republicans*, she got a little excited, and said, "*The devil was the first Independent.*"

The Works of *Dean Swift* were held in high esteem by all the Wesley family, but herself. She could not endure the description of the *Yahoos* in *Gulliver's Travels*; and considered it as a reflection on the Creator, thus to ridicule the works of his hands. His *Tale of a Tub* she considered as too irreverent to be atoned for by the *wit*.

Of her sufferings she spake so little, that they could not be learned from herself; I could only get acquainted with those I knew from other branches of the family. Her *blessings*, and *the advantages she enjoyed*, she was continually recounting. "*Evil*," she used to say, "was not kept from me: but evil has been kept from *harming* me."

Her manner of reproving sin was so gentle, so evidently the effect of love, that no one was ever known to be offended at it. *Young people* were so certain of her kindness, if they erred, that she was often chosen as a confessor among them.

Though she abhorred every thing relative to *death*, considering it as the *triumph of sin*; yet she spoke of her own removal with serenity. When her niece Miss Wesley asked her if she would wish that she should attend her in her last moments, she answered, "Yes, if you are able to bear it: but I charge you not to grieve more than half an hour."

Though she had a small property of her own, yet she was principally dependent on the bounty of her brothers, after her husband had deserted her; and here was a striking illustration of the remark, that "in noble natures benefits do not diminish love on either side." She left to her niece, whom she dearly loved, and who well knew how to prize so valuable a woman, the little remains of her fortune, who in vain urged her to sink it on her own life, in order to procure her a few more comforts.

Mr. Wesley, at his death, bequeathed her 40*l.*, to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his books:—This was little; but he had *nothing* to leave; this I well know, being one of his *seven executors in trust*. He had engaged to pay certain sums, which would have been paid out of the produce of his writings had he lived; to discharge which, the trustees above mentioned were obliged to *borrow* the money! So much did he acquire *by being the head of a large party*; and after preaching the Gospel *for sixty years!* Mrs. Hall did not live to enjoy this legacy, as she died the same year with her brother.

Her niece Miss Wesley was with her in her last moments: but this she permitted on the sole condition that she should not sleep at her (Mrs. Hall's) lodgings, "lest," as she said to her, "you should *not sleep*, and your anxiety might create mine."

She had no disease, but a mere decay of nature. She spoke of her dissolution with the same tranquillity with which she spoke of every thing else. A little before her departure she called Miss Wesley to her bed-side, and said, "I have now a sensation that convinces me my departure is near; the heart strings seem gently, but entirely, loosened."

Miss Wesley asked her if she was in pain? "No," said she, "but a *new feeling*." Just before she closed her eyes she bade her niece come near—she pressed her hand, and said, "I have the assurance which I have long prayed for: Shout!" said she, and expired. Thus her noble and happy spirit passed into the presence of her Redeemer, on the 12th of July, 1791, about four months and nine days after the death of her brother John.

I shall close this account with a few words extracted from one of Miss Wesley's letters now before me.

"Mrs. Susanna Wesley was a noble creature: but her trials were not such as Mrs. Hall's. Wounded in her affections in the tenderest part; deserted by the husband she so much loved: bereaved of her ten children; falsely accused of taking her sister's lover, whereas, though ignorantly, that sister had taken *him* from *her;* reduced from ample competency to a narrow income;—yet no complaint was heard from her lips! Her serenity was undisturbed, and her peace beyond the reach of calamity. *Active virtues* command applause; they are apparent to every eye: but the *passive* are only known to *Him* by whom they are registered on high, where the silent sufferer shall meet the full reward."

So magnanimous a soul, so devoid of self, so unmoved by injury, so steadily religious, so compassionate to her fellow creatures, so thoroughly devoted to God;—to say nothing of the other, is rarely found among the female sex!

Mrs. Hall, who, we have seen, resembled her brother so remarkably in her *person*, and in the *qualities* of her *mind*, and between whom and him there was so much intense affection throughout life, was not separated from him in death. She lies in the same vault in which Mr. John Wesley's remains were interred but a few months before. She was the last survivor of the original Wesley family; her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, having all died before her.

When I first saw this excellent and interesting woman in 1783, I little thought that forty years after I should be led in the course of Providence to rescue her character from detraction, and erect a monument to her memory. Among those who knew her, she had as many admirers as acquaintances; her detracters have been few; and those must be sought among the *biographers of her brothers;* some of whom have dealt, in more than *her case*, in matters too hard for them, and written of those things which they did not understand.

As far as they did this *ignorantly*, none can be more ready than myself to plead their excuse!

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Charles Wesley, A. M., student of Christ Church, Oxford, youngest son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and Susanna his wife, was born at Epworth, December 18, 1708; and died in London, March 29, 1788, aged seventy-nine years and three months.

He was a good man, a powerful preacher, and the best Christian poet, in reference to *hymnology*, that has flourished in either ancient or modern times. The hymns used in the religious service of the *Methodists* were composed principally by him; and such a collection exists not among any other people. Most collections among other sects of Christians are indebted to his compositions for some of their principal excellencies.

Mr. Charles Wesley's Life, in connection with that of his brother *John*, has been written by Dr. Coke and Mr. Moore; by Dr. Whitehead; and lately by Dr. Robert Southey, poet laureat. Of all these Dr. Whitehead's account claims the preference, as formed from Mr. C. Wesley's own diary.

MISS KEZZIA WESLEY.

Kezzia, called in the family papers *Kezze* and *Kez*, appears to have been the youngest child of the Wesley family. The fact in her history of most importance is that which has been so largely considered in the history of her sister, *Martha Hall*, to which I must refer the reader.

About 1730 Miss Kezzy became a teacher in a boarding school in Lincoln, where she did not enjoy good health. Indeed she was much afflicted all through life, in consequence of which she was prevented from improving a mind that seems to have been capable of high cultivation. She wrote a peculiarly neat and beautiful hand, even more so than that of her sister Emily.

Her brother Mr. John Wesley, wrote frequently to her; and gave her directions both for the improvement of her mind, and her increase in true religion.

To a letter of this description, in which he recommends a regular course of reading, mentions the proper books, &c, and the best manner of using them, she thus replies; and painfully shows how much she was prevented by the *res angusta domi* from cultivating her mind as she wished:—

"*Lincoln, July* 3, 1731.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I should have writ sooner, had not business and indisposition of body prevented me. Indeed, sister *Pat's* going to London shocked me a little, because it was unexpected; and perhaps may have been the cause of my ill health for the last fortnight. It would not have had so great an effect upon my mind if I had known it before: but it is over now—

> 'The past as nothing we esteem;
> And pain, like pleasure, is a dream,'

"I should be glad to see *Norris's Reflections on the Conduct of Human Understanding*, and the book wrote by the *female author:* but I don't expect so great a satisfaction as the seeing either of them, except you should have the good fortune (for me) as to be at Epworth when I am there, which will be in the latter end of August. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks, if no unforeseen accident prevent it.

"I must not expect any thing that will give me so much pleasure as the having your company so long; because a disappointment would make me very uneasy. Had your supposition been true, and *one* of your fine ladies had heard your conference, they would have despised you as a mere ill-bred scholar, who could make no better use of such an opportunity than preaching to young women for the improvement of their minds.

"I am entirely of your opinion, that the pursuit of knowledge and virtue will most improve the mind: but how to pursue these is the question. Cut off indeed I am from all means which most men, and many women, have of attaining them.

"I have *Nelson's Method of Devotion*, and *The Whole Duty of Man*, which is all my stock. As to *history* and *poetry*, I have not so much as *one book*.

"I could like to read all the books you mention, if it were in my power to buy them: but as it is not at present, nor have any of my acquaintance I can borrow them of, I must make myself easy without them, if I can; but I had rather you had not told me of them, because it always occasions me some uneasiness that I have not books and opportunity to improve my mind. Now here I have time,—in a morning three or four hours,—but *want of books:*—at home I had *books*, but *no time*, because constant illness made me incapable of study. I like *Nelson's Method of Devotion;* the aiming every day at some particular virtue. I wish you would send me the questions you speak of, *relative to each virtue*, and I would read them every day. Perhaps they may be of use to me in learning *contentment*, for I have been long endeavouring to practise it; yet every temptation is apt to cause me to fall into the same error.

"I should be glad if you would say a little to sister *Emily* on the same subject; for she is very likely to have a fit of sickness with grieving for the loss of *Miss Emery*, who went to Wickham last Saturday to live. *I* can't persuade her to the contrary, because I am so much addicted to the same failing myself. Pray desire brother Charles to bring *Prior*, the second part, when he comes; or send it, according to promise, for *leaving off snuff till next May:* or else I shall think myself at liberty to take as soon as I please. Pray let me know in your next letter when you design to come down, and whether brother Wesley and sister will come with you? If you intend to walk, and brother Charles with you?

"I think it is no great matter whether I say any thing relating to the people of Epworth, or no; for you may be sure *he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.* I expect you will come by London; pray, desire sister *Pat* to write by you.—I have not heard from her

since she went. You must not measure the length of your next letter by mine: I am ill, and can't write any more.

"Your affectionate sister,

"KEZZIA WESLEY."

"Miss Kitty went to 6 o'clock prayers till she got the fever; and I never miss except sickness prevent me."

Here we find a mind thirsting after the knowledge both Divine and human; and struggling against many disadvantages, among which *comparative poverty* and *bad health* were none of the least. *Money* was scarce a hundred years ago; and *books* not easy to be procured. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ for a present salvation was little known; and growth in moral goodness, by a daily reference to, and practice of, *some virtue*, was a poor substitute for the application of that blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness, and a daily *growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.* I thank God, the *trumpet does not* now give an *uncertain sound.*

We have already seen that Mr. *Wesley Hall*, after having engaged himself to Miss *Martha Wesley*, paid his addresses to Miss *Kezzy*, and, when on the point of leading her to the altar, was struck with remorse of conscience, and returned to Martha; and that Miss *Kezzy* went to them on their marriage, and lived with them till her death, which took place March 9, 1741.

She appears to have had a general state of ill health, and a long life could not well be expected.

She was to have been married to a gentleman who paid his addresses to her when she resided with her sister *Hall* at the curacy, near Salisbury;—but death prevented the match.

It appears that her brother Charles was present when she died; of her *closing scene* he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. John Wesley:—

"Yesterday morning, [March 9, 1741] sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work, and cut it short in mercy. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love—without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus,—and fell asleep."

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

How powerful is a *religious education*; and how true the saying, *Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.*

All this family were brought up in the fear of God; and that fear continued with them through life.

We have in the preceding history records of the *last hours of most of them*, and all those died happy in God. Hetty appears to have been the only one who was not decidedly religious. Brought up from comparative infancy at a distance from her parents, and indulged by a fond uncle, she was for a time *gay* and *giddy*; but never *wicked.*

However, the seed of life which was sown in her heart vegetated surely, though *slowly.* Unparalleled afflictions became the means of

urging her to seek her happiness in God. She sought, found, and lived, several years in the possession of the Divine favour, and died in the assurance of faith.

Such a *family* I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.

ADAM CLARKE.

Milbrook, Feb. 28, 1822.

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